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THE NEW YORKER

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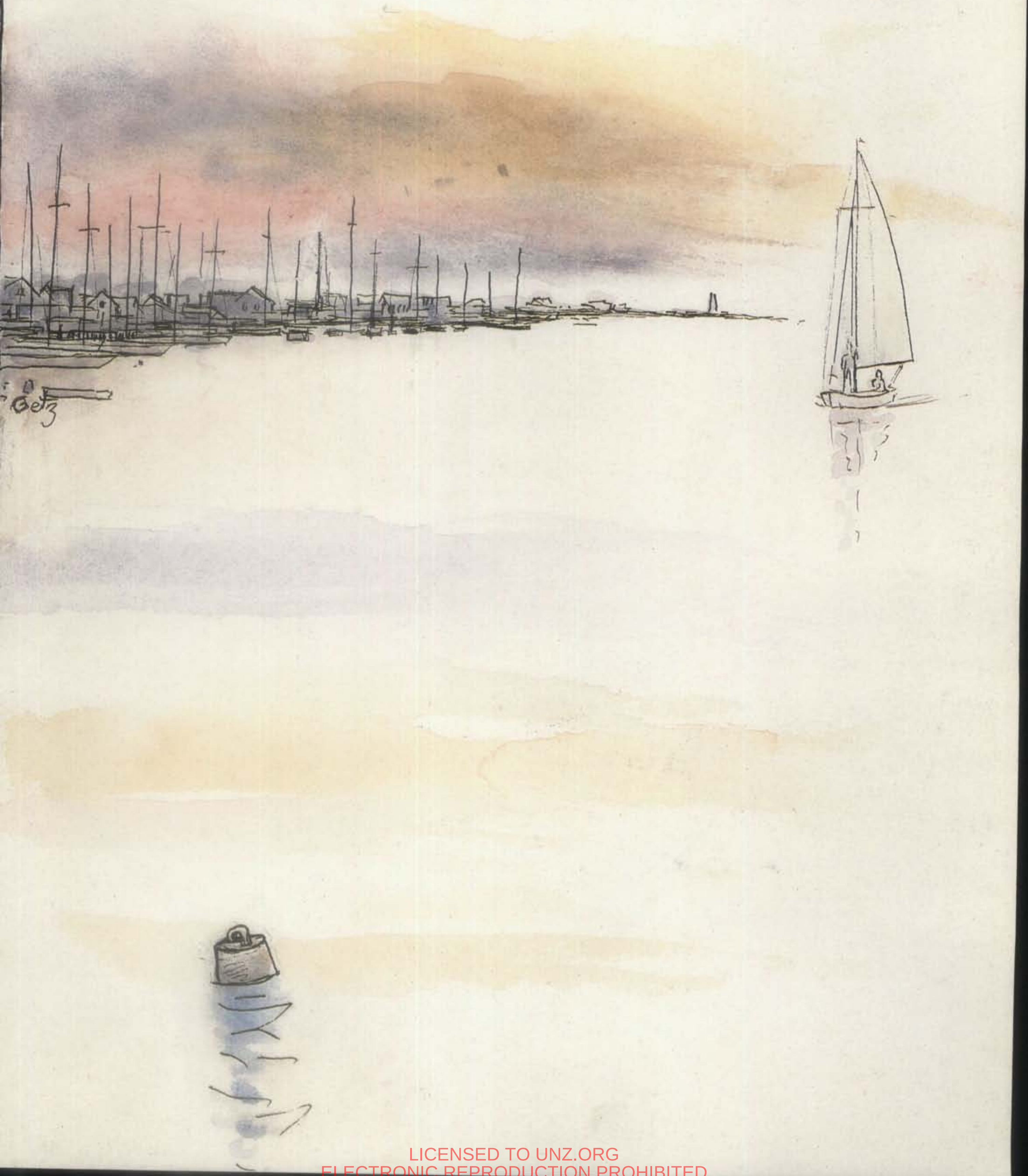

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THE THEATRE

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

. . . About Anne—Salome Jens in a one-hour dramatic presentation of twenty-one poems by Anne Sexton. (Interart, 549 W. 52nd St. 246-1050. Wednesdays and Thursdays at 8, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7 and 9. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Arms and the Man—A charming early Shaw comedy has been given an exaggerated, overly energetic production, directed by John Malkovich. Kevin Kline is admirable as Captain Bluntschli; the rest of the cast is showing off. (Reviewed in our issue of 6/10/85.) (Circle in the Square, 50th St. west of Broadway. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

As Is—This touching play by William M. Hoffman concerns a personable young homosexual who is afflicted with AIDS, and is also a documentary of sorts about his milieu in this city. The lively, impressionistic performance was directed by Marshall W. Mason, and the acting by the large cast, several of whom appear in multiple roles, is just right. With Jonathan Hogan and Jonathan Hadary. (3/25/85) (Lyceum, 149 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Big River—A musical version of "The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn." Twain's great novel has been respectfully dealt with in a book by William Hauptman, with music and lyrics by Roger Miller. Daniel H. Jenkins plays Huck, Ron Richardson plays Jim, and John Short plays Tom Sawyer. Heidi Landesman has provided an unusually evocative setting—somehow, she has managed to put the Mississippi River on a stage. (5/13/85) (Eugene O'Neill, 230 W. 49th St. 246-0220. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Biloxi Blues—A comedy that verges on autohagiography, the hero being the author, Neil Simon, as a young Army draftee who, in 1943, is struggling to assume the mantle of writer. Matthew Broderick is the attractive star. (4/8/85) (Neil Simon, 250 W. 52nd St. 757-8646. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Curse of the Starving Class—A revival of a play by Sam Shepard. The same production seen recently at the Intar Theatre. (Promenade, Broadway at 76th St. 580-1313. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Dames at Sea—A revival of a musical by Jim Wise (score) and George Haimsohn and Robin Miller (book and lyrics). (Lambs, 130 W. 44th St. 997-1780. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Doubles—The scene is a locker room in a tennis club in Connecticut, where four men undress and dress and undress while they talk over their more or less miserable lives. This is a comedy. The author is David Wiltse, and the four men are played by Austin Pendleton, Keir Dullea, Ron Leibman, and Tony Roberts. (5/20/85) (Ritz, 219 W. 48th St. 582-4022. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Hannah Senesh—A monologue based on the diaries and poems of the Zionist heroine. Lori Wilner is the monologuist. Written and directed by David Schechter, with music by Steven Lutvak, Elizabeth Swados, and Mr. Schechter. (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. 989-2020. Wednesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 2:30 and 5:30.)

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The Hit Parade—A comedy by Richard Dresser, presented by Manhattan Punch Line. (TOMI, 23 W. 73rd St. 279-4200. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Aug. 11.)

I'm Not Rappaport—Herb Gardner's rather synthetic, though often entertaining, comedy about two old men who share a bench in Central Park is given an expert performance by Cleavon Little and Judd Hirsch. (6/17/85) (American Place, 111 W. 46th St. 869-4731. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Light Opera of Manhattan—Presenting Sigmund Romberg's **the new moon.** (Norman Thomas Theatre, 111 E. 33rd St. 532-6180. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, and Saturdays and Sundays at 3:30.)

Mayor—A musical based on the best-seller of the same name by Edward I. Koch. With a score and lyrics by Charles Strouse and a book by Warren Leight. (Top of the Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 982-9292. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Negro Ensemble Company—A rather beguiling, if lightweight, farce, by the Jamaican playwright Trevor Rhone, **two can play** is about a middle-aged Jamaican couple. The husband is a blowhard; the wife is put upon in every way, until she flies to Miami and comes back a changed woman. The first act is too intricate for its own good, but the second act is clear and funny. The actors—Hazel J. Medina and Sullivan H. Walker—couldn't be better. (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. 246-8545. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 8:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 3 and Sundays at 2:30.)

The Normal Heart—An interminable, trashy non-play about AIDS, and its victims in the homosexual community of this city, who are compared to the Jews under the Nazis. The names Hitler, Roosevelt, Morgenthau, and, eventually, Mayor Koch are dropped with equal contempt. The evening is an insult to its audience and, what is far more serious, to the sufferers from this dreadful, seemingly hopeless disease. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

The Odd Couple—Neil Simon has turned his successful comedy of twenty years ago, which was about a couple of male bachelors, into an unsuccessful comedy about a couple of female bachelors. The cast is headed by Rita Moreno and Sally Struthers. (6/24/85) (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Orphans—A melodrama, by Lyle Kessler,

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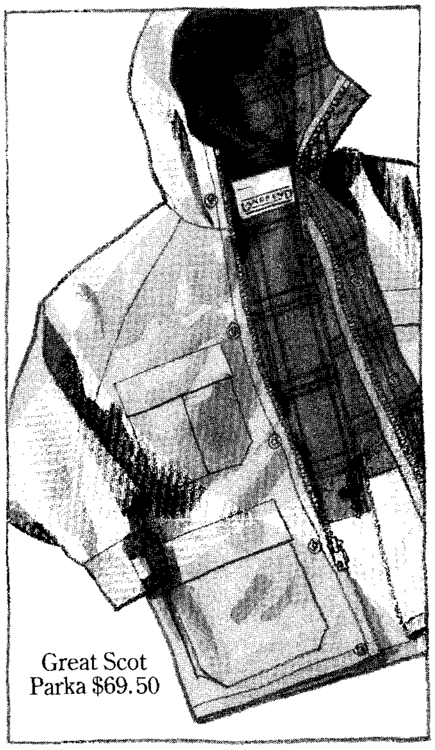

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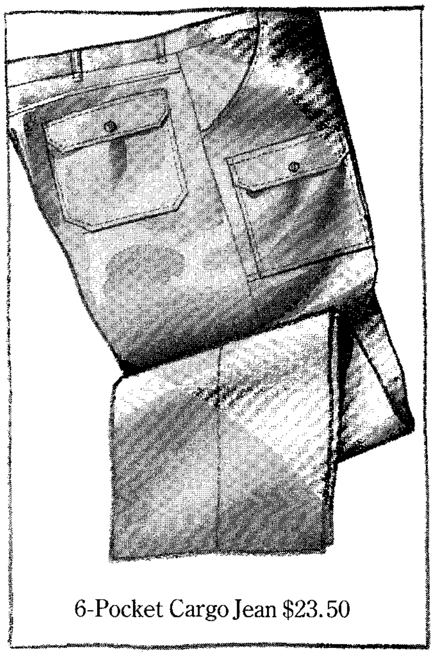

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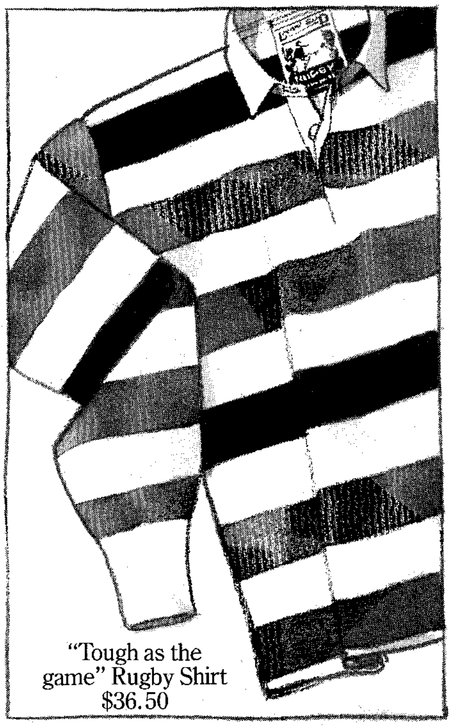

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

about two young brothers—one a street thief and pickpocket, the other an apparent dimwit—and an older mobster who takes over their house and their lives. The first act works quite well, the second is merely serviceable, but what really counts is the performance, under the dynamic direction of Gary Sinise. The actors are Kevin Anderson, Terry Kinney, and John Mahoney, and the show is an import from the Steppenwolf Company of Chicago. (5/20/85) (Westside Arts, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

Pearls—Rosalind Elias is the star of a musical by Nathan Gross, adapted from Jacob Gordin's 1898 Yiddish melodrama "Miracle Efros." Performed in English. (Jewish Repertory Theatre, 344 E. 14th St. 279-4200. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8; Saturdays at 8:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 2.)

Penn & Teller—A sublime combination of conjuring and comedy. Penn Jillette does the talking; Teller is silent. (5/6/85) (Westside Arts, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

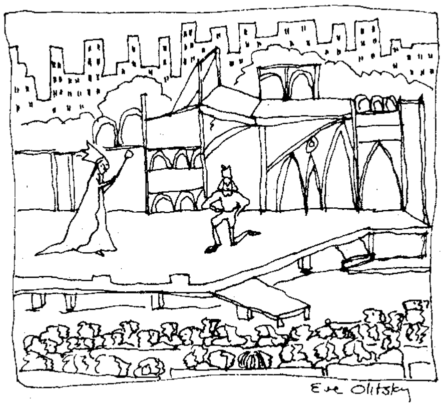
Singin' in the Rain—What could be more bizarre than an effortful re-creation onstage of what a movie once did with consummate ease and grace? Twyla Tharp has directed and choreographed this sad, enormous oddity. (7/15/85) (Gershwin, 51st St. west of Broadway. 586-6510. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Sister and Miss Lexie—Brenda Currin in a revised version of a one-woman show adapted by Miss Currin and David Kaplan from the *writings of Eudora Welty*. (Second Stage, Broadway at 76th St. 873-6103. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 6 and 9; and Sundays at 8. Closes Sunday, Aug. 11.)

Springtime for Henry—A revival of the 1931 comedy by Benn W. Levy, with Peter Evans, Tovah Feldshuh, George N. Martin, and Jodi Thelen. Previews Wednesday, July 31. Opens officially on Thursday, Aug. 1, and will run through Saturday, Sept. 7. (Roundabout, 100 E. 17th St. 420-1883. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.)

What's a Nice Country Like You . . . Doing in a State Like This?—An updated version of the 1973 satirical revue by the original creators, composer Cary Hoffman and lyricist Ira Gasman. Opens Wednesday, July 31. (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. 691-6226. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Long Runs—**BRIGHTON BEACH MEMOIRS:** A remembrance of things past, by Neil Simon. The hero is a sex-obsessed fifteen-year-old. (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 221-1211. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **LA CAGE AUX FOLLES:** A dazzling production of a musical that has little wit and a lot of phony sentimentality about the tenderhearted family life of homosexuals. The music, by Jerry Herman, is Broadway-romantic. The two stars are George Hearn and Van Johnson. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **CATS:** Ezra Pound nicknamed T. S. Eliot "Old Possum," and under that name Eliot wrote a collection of poems about cats, and now the cats are on display on Broadway, with music by Andrew Lloyd Webber, scenery by John Napier, and direction by Trevor Nunn. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **A CHORUS LINE:** A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **DREAMGIRLS:** The slickest possible production of a musical comedy whose book, music, and lyrics are almost totally lacking in character. If Michael Bennett, the director, had been a Union general, the Civil War would have lasted about twenty minutes. (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Aug. 11.) . . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** 10,512 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **FOOL FOR LOVE:** Sam Shepard's play—mysterious, funny, and beautiful—is about two battling, loving lovers in a motel room at the edge of the Mojave Desert and about many other matters as well. Mr. Shepard directed. (Douglas Fairbanks, 432 W. 42nd St. 239-4321. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Thursdays at 3.) . . . **THE FOREIGNER:** A very funny play by Larry Shue, with a super performance by Anthony Heald and good performances by every single member of the company. Jerry Zaks was the admirable director. (Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St., near Astor Pl. 254-4370. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **42ND STREET:** Once upon a time there was a silly-wonderful Warner Brothers musical about a young hoofer who goes on in place of a disabled star and herself becomes a star overnight. The legitimate musical that has been fashioned from the movie musical is just as silly but by no means as wonderful. (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **ISN'T IT ROMANTIC:** A spirited production of Wendy Wasserstein's sometimes painful but always witty comedy about a pair of female "best friends" at age twenty-eight, and especially about the trials of one of them, Janie Blumberg. (Lucille Lortel, 121 Christopher St. 924-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **LITTLE SHOP OF HORRORS:** Based on Roger Corman's 1960 horror quickie about a man-eating plant, this exuberant, jokey musical is wholly free of camp. The score is by Alan Menken, and Howard Ashman directed and wrote the book and lyrics. Martin P. Robinson designed the menacing plant. (Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., at 8th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **OH! CALCUTTA!:** A collection of short sketches that purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 302-2302. Mondays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 9:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Wednesdays at 2.) . . . **SUNDAY IN THE PARK WITH GEORGE:** Stephen Sondheim and James Lapine have invented a highly entertaining musical about Georges Seurat and his celebrated painting of the island of La Grande Jatte. Harry Groener is Seurat and Maryann Plunkett is Seurat's model and mistress. (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **THE TAP DANCE KID:** An attractive cast does much to brighten what is otherwise a curiously gloomy musical about a black family making good. (Minskoff, 45th St. west of Broadway. 869-0550. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)



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MISCELLANY

Forbidden Broadway 1985—A musical satire of Shubert Alley denizens. The lyrics to the song parodies are by Gerard Alessandrini. (Palsson's Upstairs, 158 W. 72nd St. 595-7400. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:30; Fridays and Saturdays at 8:30 and 11:30; and Sundays at 8:30.)

DANCE

"The Blue Angel"—Roland Petit's new dance drama, performed by Natalia Makarova and Mr. Petit, with the Berlin Ballet. (Metropolitan Opera House. 362-6000. Wednesday through Friday, July 31-Aug. 2, at 8, and final performances Saturday, Aug. 3, at 2 and 8.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town. . . . ¶ Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

Angry Squire, 216 Seventh Ave., at 23rd St. (242-9066)—A nautical bar and restaurant and music haunt. Pianist **BARRY HARRIS** leads a trio on Friday and Saturday, Aug. 2-3, and on Friday and Saturday, Aug. 9-10, trumpeter **BILL HARDMAN** will be here with a quartet. Music from ten.

Ballroom, 253 W. 28th St. (244-3005)—**PEGGY LEE** (see page 64, this issue), up close and personal and backed by pianist **MIKE RENZI,** drummer **GRADY TATE,** and their quintet, is onstage through Saturday, Aug. 3. Sets at eight-thirty and ten-thirty.

Blue Note, 131 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (475-8592)—**JEAN CARNE** sings here through Monday, Aug. 5, and starting Tuesday, Aug. 6, a three-guitar frontline—made up of **BARNEY KESSEL, EMILY REMLER,** and **JOSHUA BREAKSTONE**—will take over. Music from nine. Dining.

Bottom Line, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—The oh-so-varied lineup: Wednesday, July 31, Rockin' Sydney and Loup Gurou; Friday and Saturday, Aug. 2-3, comedians Dick Shawn, Larry Storch, and Chris Rush; Tuesday, Aug. 6, **JONATHAN RICHMAN & THE MODERN LOVERS;** Thursday and Friday, Aug. 8-9, **BOBBY BLUE BLAND;** and Saturday and Sunday, Aug. 10-11, **KATE & ANNA MC GARRIGLE.** Shows Sundays through Thursdays at eight and eleven, and Fridays and Saturdays at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty. Dining.

Bradley's, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—The jazz, in the form of piano-bass duos: **RONNIE MATHEWS** and **RAY DRUMMOND** through Saturday, Aug. 3, and **ROGER KELLAWAY** and **MICHAEL MOORE** beginning Monday, Aug. 5. Music from nine-forty-five. Dining.

CBGB & OMFUG, 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052)—The Bowery Institute of Rock and Roll. Monday is showcase night. Music from long after nine-thirty.

Fat Tuesday's, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7902)—**ASTRUD GILBERTO** sings Brazilian jazz and an occasional funky number in her cool, low, nondramatic voice with her backup quintet Thursdays through Sundays. Mondays are claimed by guitarist and inventor **LES PAUL,** the Thomas Edison of reverb, who was once known as Rhubarb Red. No doubt his garage and household effects and recording-studio implements will someday be found in the Smithsonian. Sets begin Sundays, Mondays, and Thursdays at nine, and Fridays and Saturdays at eight. Dining.

Folk City, 130 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (254-8449)—Considerably more musical than Tie City or Food City. Wednesday, July 31, Cur-

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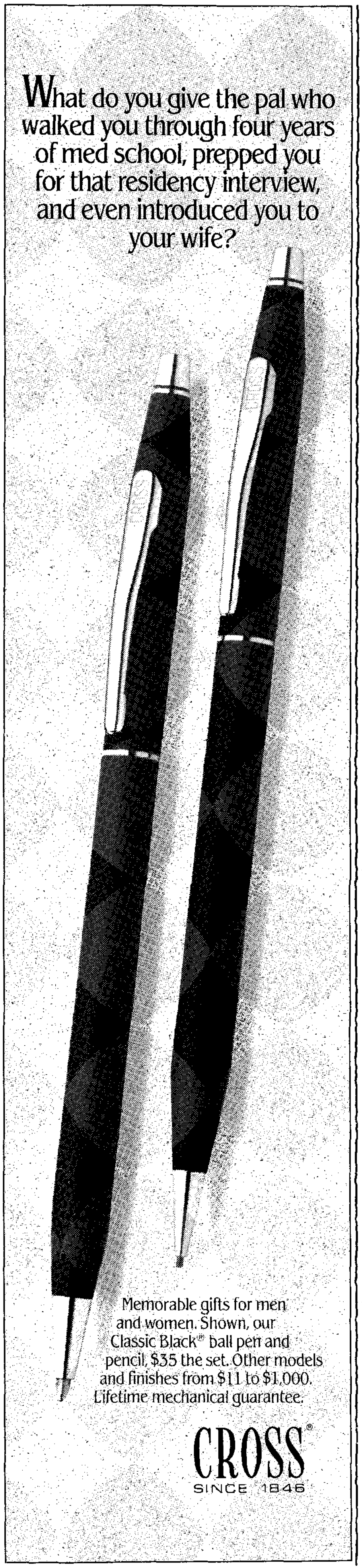
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SINCE 1846

tiss A, Chris Stamey, and Modern Legion; Thursday, Aug. 1, Second Chance, Jeff Gold, Lili Anel, and James O'Malley; Friday, Aug. 2, the sublime a-cappella, street-corner soul quintet the **PERSUASIONS**; Sunday, Aug. 4, Roger Manning, Richard Younger, Jane Williams & Seth Himmelhoch, and others; Tuesday, Aug. 6, Triple Shot and Rich Wallace; Wednesday, Aug. 7, the Raunch Hands, the Last Roundup, and the Cannibals; and Saturday, Aug. 10, rural-blues musicians **JOHN CEPHAS** on guitar and **PHIL WIGGINS** on harmonica. Mondays are hootenanny nights. Shows are usually at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty.

GREGORY'S, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—Kitt Moran sings with pianist Mike Moran and bassist John Arbo through Saturday, Aug. 3; on Wednesday, Aug. 7, **DAVID ALLYN** will begin singing with the Scott Hardy duo. Mondays belong to pianist Baba Motta and bassist John Belzaguy, and Tuesdays are reserved for guitarist **CHUCK WAYNE'S** trio. All these groups begin about ten.

HANRATTY'S, 1754 Second Ave., at 91st St. (289-3200)—A spiffy bar and back-room restaurant with a piano in it. Tuesdays through Saturdays belong to **DICK WELLSTOOD**, who, with the quick, resourceful skills of a United Nations interpreter, translates just about everything you might think of into a stride-piano étude. Sundays Keith MacDonald owns the keyboard, and on Mondays you can hear John Colianni. Music Sundays through Thursdays from eight-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays from nine. Dining.

KNICKERBOCKER SALOON, 33 University Pl., at 9th St. (228-8490)—A pleasant corner restaurant and bar that is crowded with good listeners listening to good musicians. **HILTON RUIZ**, a driving bop-inspired pianist, and **MAJOR HOLLEY**, a humming, buzzing, Slam Stewart-inspired bassist, work together through Saturday, Aug. 3, and starting Tuesday, Aug. 6, **JOHN BUNCH** and Dave Shapiro will take over the piano-bass responsibilities. Music from nine-thirty.

LONE STAR CAFÉ, 61 Fifth Ave., at 13th St. (242-1664)—Folk, rock, country, blues, lots of New Orleans music right now, regional food (chili and guacamole), and regional dress (Bermuda shorts). The lineup: Wednesday, July 31, Chicago-blues singers **BUDDY GUY** and **JUNIOR WELLS**; Thursday, Aug. 1, R. & B. singer **IRMA THOMAS** and Johnny Adams; Friday and Saturday, Aug. 2-3, **BIG TWIST & THE MELLOW FELLOWS**, an R. & B. band, and Bluesoleil; Sunday and Monday, Aug. 4-5, the **GOLDEN EAGLES**, a raucous New Orleans quartet, and Rebirth; Tuesday and Wednesday, Aug. 6-7, Rockin Dopsie and Katie Webster; and Thursday, Aug. 8, blues pianist **DR. JOHN'S NEW ORLEANS OCTET**. Music after nine. Dining.

MICHAEL'S PUB, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—Eddy Davis and the Turn of the Century Minstrels are presenting a program called "The Roots of American Jazz" Tuesdays through Saturdays at nine and eleven. On Monday nights from nine-thirty to midnight, Woody Allen usually drops by to play clarinet. Dining. Closed Sundays.

MIKELL'S, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—The music scene here is cooler than a Columbus Avenue gelato and the music hotter than a Columbus Avenue taco. The lineup: Wednesday, July 31, Vincent Herring and Charles Davis; Thursday, Aug. 1, Roland Vazquez; Friday and Saturday, Aug. 2-3, violinist Noel Pointer; Monday, Aug. 5, the R. & B. band **JUMP STREET**; Tuesday, Aug. 6, Rhythm Motion; Wednesday, Aug. 7, Jeff Franzel; and Thursday, Aug. 8, Roland Vazquez. Music from about ten until two.

RAINBOW ROOM, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (757-9090)—**PANAMA FRANCIS & THE SAVOY SULTANS** play such uplifting, on-the-mark swing music it's almost impossible not to want to Lindy to it. Shows Tuesdays through Thursdays from seven to one; Fridays and Saturdays from eight to two; and Sundays from six to midnight. Dining and dancing.

RITZ, 119 E. 11th St. (254-2800)—Rock from the eighties in a half-century-old ballroom: Wednesday, July 31, Urban Blight and Sleeper; Thursday, Aug. 1, rock guitarist Robin Trower and Texas-blues singer and guitarist **JOHNNY COPELAND**; Friday, Aug. 2, Dr. Buzzard's New Savannah Band; Tuesday, Aug. 6, reggae trio **BLACK UHURU**; Thursday, Aug. 8, Raven and Anthrax; Friday, Aug. 9, Simon Townshend; and Saturday, Aug. 10, **JASON & THE SCORCHERS** and Beat Rodeo. Shows Mondays through Thursdays at nine, and Fridays and Saturdays at eleven. Dancing.

SEVENTH AVENUE SOUTH, 21 Seventh Ave. S., at Leroy St. (242-4694)—Jazz and fusion: Wednesday, July 31, New Brazil; Thursday, Aug. 1, saxophonist **JAMEEL MOONDOC** and his bluesy band; and Friday and Saturday, Aug. 2-3, Mark Morganelli's all-star band. Music from nine-thirty.

SOUNDS OF BRAZIL, 204 Varick St., at W. Houston St. (243-4940)—A great place to listen to Brazilian, Caribbean, and African music—Brazilian-jazz groups, samba bands, reggaeists and all-percussion ensembles that perform *carnaval* and generally wildly rhythmic music—and it tends to be swirling, heady, wonderful stuff. On its busy weekends, the club feels like the rush hour in Rio. Wednesday and Thursday, July 31-Aug. 1, **BIG YOUTH**; Friday and Saturday, Aug. 2-3, and Friday, Aug. 9, **LOREMIL MACHADO & THE SARAVA BAHIA BAND**; Sunday, Aug. 4, the **AFRICAN CONNECTION**; Wednesday, Aug. 7, Sister Carol; Thursday, Aug. 8, **PABLO MOSES & THE REVOLUTIONARY DREAM BAND**; and Saturday, Aug. 10, **PÉ-DE-BOI**. Music from ten. Dining. Closed Mondays and Tuesdays.

SWEET BASIL, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—Super bassist **RON CARTER** guides a quartet through Sunday, Aug. 4, and on Tuesday, Aug. 6, tenor saxophonist **DEWEY REDMAN** will arrive with his quartet. Mondays are **GIL EVANS** nights: when his experienced but unjaded **BIG BAND**, with its unmistakable Evansian blur of instruments, plays Charlie Parker tunes on top of a heavy rock beat, it sounds like bebop march music. Shows from about ten. Dining.

VILLAGE GATE, 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—Mondays after nine are salsa nights in the barnlike downstairs room. On Aug. 5, **LARRY HARLOW & ORQUESTA HARLOW, CHARANGA AMERICA**, and violinist Noel Pointer, the guest jazz soloist, will all be present. Tuesday through Friday, Aug. 6-9, and Sunday, Aug. 11, at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty, and Saturday, Aug. 10, at ten-thirty and twelve-thirty, **TANIA MARIA**, a vivacious singer and pianist, will perform high-spirited Brazilian jazz with her band. . . . ¶ Meanwhile, out on the Terrace, pianist **JUNIOR MANCE** and bassist **MARTY RIVERA** perform every night but Monday after nine-thirty. And, in addition, jazz harpist **DAPHNE HELLMAN** plays Tuesdays with her combo.

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—People from all over the world are attracted to this famous, unpretentious basement establishment, fifty years old this year. Alto saxophonist **CHARLES MC PHERSON** heads up a quartet—pianist **KENNY BARRON**, drummer **BILLY HIGGINS**, and trombonist **CURTIS FULLER** are in it—through Sunday, Aug. 4. On Tuesday, Aug. 6, ex-Mingus-ites saxophonist **GEORGE ADAMS** and pianist **DON PULLEN** will descend the stairs with their quartet. Mondays are **MEL LEWIS BIG BAND** nights. Music after ten.

WEST END, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—Past the steam tables of piping-hot student food (Columbia University is just across Broadway), beyond the pinball machines is a room full of live jazz. Thursday through Sunday, Aug. 1-4, will be claimed by the **WALTER BOLDEN** quartet, which will feature saxophonist **DAVID (FATHEAD) NEWMAN**; Monday and Tuesday, Aug. 5-6, will belong to the Mark Morganelli group; and on Wednesday, Aug. 7, pianist Ram Ramirez will bring in his quartet. Music from about nine.

ZINNO, 126 W. 13th St. (924-5182)—A spacious, airy bar connected to a spacious, airy dining room by a spacious, airy passageway with tables and chairs and pianists or guitarists and bassists in it. The music schedule: pianist **RAY BRYANT** and bassist **JIMMY ROWSER** through Saturday, Aug. 3; pianist **HILTON RUIZ** and bassist **MAJOR HOLLEY** starting Tuesday, Aug. 6; and pianist Jim Roberts and bassist Brian Torff every Monday. Music from eight. Closed Sundays.

JAZZ / FOLK / ROCK CONCERTS, PERSONAL APPEARANCES, ETC.

JAZZ IN JULY—Wednesday, July 31: Ruby Braff, Maxine Sullivan, and Dick Hyman's Perfect

Jazz Repertory Quintet. . . . ¶ Thursday, Aug. 1: Maurice Peress conducting the 1985 Palais Royal Orchestra, with Ivan Davis and Dick Hyman, in a reconstruction of Paul Whiteman's 1924 Aeolian Hall concert. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-4410. Evenings at 8.)

Tina Turner—With Glenn Frey. (Madison Square Garden. 564-4400. Thursday and Friday, Aug. 1-2, at 8.)

Robyn Hitchcock—Irving Plaza, 17 Irving Pl., at 15th St. 477-3728. Friday, Aug. 2, at 10.

Frankie Beverly & Maze—With Angela Bofill. (Beacon Theatre, Broadway at 74th St. 787-1477. Saturday and Sunday, Aug. 10-11, at 8.)

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Mondays through Fridays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

Michael Heizer—Paintings, sculptures, drawings, and photographs in a show that coincides with his installation at the Whitney Museum. Through Sept. 14. (Fourcade, 36 E. 75th St. Closed Mondays.)

From the Collection of Sol LeWitt—Conceptual and Minimal works in the artist's collection, which includes a plywood-box sculpture by Donald Judd and a tape recording of bird-calls by Louise Lawler. Through Aug. 26. (Grey Art Gallery, New York University, 33 Washington Pl.)

Art on the Beach—Ten installations, each created by a different group of individuals (for instance, an artist, an architect, and a dancer) and each the site of a performance, are the summer tenants on a plot of sand next to the Hudson River. The show is Creative Time's last project at this place. (Battery Park City Landfill, Gate 18, Chambers and West Sts. Wednesdays through Sundays, noon to 5:30.) . . . ¶ Ann Magnuson will perform on Wednesday, July 31 (rain date Aug. 3); the Henry Threadgill Marching Band will perform on Sunday, Aug. 4 (Aug. 8), and Wednesday, Aug. 7 (Aug. 10). All shows start at 6:30. Tickets at the gate.

Group Shows—At the **artists' choice,** 394 West Broadway: "The Figure in the Landscape" is the title for this selection of paintings by thirty artists from all parts of the United States. Through Sept. 8. (Open daily except Mondays.) . . . **associated american artists,** 20 W. 57th St.: The gallery's annual Old Master print exhibition includes fourteen etchings by Rembrandt and nine engravings and woodcuts by Dürer. Through Wednesday, Aug. 7. . . . **bond,** a new gallery at 30 Bond St., between Lafayette St. and the Bowery: Stigmata are the theme of this inaugural show by thirty-four artists, including a blacksmith, Robert Parker, who hammers out hand-forged nails in a smithy at the rear of the gallery. Some of the works are reverent, but most are not. Through Saturday, Aug. 10. (Opens Wednesdays through Sundays at 1.) . . . **bromm,** 90 West Broadway, at Chambers St.: Paintings, sculptures, photographs, and installations that depict scenes from cities around the world (New York, Venice, Moscow among them) by Rosemarie Castoro, Mark Golderman, Rick Prol, and others. Through Sept. 28. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **center for african art,** 54 E. 68th St.: "Sets, Series, and Ensembles in African Art" is about restoring individual pieces (such as five over-life-size statues from a single Urhobo shrine) to the groups they were part of originally. Through Oct. 20. (Open daily except Mondays; opens Sundays at noon.) . . . **cutler,** 164 Mercer St.: Figurative and abstract paintings by half a dozen artists, including Jacques Flechemuller, Gretchen Faust, and Adam Cvijanovic. Through Friday, Aug. 9. . . . **frumkin,** 50 W. 57th St.: Paintings and constructed works, each based on either an outline or silhouette. Contributors to the show include Luis Cruz Azaceta, Robert Warrens, and Dan Rice. Through Aug. 16. . . . **marian goodman,** 24 W. 57th St.: A new generation of Conceptualists is represented in this show, mainly of news photographs and reproductions of paintings, which has been travelling in Europe and has stopped off here. The artists are Stephen Prina, Mark Stahl, and Christopher Williams, all Californians. Through Friday, Aug. 9. . . . **gracie mansion gallery,** 167 Avenue A, at 10th St.: Thoughts about vacations translated into paintings, drawings, and sculptures by twenty-eight artists. Through Aug. 11. (Opens at 1 Wednesdays through Sundays.) . . . **herstand,** 24 W. 57th St.: Veteran European abstract painters, including Antoni Tàpies and Emilio Vedova, plus sculptures by Noguchi, Miró, and Gonzalo Fonseca. Through Friday, Aug. 9. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **hoffman,** 429 West Broadway: The joys of summer (a hammock, a beach, a pool) are captured in the photographs, paintings, and sculptures of Joan Brown, Malcolm Morley, Juan González, Alan Siegel, and others. Through Friday, Aug. 2. . . . **tatistcheff,** 50 W. 57th St.: Figure paintings by six artists, William Clutz and Kathryn Freeman among them. Through Aug. 15. . . . **york,** 21 E. 65th St.: Nostalgic summertime paintings by American artists—Homer, O'Keeffe, Hassam, Prendergast, Joseph Stella, and thirty-two others. Through Aug. 15.

¶ Following is an arbitrary list of other galleries that are open, usually with changing exhibitions of works pulled from their stock: **davis & langdale,** 746 Madison Ave., at 65th St. . . . **deutsch,** 20 W. 57th St. . . . **fischbach,** 24 W. 57th St. . . . **forum,** 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. . . . **french,** 41 W. 57th St. . . . **galerie st. etienne,** 24 W. 57th St. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **graham,** 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St. . . . **knowlton,** 153 Mercer St. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **mathes,** 851 Madison Ave., at 70th St. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **pace,** 32 E. 57th St. . . . **protetch,** 37 W. 57th St. . . . **alex rosenberg,** 20 W. 57th St.

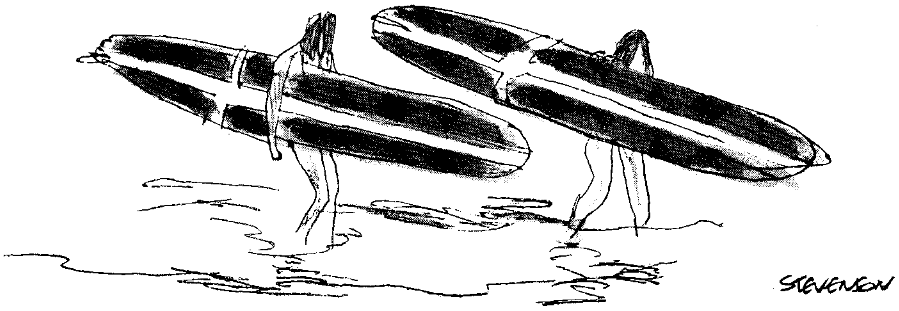
PHOTOGRAPHY

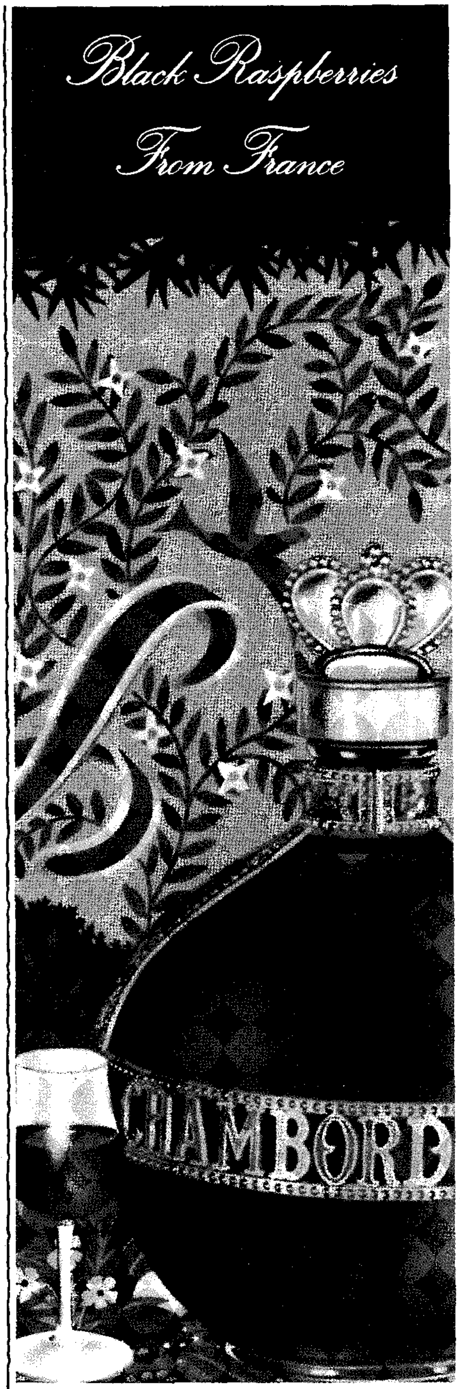
Sandi Fellman—Large-format Polaroids of human figures, primarily body builders and tattooed Japanese men and women. Through Aug. 23. (Witkin, in a new location at 415 West Broadway. Closed Mondays.)

Group Shows—At the **french embassy,** 972 Fifth Ave., at 78th St.: Fresson prints by thirteen photographers, including John Batho, Sheila Metzner, John Stewart, and Scott MacLeay. Through Aug. 30. . . . **laurence miller,** 38 E. 57th St.: Self-portraits by Anne Rowland, Elizabeth Turk, Lee Friedlander, and others. Through Aug. 30. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **wolf,** 30 W. 57th St.: Summertime photographs by Josef Sudek, Eugène Atget, Helen Levitt, Edward Weston, and others. Through Aug. 23.

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—Landscapes of the American wilderness and portraits of the Indians who lived there done by Karl Bodmer during an expedition in the early eighteen-thirties. Through Oct. 6. . . . ¶ From the museum's collection of seventy pianos, a kind of genealogical selection—the oldest existing piano, built in 1720 by the instrument's inventor, Cristofori, and about thirty of its progeny; audioguides are available on which visitors can hear them be-





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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

ing played. . . . ¶ Also from the collection, more than eighty Chinese figure paintings (silk and paper hanging scrolls, hand-scrolls, album leaves, and fans), dating from the eighth century to the eighteenth. Starts Thursday, Aug. 1. . . . ¶ An exhibit of a hundred pre-Columbian gold objects from the collection of Jan Mitchell. Through Aug. 11. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Sundays, 9:30 to 5:15, and Tuesday evenings until 8:45.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—A Kurt Schwitters retrospective that includes a comprehensive selection of collages by one of the first artists to use that form. Through Oct. 1. . . . ¶ Nearly sixty works on paper (not strictly) by six contemporary Americans: Robert Morris, Bruce Nauman, James Rosenquist, Robert Ryman, Pat Steir, and Robert Wilson. (Ryman has used anodized aluminum instead of paper.) Through Sept. 3. . . . ¶ A display of works by two European architects: Ricardo Bofill is represented by photographs of apartment buildings in France, and Leon Krier, who designs but does not build, is necessarily represented by drawings. Through Sept. 3. (Open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.) . . . **note:** The museum's sculpture garden, 14 W. 54th St., is open, free, Friday and Saturday evenings from 6 to 10, with entertainment on Fridays (rain date Saturdays) at 8.

Guggenheim Museum, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—A show of a hundred paintings which could be said to deliver a cram course in the principal styles used by American and European artists of the past forty years. From the museum's collections and from private donors. Through Sept. 3. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 5.)

Whitney Museum of American Art, Madison Ave. at 75th St.—A selection of more than ninety of the drawings that have entered the collection over the past few years. Through Sept. 22. . . . ¶ A sixteen-foot-high abstract version of one of Michael Heizer's earthworks fills the fourth-floor gallery; it is constructed of corrugated cardboard. Through Sept. 1. A complementary exhibit is at Xavier Fourcade, 36 E. 75th St. (The museum is open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 1 to 8, with no admission charge after 6; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—An exhibition of Japanese folk art. Through Sept. 30. (Open daily except Tuesdays. Hours: Mondays and Wednesdays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—Wood carvings, beaded wood sculptures, and ceremonial masks still used by Cameroon chiefs are among the objects on view from the West African nation. Through Oct. 15. (Open daily. Hours: Mondays, Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays, 10 to 5:45; Wednesdays, 10 to 9; Fridays and Saturdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5.)

Asia Society, 725 Park Ave., at 70th St.—A show devoted to seventeenth- to nineteenth-century Japanese painters who re-created supernatural figures in Japanese folklore—the Taoist Immortals, Shūki the Demon Queller, and Kabuki Ghosts among them. Paintings, scrolls, screens, etc. Organized by the Spencer Museum of Art, University of Kansas. Through Sept. 1. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, noon to 5.)

Cooper-Hewitt Museum, Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—An all-purpose exhibit about wine as a creative stimulant: Chalices, decanters, goblets, and vessels of every kind; wallpaper, prints, textiles, and other decorative objects using grapevine patterns. Also, equipment for harvesting and processing—for instance, a large copper-and-brass still from the Cognac region of France. Through Oct. 13. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—A show of paintings and drawings by German artist Felix Nussbaum (1904-44), many from the period when he lived in hiding during the Second World War. The artist died at Auschwitz. Through Sunday, Aug. 4. (Open daily except Fridays and Saturdays. Hours: Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5, and Tuesdays evenings until 8; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

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Museum of American Folk Art, 125 W. 55th St.—High points in Southern folk art have been gathered for a show of ninety pieces, including paintings, sculptures, textiles, furniture, and pottery. Through Aug. 25. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10:30 to 8, with no admission charge after 5:30; Wednesdays through Sundays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

New-York Historical Society, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St.—The bicentennial of Audubon's birth is cause for celebration at the society, which owns and has mounted all four hundred and thirty-three remaining original watercolors for "Birds of America." Through Sept. 14. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Fridays, 11 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.; *temporary entrance on 42nd St.*—A show that commemorates England's colonial exploits in North America four hundred years ago, with emphasis on the Roanoke voyages initiated by Sir Walter Raleigh. Documentation: John White's 1585 watercolors depicting Indians and nature; a copy of a book written about an exploration of Virginia which has engravings based on the White watercolors; the first map of North Carolina; and a paper with the signatures of Queen Elizabeth I and Raleigh authorizing payment for arrows for the British Army. A hundred of the items come from the British Museum and the British Library; fifty are from the New York library. Through Aug. 20. (Open daily, except Sundays, 10 to 6.)

ART AFTER DARK

(Performance, music, dance, video, film, and combinations thereof.)

P.S. 122, 150 First Ave., at 9th St. 477-5288—Eric Bogosian (performance), Friday through Sunday, Aug. 2-4, and Thursday through Sunday, Aug. 8-11, at 9.

MUSIC

New York City Opera—Wednesday, July 31, at 8: "Lucia di Lammermoor," with Gianna Rolandi, Barry McCauley, Frederick Burchinal, and Harry Dworchak; conducted by Christopher Keene. . . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 2, at 8: "The Daughter of the Regiment," with Erie Mills, Muriel Costa-Greenspon, Robert Tate, and Joseph McKee; Joseph Rescigno. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 3, at 2: "Attila," with Linda Roark-Strummer, Jon Fredric West, Samuel Ramey, and Frederick Burchinal; Christopher Keene. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 3, at 8: "Carmen," with Louisa Jonason, Susanne Marsee, Harry Theyard, and Robert McFarland; Christopher Keene. . . . ¶ Sunday, Aug. 4, at 7: "La Rondine," with Elizabeth Knighton, Claudette Peterson, Jon Garrison, and David Eisler; Alessandro Siciliani. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Aug. 6, at 8: "The Daughter of the Regiment," with Erie Mills, Muriel Costa-Greenspon, Robert Tate, and Joseph McKee; Joseph Rescigno. . . . ¶ Thursday, Aug. 8, at 8: "Attila," with Linda Roark-Strummer, Samuel Ramey, Jon Fredric West, and Frederick Burchinal; Christopher Keene. . . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 9, at 8: The company's première of Bellini's "Norma," with Olivia Stapp, Judith Forst, Robert Grayson, and William Dansby; Richard Bonynge. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 10, at 2: "La Cenerentola," with Leigh Munro, Susanne Marsee, Joyce Castle, Abram Morales, and Alan Titus; Alessandro Siciliani. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 10, at 8: "The Mikado," with Claudette Peterson, Joyce Castle, David Eisler, and Richard McKee; David Stahl. (New York State Theatre. 870-5570. Through Sunday, Nov. 17.)

Mostly Mozart Festival—A seven-week season of orchestra, chamber-music and recital programs. All programs start at 8, with pre-concert recitals at 7. Wednesday, July 31: George Cleve conducting the Mostly Mozart Festival Orchestra, with Peter Serkin, piano. . . . ¶ Thursday, Aug. 1: The American String Quartet, with André-Michel Schub, piano; Eugenia Zukerman, flute; and Atar Arad, viola. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, Aug. 2-3: Stanislaw Skrowaczewski conducting the orchestra, with Ken Noda, piano, and Richard Stoltzman, clarinet. . . . ¶ Monday, Aug. 5, and Wednesday, Aug. 7: Stanislaw Skrowaczewski conducting the orchestra, with Alicia de Larrocha, piano; Scott Goff, flute; Leonard Arner, oboe; Loren Glickman, bassoon; and Paul Ingraham, horn. (No pre-concert recitals.) . . . ¶ Tuesday, Aug. 6: The Cleveland Quartet, with Mr. Stoltzman and James VanDemark, double bass. . . . ¶ Thursday, Aug. 8: The Mostly Mozart Festival Winds and the Sylvan Winds. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, Aug. 9-10: Gerard Schwarz directing the orchestra and the New York Choral Artists in performances of Handel's oratorio "Alexander's Feast," with Edith Mathis, soprano; Jerry Hadley, tenor; and John Cheek, bass. (Avery Fisher Hall. 874-2424. Through Saturday, Aug. 24.)

Plácido Domingo—Tenor, with the Antologia de la Zarzuela from Spain, a company of a hundred and fifty singers, dancers, and musicians. (Madison Square Garden. 564-4400. Wednesday and Thursday, Aug. 7-8, at 8.)

Note—Lionel Party will give a harpsichord recital in the Garden Court of the Frick Collection (1 E. 70th St.) on Wednesday, Aug. 14, at 5:30. Free tickets, limited to two per applicant, will be issued starting Monday, Aug. 5, in the order that written applications are received on that day (not before). A self-addressed envelope should be enclosed.

IN THE COUNTRY

Tanglewood Festival—Thursday, Aug. 1, at 8:30: The Concord String Quartet. . . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 2, at 7: Jan DeGaetani, mezzo-soprano, and Gilbert Kalish, piano. . . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 2, at 9: André Previn conducting the Boston Symphony, with Horacio Gutiérrez, piano. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 3, at 8:30: Raymond Leppard conducting, with Sherman Walt, bassoon, and Daniel Katzen and Richard Sebring, horn. . . . ¶ Sunday, Aug. 4, at 2:30: André Previn conducting, with Nigel Kennedy, violin. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Aug. 6, at 8:30: The Boston Symphony Chamber Players, with Miss DeGaetani and Mr. Kalish. . . . ¶ Thursday, Aug. 8, at 8:30: Yo-Yo Ma, cello, and Emanuel Ax, piano. . . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 9, at 7: Emanuel Borok, Vyacheslav Uritsky, and Michael Zaretsky, all violin, and Martha Babcock, cello. . . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 9, at 9: Kurt Masur conducting the Boston Symphony, with Mr. Ma. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 10, at 8:30: Kurt Masur conducting, with Mr. Ax. . . . ¶ Sunday, Aug. 11, at 2:30: Kurt Masur conducting an all-Mozart program, with Yuzuko Horigome, violin. (Lenox,

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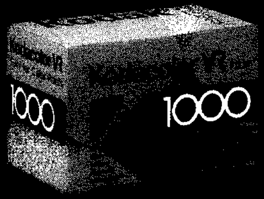
85 mm, ⅛ sec at f/4

By the dawn's early light.



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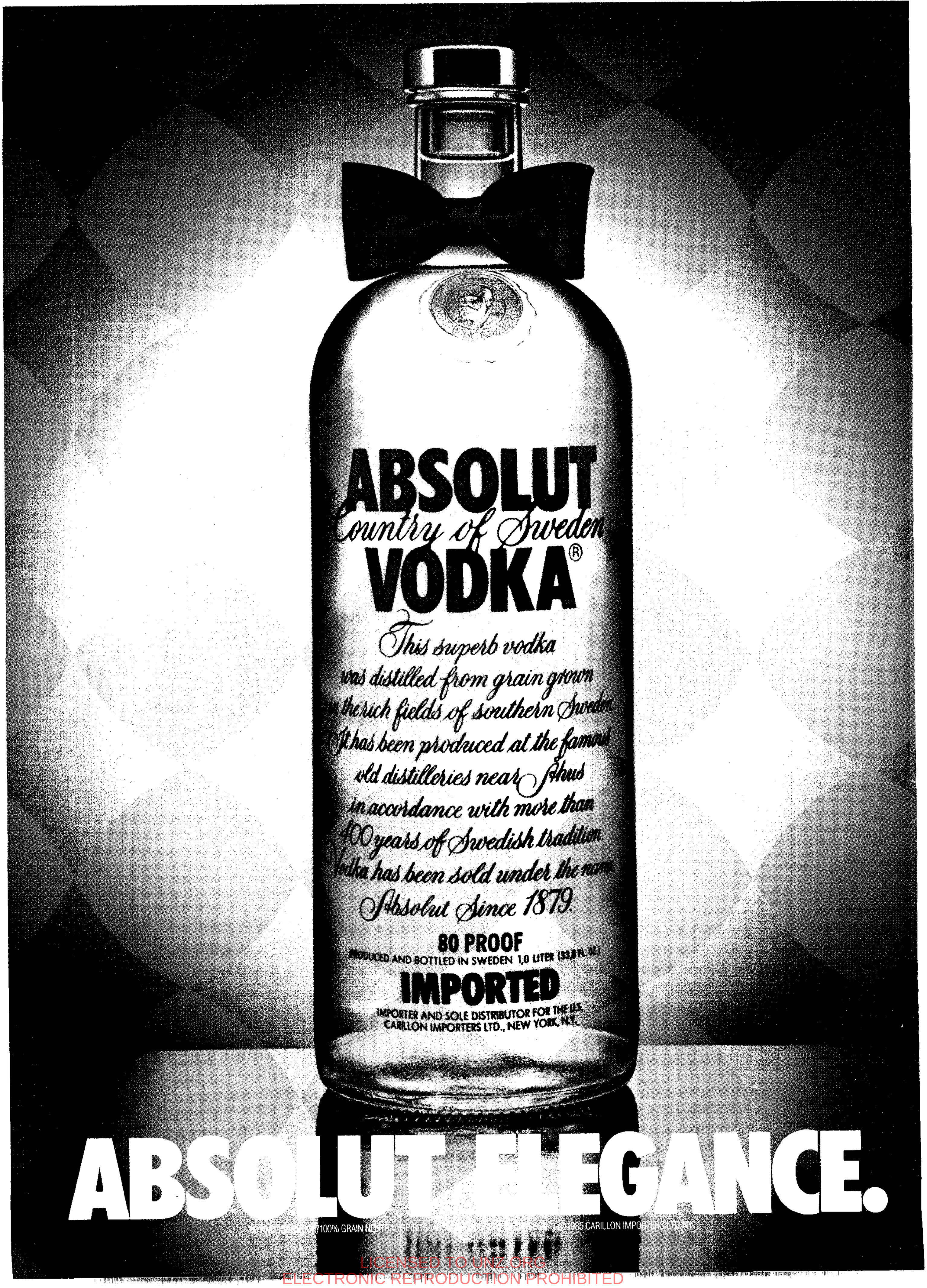
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Mass. Through Sunday, Sept. 1. For information about tickets, call 1-413 637-1666.)

Caramoor Festival—Thursday, Aug. 1, at 4:15: The St. Luke's Chamber Ensemble, with Pamela Coburn, soprano, and Wu Han, piano. . . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 2, at 9: Michael Feldman conducting the ensemble, with Stephen Taylor and Melanie Feld, oboe; John Finney, organ; Naoko Tanaka and Mayuki Fukuhara, violin; and Myron Lutzke, cello. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 3, at 8:30: John Nelson directing the Orchestra of St. Luke's and the Festival Chorus in a performance of Handel's oratorio "L'Allegro, il Penseroso, ed il Moderato," with Arleen Augér and Miss Coburn, sopranos; Jeffrey Gall, countertenor; Jon Humphrey, tenor; and John Cheek, bass. . . . ¶ Sunday, Aug. 4, at 5:30: Cipa and Misha Dichter in a program of works for two pianos and for one piano, four hands. . . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 9, at 9: Tatiana Troyanos, soprano. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 10, at 8:30: The New York Chamber soloists in an all-Vivaldi program. . . . ¶ Sunday, Aug. 11, at 5:30: Igor Kipnis, harpsichord. (Katonah, N.Y. Through Sunday, Aug. 25. For information about tickets, call 1-914 232-5035.)

Saratoga Performing Arts Center—Wednesday, July 31: Gordon Lightfoot. . . . ¶ Thursday and Friday, Aug. 1-2: Liza Minnelli. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 3: The Junge Deutsche Philharmonie, with Gidon Kremer, violin. . . . ¶ Sunday, Aug. 4: Peter, Paul & Mary. . . . ¶ Monday, Aug. 5: Judy Collins and Donovan. . . . ¶ Opening performances by the PHILADELPHIA ORCHESTRA of a three-week season that will run through Saturday, Aug. 24. Wednesday, Aug. 7: Dennis Russell Davies conducting an all-Beethoven program, with Rudolf Firkusny, piano. . . . ¶ Thursday, Aug. 8: Dennis Russell Davies conducting a program of contemporary music. . . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 9: Henry Mancini conducting, with James Galway, flute. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 10: Dennis Russell Davies directing concert versions of Act III of Wagner's "Tristan und Isolde" and Act II of Glass's "Akhnaten," with Deborah Polaski and Claudia Cummings, sopranos; Milagro Vargas, mezzo-soprano; Paul Esswood, countertenor; James McCray and Michael Austin, tenors; Raymond Wolansky, baritone; and the Saratoga-Potsdam Chorus. (Saratoga Springs. Evenings at 8:15. Through Saturday, Aug. 31. For information about tickets, call 977-9020, in New York.)

Jacob's Pillow Dance Festival—Programs of modern and ethnic dancing. Through Saturday, Aug. 3: The Clive Thompson Dancecompany. . . . ¶ Tuesday through Saturday, Aug. 6-10: Performances of "Cenotaph," a work created and performed by Molissa Fenley and Dancers, bassist Jamaaladeen Tacuma, and performance artist Eric Bogosian. (Becket, Mass. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8; Fridays at 8:30; and Saturdays at 2 and 8:30. For information about tickets, call 1-413 243-0745.)

SPORTS

Baseball—METS at Shea Stadium: Vs. Montreal, Wednesday, July 31, at 1:35. . . . ¶ Chicago, Friday, Aug. 9, at 8:05, and Saturday, Aug. 10, at 1:20. . . . YANKEES at Yankee Stadium: Vs. Chicago, Friday, Aug. 2, at 8; Saturday, Aug. 3, at 1; Sunday, Aug. 4, at 2; and Monday, Aug. 5, at 8. . . . ¶ Cleveland, Tuesday, Aug. 6, at 8; Wednesday, Aug. 7, at 1; and Thursday, Aug. 8, at 8.

Racing—At SARATOGA: Daily, except Tuesdays, at 1:30, from Wednesday, July 31, through Monday, Aug. 26. The Schuylerville, Wednesday, July 31; the Test, Thursday, Aug. 1; the Whitney Handicap, Saturday, Aug. 3; the Jim Dandy, Sunday, Aug. 4; the DeWitt Clinton, Monday, Aug. 5; and the Alabama, Saturday, Aug. 10. . . . MONMOUTH PARK, Oceanport, N.J.: Weekdays at 1:30; through Saturday, Aug. 31. The Sorority, Saturday, Aug. 3, and the Sapling, Saturday, Aug. 10. . . . ATLANTIC CITY, Mays Landing, N.J.: Weeknights at 8; through Saturday, Aug. 31. The United Nations Handicap, Saturday, Aug. 10.

Trotting—At ROOSEVELT RACEWAY, Westbury: Nightly at 8; through Saturday, Aug. 3. . . . YONKERS RACEWAY: Nightly at 8, from Monday, Aug. 5, through Sunday, Nov. 3. . . . SARATOGA RACEWAY, Saratoga Springs: Weeknights at 8; through Saturday, Nov. 23. . . . MEADOWLANDS: Weeknights, except Saturday, Aug. 3, at 8; through Saturday, Aug. 17. Post time will be 12:30 on Saturday, Aug. 3; the Hambletonian will be the feature race.

THE GREAT OUTDOORS

New York Shakespeare Festival—Betty Buckley, Cleo Laine, and George Rose in "The Mystery of Edwin Drood," a musical by Rupert Holmes, suggested by Charles Dickens' unfinished novel of the same name. The second of two productions. Free performances start Sunday, Aug. 4, and will run through Sunday, Sept. 1. (Delacorte Theatre, Central Park near W. 81st St. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. For information about tickets, call 861-7277.)

Damrosch Park, Lincoln Center—Ainslee Cox conducting the Goldman Band in the last in this summer's series of concerts. (Wednesday through Friday, July 31-Aug. 2, and Sunday, Aug. 4, at 8.)

South Street Seaport Museum—Free concerts on Pier 16. Friday, Aug. 2: Lou Donaldson quartet. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 3: Andrew Cyrille sextet. . . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 9: Johnny Copland band. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 10: Michal Urbaniak and Constellation. (East River at Fulton St. Evenings at 8. In the event of rain, the concert will be given on the following Monday.)

Music Festival on the Pier—The Miller beer people's summertime concerts. Saturday, Aug. 3: Graham Parker & the Shot and Translator. . . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 9: Don Henley and Katrina & the Waves. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 10: Stevie Ray Vaughan & Double Trouble. (Pier 84, Twelfth Ave. at 45th St. Evenings at 7:30; through Saturday, Sept. 14. For information about tickets, call 249-8870.)

Washington Square Park—Newell Jenkins conducting the Festival Orchestra in an all-baroque program, with Benjamin Hudson, violin, and Gerald Ranck, harpsichord. The third in a series of four concerts. (Tuesday, Aug. 6, at 8. In the event of rain, the concert will take place in the Eisner and Lubin Auditorium, Loeb Student Center, Washington Sq. S. and LaGuardia Pl.)

Lincoln Center Out-of-Doors—Opening events of a four-week festival of dance, chamber music, country music, jazz, and street theatre which will run through Monday, Sept. 2. LINCOLN CENTER PLAZA: Tuesday, Aug. 6, Mini Events and two dance companies—Roots of Brasil and Mocko Jumbies—at 11; opening-day ceremonies at noon; and excerpts from "Sweet Saturday Night," a music and dance revue, at 12:30. . . . ¶ Thursday, Aug. 8, "Sinbad the Sailor" (for children) at 10:30, and Robin Staff's Colloquium, a modern dance company, at 5. . . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 9, the Chico Hamilton quintet at 12:15, and the Marleen Pennison Dance Company at 5. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 10, Mini Events at noon; Body and Sole Tap Dance Works at 2:30; and the Chinese Dance Company of New York, with the Hsiang-Yin Chorus of New York, at 5. . . . DAMROSCH PARK: Tuesday through Saturday, Aug. 6-10, performances of "Sweet Saturday Night" at 8:15. (For daily detailed information, call 877-2011.)

COMING EVENTS

(A checklist for readers who plan ahead.)

Automobile Racing—At Pocono Raceway, Long Pond, Pa.: Aug. 18.

Professional Football—At Giants Stadium, the Meadowlands: Giants vs. Philadelphia Eagles, Sept. 8. . . . ¶ Jets vs. Buffalo Bills, Sept. 15.

Golf—Walker Cup Matches. (Pine Valley Golf Club, Pine Valley, N.J. Aug. 21-22.) . . . ¶ U.S.G.A. Amateur Championship. (Montclair Golf Club, Montclair, N.J. Aug. 27-Sept. 1.)

Racing—At BELMONT: Aug. 28-Oct. 21. . . . MEADOWLANDS: Sept. 2-Dec. 31.

Tennis—United States Open Championships. (U.S.T.A. National Tennis Center, Flushing Meadow. Aug. 27-Sept. 8.)

Dance—American Ballet Theatre, at the Metropolitan Opera House, Sept. 3-15.

Other Dates—Washington Square Outdoor Art Exhibit, Aug. 31-Sept. 2, Sept. 7-8, and Sept. 14-15. . . . ¶ Labor Day is Monday, Sept. 2.

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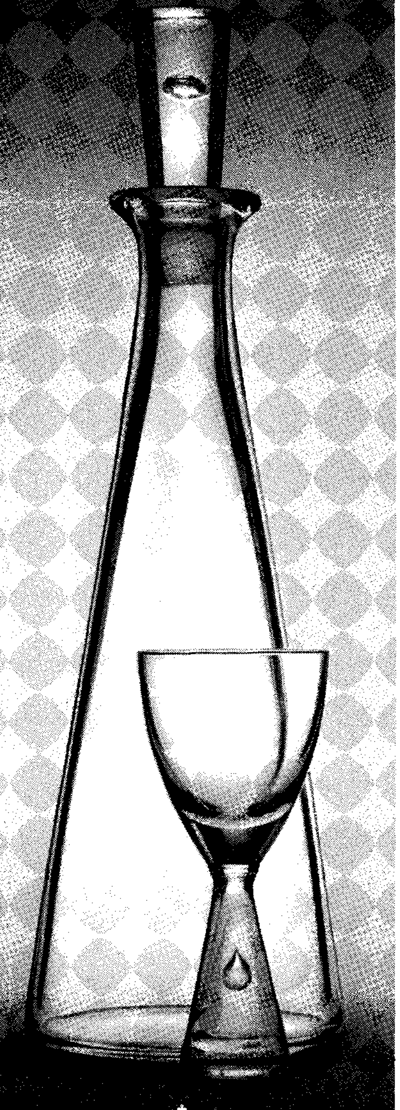

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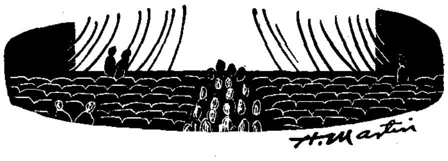
GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES



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FILMS ACCOMPANIED BY A DAGGER ARE DESCRIBED IN THE "IN BRIEF" SECTION, STARTING ON PAGE 15.

EAST SIDE

LITTLE THEATRE, Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171; theatre opens in the late afternoon and is closed Mondays.)
Through Aug. 1: "X Y & Zee" (1972; "Zee and Co.;" directed by Brian Hutton), with Elizabeth Taylor, Michael Caine, and Susannah York; and "Ash Wednesday" (1973; Larry Peerce), with Elizabeth Taylor and Helmut Berger.
Aug. 2-4: At 4, "Driver's Seat" (1973), with Elizabeth Taylor; and "The Mirror Crack'd" (1980; Guy Hamilton), with Angela Lansbury. At 8, "Boom!" (1968; Joseph Losey), with Elizabeth Taylor and Richard Burton; and "Suddenly, Last Summer" (1959; Joseph L. Mankiewicz), with Elizabeth Taylor, Montgomery Clift, and Katharine Hepburn.
Aug. 6-8: "Cleopatra" (1963; Joseph L. Mankiewicz), with Elizabeth Taylor, Richard Burton, Rex Harrison, and Roddy McDowall.
From Aug. 9: A program of Latin American films.

R.K.O. CENTURY ART, 36 E. 8th. (473-7014)
"*National Lampoon's European Vacation*" (Amy Heckerling), with Chevy Chase.

NEW GRAMERCY, Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660)
"The Emerald Forest" (John Boorman), with Powers Boothe, Meg Foster, and Charley Boorman.

BAY CINEMA, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)
"Cocoon" (†).

MURRAY HILL, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
"Mad Max Beyond Thunderdome" (George Miller and George Ogilvie), with Mel Gibson.

LOEWS 34TH STREET SHOWPLACE, 238 E. 34th. (532-5544)
Theatre 1: Through Aug. 1: "Prizzi's Honor" (†). From Aug. 2: To be announced.
Theatre 2: Through Aug. 1: "Explorers" (Joe Dante). From Aug. 2: To be announced.
Theatre 3: "Back to the Future" (†).

34TH ST. EAST, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
Through Aug. 5: "St. Elmo's Fire" (Joel Schumacher), with Emilio Estevez and Rob Lowe.
Aug. 6: Theatre closed.
From Aug. 7 (tentative): "Real Genius" (Martha Coolidge), with Val Kilmer.

EASTSIDE CINEMA, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
Through Aug. 1: "Return to Oz" (Walter Murch), with Nicol Williamson and Jean Marsh; and "The Legend of Billie Jean" (Matthew Robbins), with Helen Slater.
From Aug. 2: "Pale Rider" (Clint Eastwood), with Eastwood.

SUTTON, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)
"Prizzi's Honor" (†).

GOTHAM CINEMA, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)
"Cocoon" (†).

PLAZA, 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)
Through Aug. 3: "The Coca-Cola Kid" (Dusan Makavejev), with Eric Roberts.
From Aug. 4: "Insignificance."

MANHATTAN I AND 2, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)
Theatre 1: Through Aug. 8; "National Lampoon's European Vacation" (Amy Heckerling), with Chevy Chase. From Aug. 9: "Pee-Wee's Big Adventure" (Tim Burton), with Pee-Wee Herman.
Theatre 2: Through Aug. 1: "Pale Rider" (Clint Eastwood), with Eastwood. From Aug. 2: "Sesame Street Presents: Follow That Bird" (Ken Kwapis).

BARONET AND CORONET, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
Theatre 1: "St. Elmo's Fire" (Joel Schumacher), with Emilio Estevez and Rob Lowe.
Theatre 2: "Silverado" (†).

D. W. GRIFFITH, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
Through Aug. 1: "E.T. The Extra-Terrestrial" (†).
From Aug. 2: "Fright Night" (Tom Holland), with Chris Sarandon.

CINEMA I AND II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022/0774)
Theatre 1: "Kiss of the Spider Woman" (Hector Babenco), with William Hurt and Raul Julia.
Theatre 2: "The Emerald Forest" (John Boorman), with Powers Boothe, Meg Foster, and Charley Boorman.

GEMINI I AND 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
Theatre 1: Through Aug. 6: "The Heavenly Kid" (Cary Medoway), with Lewis Smith. From Aug. 7: "Real Genius" (Martha Coolidge), with Val Kilmer.
Theatre 2: "Rambo: First Blood Part II" (†).

BEEKMAN, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)
"Mad Max Beyond Thunderdome" (George Miller and George Ogilvie), with Mel Gibson.

LOEWS NEW YORK TWIN I AND 2, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)
Theatre 1: "Back to the Future" (†).
Theatre 2: Through Aug. 1: "Explorers" (Joe Dante). From Aug. 2: To be announced.

68TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)
"The Gods Must Be Crazy" (1979; Jamie Uys).

LOEWS TOWER EAST, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
Through Aug. 1: "Wetherby" (David Hare), with Vanessa Redgrave.
From Aug. 2: To be announced.

U. A. EAST, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
"The Heavenly Kid" (Cary Medoway), with Lewis Smith.

LOEWS ORPHEUM I AND 2, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
Theatre 1: "Cocoon" (†).
Theatre 2: Through Aug. 1: "E.T. The Extra-Terrestrial" (†). From Aug. 2: To be announced.

86TH ST. EAST, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
Through Aug. 1: "Rambo: First Blood Part II" (†).
From Aug. 2: "Fright Night" (Tom Holland), with Chris Sarandon.

R.K.O. CENTURY 86TH ST. TWIN, Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
Theatre 1: Through Aug. 1: "The Man with One Red Shoe" (Stan Dragoti), with Tom Hanks. From Aug. 2: "Sesame Street Presents: "Follow That Bird" (Ken Kwapis).
Theatre 2: "National Lampoon's European Vacation" (Amy Heckerling), with Chevy Chase.

WEST SIDE

FILM FORUM I AND 2, 57 Watts St. (431-1590; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Theatre 1: Through Aug. 6: "Tosca's Kiss" (1984; directed by Daniel Schmid; in Italian). From Aug. 7: "14's Good, 18's Better" (1980; Gillian Armstrong; an Australian film); and "Greetings from Wollongong" (1981; Mary Callaghan; an Australian film).
Theatre 2: Through Aug. 1: "A Thousand Little Kisses" (Mira Recanati; in Hebrew). From Aug. 2: To be announced.

WAVERLY I AND 2, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
Theatre 1: "Blood Simple" (†).
Theatre 2: Through Aug. 1: "Witness" (†). From Aug. 2 (tentative): "Fright Night" (Tom Holland), with Chris Sarandon.

GREENWICH PLAYHOUSE I AND 2, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Theatre 1: Through Aug. 1: "Pale Rider" (Clint Eastwood), with Eastwood. From Aug. 2: To be announced.
Theatre 2: "St. Elmo's Fire" (Joel Schumacher), with Emilio Estevez and Rob Lowe.

QUAD CINEMA, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: "The Home and the World" (†).
Theatre 2: Through Aug. 1: "Goodbye, New York" (Amos Kollek), with Julie Hagerty and Kollek. From Aug. 2: "Made for Each Other" (1971 †).
Theatre 3: "A Man Like Eva" (1983; Radu Gabrea; in German), with Eva Mattes.
Theatre 4: "The Shooting Party" (†).

23RD ST. WEST TRIPLEX, 333 W. 23rd. (989-0060)
Theatre 1: Through Aug. 1: "The Heavenly Kid" (Cary Medoway), with Lewis Smith. From Aug. 2: To be announced.
Theatre 2: Through Aug. 6: "The Man with One Red Shoe" (Stan Dragoti), with Tom Hanks. From Aug. 7 (tentative): "Real Genius" (Martha Coolidge), with Val Kilmer.
Theatre 3: "Silverado" (†).

GUILD, 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)
Through Aug. 1: "A View to a Kill" (†).
Aug. 2-8: To be announced.
From Aug. 9: "My Science Project" (Jonathan Betuel).

RADIO CITY MUSIC HALL, Sixth Ave. at 50th. (757-3100; closed Mondays.)
"The Black Cauldron," a Disney animated film.

ZIEGFELD, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"Silverado" (†).

FESTIVAL, 6 W. 57th. (757-2715)
"St. Elmo's Fire" (Joel Schumacher), with Emilio Estevez and Rob Lowe.

57TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 110 W. 57th. (581-7360)
Through Aug. 1: "The Shooting Party" (†).
From Aug. 2: "Animals Are Beautiful People."

PARIS, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
Through Aug. 1: "The Man with One Red Shoe" (Stan Dragoti), with Tom Hanks.
Aug. 2-8: "The Woman Next Door" (1981; François Truffaut; in French), with Gérard Depardieu and Fanny Ardant; and "The Last Metro" (1981; François Truffaut; in French), with Catherine Deneuve, Gérard Depardieu, and Jean Poiret.
From Aug. 9: "Dance with a Stranger" (Mike Newell), with Rupert Everett and Ian Holm.

CINEMA 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
"The Emerald Forest" (John Boorman), with Powers Boothe, Meg Foster, and Charley Boorman.

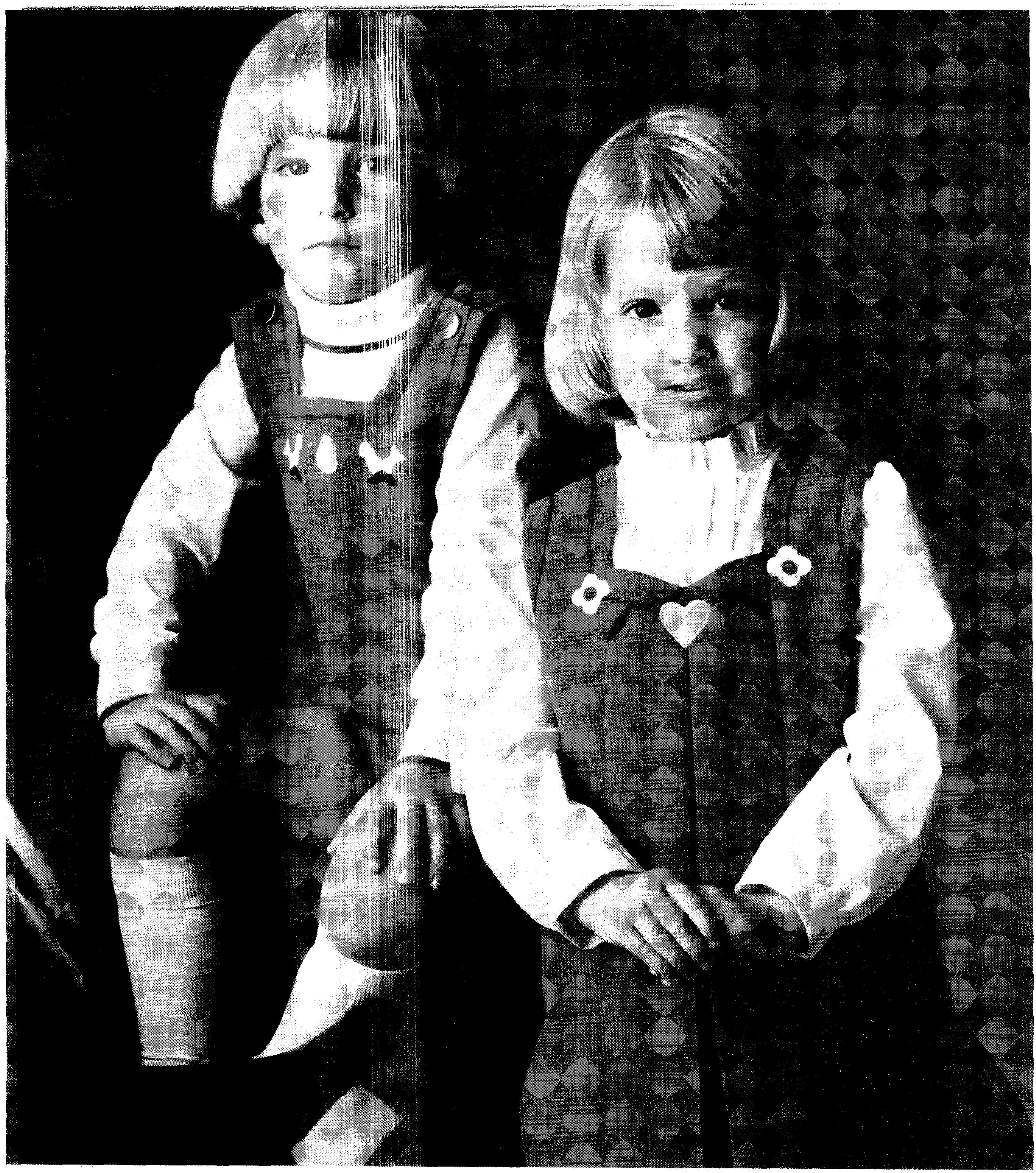
LOEWS PARAMOUNT, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
Through Aug. 1: "Wetherby" (David Hare), with Vanessa Redgrave.
From Aug. 2: To be announced.

LINCOLN PLAZA I, 2, AND 3, B'way at 63rd. (757-2280)
Theatre 1: Through Aug. 8: "The Home and the World" (†). From Aug. 9: "Dim Sum: A Little Bit of Heart" (Wayne Wang).
Theatre 2: Through Aug. 1: "A Flash of Green" (Victor Nuñez), with Ed Harris and Blair Brown. From Aug. 2: "Péril" (Michel Deville; in French), with Nicole Garcia and Michel Piccoli.
Theatre 3: "Amadeus" (†).

CINEMA STUDIO I AND 2, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
Theatre 1: "Koyaanisqatsi" (1983; Godfrey Reggio).
Theatre 2: "The Purple Rose of Cairo" (†).

EMBASSY 72ND ST. I AND 2, B'way at 72nd. (724-6745)
Theatre 1: "La Chèvre" (Francis Véber; in French), with Gérard Depardieu and Pierre Richard.
Theatre 2: Through Aug. 1: "The Man with One Red Shoe" (Stan Dragoti), with Tom Hanks. Aug. 2-8: "La Chèvre." From Aug. 9: "My Science Project" (Jonathan Betuel).

LOEWS 84TH STREET SIXPLEX, B'way at 84th. (877-3600)
Theatre 1: Through Aug. 1: "E.T. The Extra-Terrestrial" (†). From Aug. 2: To be announced.
Theatre 2: "Cocoon" (†).
Theatre 3: "Mad Max Beyond Thunderdome" (George Miller and George Ogilvie), with Mel Gibson.
Theatre 4: "Back to the Future" (†).
Theatre 5: "National Lampoon's European



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Vacation" (Amy Heckerling), with Chevy Chase.
Theatre 6: Through Aug. 1: "Prizzi's Honor" (†). From Aug. 2: To be announced.

Metro Cinema, B'way at 99th. (222-1200)
Through Aug. 1: "The Emerald Forest" (John Boorman), with Powers Boothe, Meg Foster, and Charley Boorman.
From Aug. 2: "Fright Night" (Tom Holland), with Chris Sarandon.

Olympia Quad, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Theatre 1: Through Aug. 1: "Pale Rider" (Clint Eastwood), with Eastwood. From Aug. 2: "The Emerald Forest" (John Boorman), with Powers Boothe, Meg Foster, and Charley Boorman.
Theatre 2: Through Aug. 1: "Goodbye, New York" (Amos Kollek), with Julie Hagerty and Kollek. From Aug. 2 (tentative): "Sesame Street Presents: Follow That Bird" (Ken Kwapis).
Theatre 3: Through Aug. 1: "The Heavenly Kid" (Cary Medoway), with Lewis Smith. From Aug. 2: "Weird Science" (John Hughes), with Anthony Michael Hall.
Theatre 4: Through Aug. 6: "E.T. The Extra-Terrestrial" (†). From Aug. 7: "Real Genius" (Martha Coolidge), with Val Kilmer.

TIMES SQUARE AREA

Criterion Theatres, B'way at 44th. (354-0900)
Theatre 1: "National Lampoon's European Vacation" (directed by Amy Heckerling), with Chevy Chase.
Theatre 2: "Cocoon" (†).
Theatre 3: "A View to a Kill" (†).
Theatre 4: Through Aug. 1: "Rambo: First Blood Part II" (†). From Aug. 2: "The Heavenly Kid" (Cary Medoway), with Lewis Smith.
Theatre 5: Through Aug. 1: "Rambo: First Blood Part II" (†). From Aug. 2: "Pale Rider" (Clint Eastwood), with Eastwood.
Theatre 6: "The Goonies" (†).

Embassy 1, B'way at 46th. (757-2408)
Through Aug. 1: "The Man with One Red Shoe" (Stan Dragoti), with Tom Hanks.
Aug. 2-8: "Explorers" (Joe Dante).
From Aug. 9: "My Science Project" (Jonathan Betuel).

Embassy 2, 3, and 4, B'way at 47th. (730-7262)
Theatre 2: Through Aug. 1: "Return to Oz" (Walter Murch), with Nicol Williamson and Jean Marsh. From Aug. 2: To be announced.
Theatre 3: "After the Fall of New York."
Theatre 4: "Lifeforce" (Tobe Hooper), with Steve Railsback.

Loews Astor Plaza, B'way at 44th. (869-8340)
Through Aug. 1: "Explorers" (Joe Dante).
From Aug. 2: To be announced.

Loews State 1 and 2, B'way at 45th. (575-5060)
Theatre 1: "Back to the Future" (†).
Theatre 2: Through Aug. 1: "E.T. The Extra-Terrestrial" (†). From Aug. 2: To be announced.

Movieland, B'way at 47th. (757-8320)
Through Aug. 1: "The Heavenly Kid" (Cary Medoway), with Lewis Smith.
From Aug. 2: "Rambo: First Blood Part II" (†).

New Embassy 49th Street, Seventh Ave. at 49th. (757-7003)
"Beverly Hills Cop" (†).

R.K.O. Century National Twin, *B'way at 44th.* (869-0950)
Theatre 1: Through Aug. 6: "Prizzi's Honor" (†). From Aug. 7: "Real Genius" (Martha Coolidge), with Val Kilmer.
Theatre 2: "The Emerald Forest" (John Boorman), with Powers Boothe, Meg Foster, and Charley Boorman.

R.K.O. Century Warner Twin, B'way at 47th. (975-8369)
Theatre 1: "Mad Max Beyond Thunderdome" (George Miller and George Ogilvie), with Mel Gibson.
Theatre 2: Through Aug. 1: "Pale Rider" (Clint Eastwood), with Eastwood. From Aug. 2: "Sesame Street Presents: Follow That Bird" (Ken Kwapis).

U. A. Twin 1 and 2, B'way at 49th. (247-1635)
Theatre 1: "Day of the Dead" (George A. Romero).
Theatre 2: Through Aug. 1: "The Legend of Billie Jean" (Matthew Robbins), with Helen Slater. From Aug. 2: "Fright Night" (Tom Holland), with Chris Sarandon.

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REVIVAL HOUSES

Agee Room, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560; on Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
"Desperately Seeking Susan" (1985; directed by Susan Seidelman), with Rosanna Arquette and Madonna.

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560; on Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Through Aug. 1: "The Brother from Another Planet" (1984; John Sayles), with Joe Morton, Dee Dee Bridgewater, and Sayles; and "Stranger Than Paradise" (1984; Jim Jarmusch), with John Lurie and Richard Edson.
Aug. 2-8: "Henry IV" (Marco Bellocchio; in Italian), with Marcello Mastroianni and Claudia Cardinale.
From Aug. 9: "Almonds and Raisins."

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (757-2131)
July 31: "Through a Glass Darkly" (1962; Ingmar Bergman; in Swedish), with Harriet Andersson, Gunnar Björnstrand, Max von Sydow, and Lars Passgård; "Winter Light" (1963; Ingmar Bergman; in Swedish), with Gunnar Björnstrand and Ingrid Thulin; and "The Silence" (1964; Ingmar Bergman; in Swedish), with Ingrid Thulin and Gunnel Lindblom.
Aug. 1: "Beauty and the Beast" (1946; Jean Cocteau; in French), with Jean Marais, Josette Day, Marcel André, and Michel Auclair; and "Orpheus" (1949; Jean Cocteau; in French), with Jean Marais, Maria Casarés, and François Périer.
Aug. 2-3: "Murmur of the Heart" (1971; Louis Malle; in French), with Léa Massari; and "Forbidden Games" (1952; René Clément; in French), with Brigitte Fossey and Georges Poujouly.
Aug. 4: "Richard III" (†).
Aug. 5: "Rembrandt" (†); and "Hobson's Choice" (1953; David Lean), with Charles Laughton and John Mills.
Aug. 6: "Kanal" (†) and "Ashes and Diamonds" (†).
Aug. 7: "Spellbound" (1945; Alfred Hitchcock), with Ingrid Bergman, Gregory Peck, Michael Chekhov, John Emery, and Leo G. Carroll; and "Notorious" (1946; Alfred Hitchcock), with Cary Grant, Ingrid Bergman, Claude Rains, and Louis Calhern.
Aug. 8: "La Grande Illusion" (1937; Jean Renoir; in French), with Erich von Stroheim, Jean Gabin, Pierre Fresnay, and Marcel Dalio; and "L'Avventura" (1959; Michelangelo Antonioni; in Italian), with Monica Vitti, Gabriele Ferzetti, and Léa Massari.
Aug. 9-10: "The Rules of the Game" (1939; Jean Renoir; in French), with Marcel Dalio and Nora Gregor; and "La Ronde" (1950; Max Ophuls; in French), with Gérard Philipe, Danielle Darrieux, Simone Signoret, and Jean-Louis Barrault.

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
Through Aug. 1: "Bachelor Party" (1984; Neal Israel), with Tom Hanks and Adrian Zmed; and "Revenge of the Nerds" (1984; Jeff Kanew), with Robert Carradine and Anthony Edwards.
Aug. 2-3: "Rebecca" (1940; Alfred Hitchcock), with Joan Fontaine, Laurence Olivier, Judith Anderson, George Sanders, and Florence Bates; and "The Lady Vanishes" (1938; Alfred Hitchcock), with Dame May Whitty, Margaret Lockwood, Michael Redgrave, Paul Lukas, and Cecil Parker.
Aug. 4: "Nosferatu, the Vampyre" (1979; Werner Herzog; in German), with Klaus Kinski, Isabelle Adjani, and Bruno Ganz; and "Fitzcarraldo" (1982; Werner Herzog; in German), with Klaus Kinski and Claudia Cardinale.
Aug. 5-6: "The Story of O" (1975; Just Jaeckin; in French); and "Emmanuelle" (1974; Just Jaeckin; in French), with Sylvia Kristel and Alain Cuny.
Aug. 7-8: "Valley of the Dolls" (1967; Mark Robson), with Barbara Parkins, Patty Duke, and Sharon Tate; and "The Best of Everything" (1959; Jean Negulesco), with Hope Lange and Stephen Boyd.
Aug. 9-10: "Play It Again, Sam" (†); and "Airplane!" (1980; Jerry and David Zucker and Jim Abrahams), with Robert Hays, Julie Hagerty, Robert Stack, and Lloyd Bridges.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
"E.T. The Extra-Terrestrial" (†).

Hollywood Twin Cinema 1, *8th Ave. at 47th.* (246-0717)
Through Aug. 1: "The Mean Season" (1985; Phillip Borsos), with Kurt Russell, Mariel Hemingway, and Richard Jordan; and "City Heat" (1984; Richard Benjamin), with Clint Eastwood and Burt Reynolds.
Aug. 2-3: "The Return of Martin Guerre" (1983; Daniel Vigne; in French), with Gérard Depardieu and Nathalie Baye; and "A Sunday in the Country" (1984; Bertrand Tavernier; in French).
Aug. 4: "One-Eyed Jacks" (†) and "Shane" (†).
Aug. 5-6: "Phantom of the Paradise" (†); and "Repo Man" (1984; Alex Cox), with Emilio Estevez and Harry Dean Stanton.
Aug. 7-8: "Carnal Knowledge" (1971; Mike Nichols), with Jack Nicholson, Arthur Garfunkel, Candice Bergen, and Ann-Margret; and "The Graduate" (1967; Mike Nichols), with Dustin Hoffman, Anne Bancroft, and Katharine Ross.
Aug. 9-10: "Tender Mercies" (1983; Bruce Beresford), with Robert Duvall, Tess Harper, and Ellen Barkin; and "Reuben, Reuben" (1983; Robert Ellis Miller), with Tom Conti.

Hollywood Twin Cinema 2, 8th Ave. at 47th. (246-0717)
Through Aug. 1: A festival of Woody Allen films.
From Aug. 2: To be announced.

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
July 31: "Reuben, Reuben" (1983; Robert Ellis Miller), with Tom Conti; and "The Stunt Man" (1980; Richard Rush), with Peter O'Toole, Steve Railsback, Barbara Hershey, Allen Goorwitz, and Alex Rocco.
Aug. 1-3: "The Razor's Edge" (1946; Edmund Goulding), with Gene Tierney and Tyrone Power; and "Claudia" (1943; Edmund Goulding), with Dorothy McGuire, Robert Young, and Ina Claire.
Aug. 4-5: "Young Frankenstein" (†) and "Bedazzled" (†).
Aug. 6-7: "Ramona" (1936; Henry King), with Loretta Young, Don Ameche, and Kent Taylor; and "Kentucky" (1938; David Butler), with Loretta Young, Richard Greene, and Walter Brennan.
Aug. 8-10: "On the Riviera" (1951; Walter Lang), with Danny Kaye, Corinne Calvert, and Gene Tierney; and "There's No Business Like Show Business" (†).

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (222-3370)
July 31: "Unfaithfully Yours" (1948; Preston

Sturges), with Rex Harrison and Linda Darnell; and "Christmas in July" (1940; Preston Sturges), with Ellen Drew and Dick Powell.

Aug. 1: "Up!" (1976; Russ Meyer); and "Common Law Cabin" (1967; Russ Meyer).

Aug. 2: "Fitzcarraldo" (1982; Werner Herzog; in German), with Klaus Kinski and Claudia Cardinale; and "The Mystery of Kaspar Hauser" ("Every Man for Himself and God Against All;" 1975; Werner Herzog; in German), with Bruno S.

Aug. 3: "In the Realm of the Senses" (1977; Nagisa Oshima; in Japanese), with Eiko Matsuda and Tatsuya Fuji; and "Empire of Passion" (1980; Nagisa Oshima; in Japanese).

Aug. 4: "Das Boot" (1982; Wolfgang Petersen; in German).

Aug. 5-6: "Rock & Rule" (1983) and "Futuropolis" (1984), both animated films.

Aug. 7: "The Marquise of O . . ." (†); and "In the White City" (1983; Alain Tanner; in Portuguese, French, and English, with English subtitles), with Bruno Ganz.

Aug. 8: "The Crimson Kimono" (1959; Samuel Fuller), with Victoria Shaw, Glenn Corbett, and James Shigeta; and "Underworld, U.S.A." (1961; Samuel Fuller), with Cliff Robertson.

Aug. 9: "Malcolm X" (1972) and "Free at Last" (1968), both documentaries.

Aug. 10: "The Story of Adèle H." (1975; François Truffaut; in French), with Isabelle Adjani; and "The Green Room" (†).

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)

July 31: "The Miracle of Morgan's Creek" (1944; Preston Sturges), with Betty Hutton and Eddie Bracken; and "The Sin of Harold Diddlebock" (1947; Preston Sturges), with Harold Lloyd.

Aug. 1: "The Last Gangster" (1937; Edward Ludwig), with Edward G. Robinson and James Stewart; and "The Amazing Dr. Clitterhouse" (1938; Anatole Litvak), with Edward G. Robinson.

Aug. 2-3: "Rebecca" (1940; Alfred Hitchcock), with Joan Fontaine, Laurence Olivier, Judith Anderson, George Sanders, and Florence Bates; and "The Spiral Staircase" (1948; Robert Siodmak), with Dorothy McGuire, Ethel Barrymore, George Brent, and Kent Smith.

Aug. 4: "The Wizard of Oz" (1939; Victor Fleming), with Judy Garland, Bert Lahr, Frank Morgan, Ray Bolger, and Jack Haley; and "Singin' in the Rain" (1952; Gene Kelly and Stanley Donen), with Kelly, Debbie Reynolds, and Donald O'Connor.

Aug. 5: "Los Olvidados" (†) and "Viridiana" (†).

Aug. 6: "Show Boat" (1936; James Whale), with Irene Dunne, Helen Morgan, Allan Jones, and Paul Robeson; and "Roberta" (1935; William Seiter), with Ginger Rogers, Fred Astaire, Irene Dunne, Randolph Scott, and Helen Westley.

Aug. 7: "Heaven Can Wait" (1943; Ernst Lubitsch), with Gene Tierney and Don Ameche; and "Rings on Her Fingers" (1942; Rouben Mamoulian), with Gene Tierney and Henry Fonda.

Aug. 8: "Mutiny on the Bounty" (1935 †) and "Captains Courageous" (†).

Aug. 9-10: "Sunset Boulevard" (1950; Billy Wilder), with Gloria Swanson, William Holden, and Erich von Stroheim; and "All About Eve" (†).

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

Museum of Modern Art, Roy and Niuta Titus Theatres, 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9490; a limited number of tickets are available to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing.)

THEATRE 1: Aug. 1 at 2:30: "Under Milkwood" (1971; directed by Andrew Sinclair), with Richard Burton, Elizabeth Taylor, and Peter O'Toole. . . . ¶ Aug. 1 at 6: "The Tempest" (1979; Derek Jarman). . . . ¶ Aug. 2 at 2:30: "A Clockwork Orange" (1971; Stanley Kubrick), with Malcolm McDowell, Patrick Magee, and Adrienne Corri. . . . ¶ Aug. 2 at 6: "Alfie" (1966; Lewis Gilbert), with Michael Caine and Shelley Winters. . . . ¶ Aug. 3 at 2:30: "The Turn of the Tide" (1935; Norman Walker). . . . ¶ Aug. 3 at 5: "A Clockwork Orange." . . . ¶ Aug. 4 at 2: "Alfie." . . . ¶ Aug. 4 at 5: "Under Milkwood." . . . ¶ Aug. 5 at 2:30: "The Tempest." . . . ¶ Aug. 5 at 6: "The Turn of the Tide." . . . Aug. 6 at 2:30: "Stevie" (1978; Robert Enders), with Glenda Jackson, Mona Washbourne, Alec McCowen, and Trevor Howard. . . . ¶ Aug. 6 at 6 and Aug. 8 at 2:30: "1984" (1984; Michael Radford), with John Hurt and Richard Burton. . . . ¶ Aug. 8 at 6 and Aug. 9 at 2:30: "A Passage to India" (1984; David Lean), with Peggy Ashcroft, Judy Davis, James Fox, Victor Banerjee, and Alec Guinness. . . . ¶ Aug. 9 at 6: "Stevie." . . . ¶ Aug. 10 at 2: "Manhattan" (1979; Woody Allen), with Diane Keaton, Mariel Hemingway, Meryl Streep, and Michael Murphy. . . . ¶ Aug. 10 at 5: "That Obscure Object of Desire" (1977; Luis Buñuel; in French, with English subtitles), with Fernando Rey, Carole Bouquet, and Angela Molina.

THEATRE 2: Theatre closed.

Truffaut Plus—The first programs in a seventeen-day retrospective of the films of François Truffaut, plus twenty-five of Truffaut's favorite films by other directors. Aug. 9 at 6:15: "The 400 Blows" (1959; in French), with Jean-Pierre Léaud. . . . ¶ Aug. 9 at 8:45: "Breathless" (1959; Jean-Luc Godard; in French), with Jean Seberg and Jean-Paul Belmondo. . . . ¶ Aug. 10 at 2: "The Big Sky" (1952; Howard Hawks), with Kirk Douglas and Dewey Martin. . . . ¶ Aug. 10 at 4:30: "Johnny Guitar" (1954; Nicholas Ray), with Joan Crawford, Sterling Hayden, and Mercedes McCambridge. . . . ¶ Aug. 10 at 7: "Shoot the Piano Player" (1960; in French), with Charles Aznavour. . . . ¶ Aug. 10 at 9: "Touch of Evil" (1958; Orson Welles), with Welles, Charlton Heston, and Janet Leigh. (Alice Tully Hall. For information about tickets, call 362-1911.)

Uris Center Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 81st St.—Aug. 3 at 2: "The Assassination of the Duc de Guise" (1908; Charles Le Bargy and André Calmettes; a silent French film, with French subtitles); "Queen Elizabeth" (1912; Louis Mercanton; a silent French film, with English subtitles), with Sarah Bernhardt; and "The Taming of the Shrew" (1929; Sam Taylor), with Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks. . . . ¶ Aug. 6 at 6: "Volpone" (1939; Maurice Tourneur; in French, with English subtitles), with Harry Baur and Louis Jouvet. . . . ¶ Aug. 10 at 2: "Romeo and Juliet" (1968; Franco Zeffirelli), with Olivia Hussey and Leonard Whiting. (For information about tickets, call 570-3764.)

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN THESE PAGES DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

All About Eve (1950)—Ersatz art of a very high grade, and one of the most enjoyable movies ever made. A young aspiring actress, Eve Harrington (Anne Baxter), intrigues to take the place of an aging star, Margo Channing (Bette Davis), onstage and in bed, and the battle is fought with tooth, claw, and a battery of epigrams. The bad taste, exhibited with verve, of the scriptwriter-director, Joseph L. Mankiewicz, is more fun than any careful, mousy, dehydrated good taste. Bette Davis, at her most instinctive and assured, makes the whole thing come alive (though it's hard to believe that Anne Baxter could ever be a threat to Bette Davis). With George Sanders, Celeste Holm, Gary Merrill, Thelma Ritter, Gregory Ratoff, Hugh Marlowe, Barbara Bates, Walter Hampden, and Marilyn Monroe. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Aug. 9-10.)

Amadeus—The lofty playwright Peter Shaffer has the minor composer Salieri (F. Murray Abraham) declaring war on Heaven for gypping him, and determined to ruin the incomparable Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart (Tom Hulce) because God's voice is speaking through him. The director, Miloš Forman, trudges through the movie as if every step were a major contribution to art, and he keeps the audience hooked. Some redeeming qualities: Mozart's music, Twyla Tharp's staging of the dances and opera excerpts, and Abraham's eager, slimy Salieri. (Reviewed in our issue of 10/29/84.) (Lincoln Plaza.)

Ashes and Diamonds (1958)—The third (but self-contained) film in Andrzej Wajda's wonderful triptych about the young Communist generation in Warsaw during and after the Second World War. People call Wajda romantic, but the trilogy is something else: farsighted about what was to happen politically, with a hard-won gaiety deeply bitten by the knowledge that the only other option was fear. In Polish. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Aug. 6.)

Back to the Future—Directed by Robert Zemeckis, from a script he wrote with his regular teammate Bob Gale, this piece of Pop Art Americana is a clever, generally engaging screwball comedy. Christopher Lloyd is the small-town crackpot inventor who builds a time machine on the chassis of a gull-winged DeLorean, and Michael J. Fox is Marty, the seventeen-year-old Hill Valley, California, high-school boy who is hurtled back thirty years to Hill Valley, 1955, where his parents are seventeen-year-olds at the same school. The movie has the structure of a comedy classic, but it doesn't have the rambunctiousness or the maniacal edge of Zemeckis and Gale's 1980 "Used Cars;" despite their wit in devising intricate structures that keep blowing fuses, the thinking is cramped and conventional. Christopher Lloyd is a blissful silly, though, and Lea Thompson's woozy-faced young Lorraine (Marty's mother-to-be) has a sly lustiness that's entrancing; as the tall, skinny, sad-sack George McFly (Marty's father-to-be), Crispin Glover is almost too painful a caricature, but he has more force than anyone else in the movie. With Claudia Wells, Wendie Jo Sperber, Marc McClure, Thomas F. Wilson, and Frances Lee McCain. A Steven Spielberg production, with cinematography by Dean Cundey and production design by Lawrence G. Paull. (7/29/85) (Loews 34th Street Showplace, Loews New York Twin, Loews 84th Street Sixplex, and Loews State.)

Bedazzled (1967)—Dudley Moore and Peter Cook probably did their best screen teamwork in this movie, which was written by Cook, from a story they devised together, and directed by Stanley Donen. It's a very deft and silly and likable Faustian vaudeville—a series of skits in which the tall, skinny Cook, as the Devil, makes a sucker of the shy, little-boyish Faust (Moore). The scenes are quick, and even though the rhythm is frequently stagey little bits of verbal wit seem to be flying about. Moore starts out as a timid, working-class fellow who's helplessly in love with a girl (Eleanor Bron) who likes intellectuals; he sells his soul for her, and of course he never gets her. The movie is no more than a novelty, but it may surprise you by making you laugh out loud a few times. (Regency; Aug. 4-5.)

Beverly Hills Cop—The plot is just a peg for little set pieces in which the street-smart Eddie Murphy, in his worn-out sweatshirts, saunters through swank Beverly Hills locations, tells whopping lies, and outsmarts the white dumbos. Hotfooting the picture to keep it going, he rattles off pitifully undistinguished profanity, but we're cued to react to every stupid four-letter word as riotous. With Judge Reinhold, Stephen Elliott, Bronson Pinchot, Ronny Cox, Steven Berkoff, Lisa Eilbacher, and John Ashton. Directed by Martin Brest. (12/24/84) (New Embassy 49th Street.)

Blood Simple—A Texas roadhouse owner (Dan Hedaya) wants to have his young wife (Frances McDormand) and her lover (John Getz) murdered; he hires a killer, a good-ol'-boy private detective (M. Emmet Walsh) who takes his money and double-crosses him. The film provides a visually sophisticated form of gross-out humor; the material is thin, though, and there isn't enough suspense until about the last ten minutes, when the action is so grisly that it has a kick. Directed by Joel Coen, who wrote the screenplay with his brother Ethan. (2/25/85) (Waverly.)

Captains Courageous (1937)—One of the M-G-M powerhouse "family" entertainments: beefy and rousing and good fun for all. (Great for children—almost guaranteed tears and laughter.) Freddie Bartholomew plays the rich brat who learns about life from the fishermen of the Gloucester fleet, especially from Spencer Tracy (as a Portuguese) and with a little help from Mickey Rooney. Victor Fleming keeps the handsome production in motion. With Melvyn Douglas, the inevitable Lionel Barrymore, and John Carradine. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Aug. 8.)

Cocoon—A science-fantasy sitcom, in which the old people from a retirement community go off to the planet Antares, a Shangri-La in space. If audiences enjoy the movie, it's largely because of the elderly actors and the affection that the young director, Ron Howard, shows for them. But Howard keeps trying to extract tender emotions from scenes that could get by only as slapstick, and from scenes that can't get by as anything. The plot is less than ingenious, and things get pretty cloying. With Wilford Brimley, Don Ameche, Hume Cronyn, Jack Gilford, Maureen Stapleton, Gwen Verdon, Jessica Tandy, Herta Ware, Steve Guttenberg, Barret Oliver, and Brian Dennehy. (7/15/85) (Bay Cinema, Gotham Cinema, Loews Orpheum, Loews 84th Street Sixplex, and Criterion Theatres.)

E.T. The Extra-Terrestrial (1982)—Steven Spielberg's movie is the story of a ten-year-old boy, Elliott, who feels fatherless and lost because his parents have separated, and who finds a miraculous friend—an alien inadvertently left on Earth by a visiting spaceship. This fusion of science fiction and mythology is emotionally rounded and complete; it reminds you of the goofiest dreams you had as a kid, and rehabilitates them. It puts a spell on the audience; it's genuinely entrancing. The stars are Henry Thomas, as Elliott, and E.T., who was designed by Carlo Rambaldi. With Drew Barrymore, Robert Macnaughton, Dee Wallace, and Peter Coyote. (8th St. Playhouse. . . . ¶ D. W. Griffith, Loews Orpheum, Loews 84th Street Sixplex, Loews State; through Aug. 1. . . . ¶ Olympia Quad; through Aug. 6.)

The Goonies—A group of kids in a seaport town in Oregon search in the caves along the coast, looking for the buried treasure left by One-Eyed Willie, a seventeenth-century pirate, and find his ship floating in an underground lagoon. With its echoes of "Peter Pan" and "Treasure Island" and Tom Sawyer and Becky caught in the caves, this adventure comedy should be wonderful fun. Produced by Steven Spielberg, who also wrote the story, it's full of slapstick cliffhangers, like a junior edition of "1941" and "Indiana Jones and the Temple of Doom," and some of the sets designed by J. Michael Riva have a magical aura. But it was directed by Richard Donner, who doesn't invite the audience in or shape the scenes—there's all this stuff going on and none of it stands out. And with the kids' constant jabbering the movie gives you the sensation of a buzzing in the ears. The clutter and the hyperexcited rushing about and the many scenes shot in the claustrophobic darkness of the caves can really give you a case of the heebie-jeebies. With Ke Huy Quan as Data, who devises contraptions, Sean Astin as Mikey, Josh Brolin as Brand, Jeff Cohen as Chunk, Corey Feldman as Mouth, Martha Plimpton as Stef, Kerri Green as Andy, and Anne Ramsey as Mama Fratelli, Robert Davi as her son Jake, Joe Pantoliano as her son Francis, and John Matuszak as the amiable monster Sloth. The script is by Chris Columbus; the cinematography is by Nick McLean. (Criterion Theatres.)

The Green Room (1979)—Truffaut essays Henry James, specifically "The Altar of the Dead," with a bit of "The Beast in the Jungle" thrown in. The film is adequate, barely, to the occasion—one wonders whether the director really wanted to make it or whether it was some kind of contractual obligation. In any case, it's dreary and reverential, with enough flickering wax to put Georges de La Tour, the candlelight master, to shame. In French. (Thalia; Aug. 10.)

The Home and the World ("Ghare-Baire")—Victor Banerjee is a maharajah in Bengal with a Western education and liberal views. His wife (Swatilekha Chatterjee) is content to live in the women's quarters of his palace and be visible to no man except him. But he wants her to be a modern woman, and persuades her to leave the Arabian Nights cushions and the English bric-a-brac of the women's quarters, and she immediately becomes enthralled by the cocksure masculinity of a fiery radical (Soumitra Chatterjee). This Satyajit Ray movie is in deep, glowing colors; the main characters talk, and the camera just stays on them and waits until they finish, yet these conversations in golden light and shadows have their own kind of voltage. Set in 1907, this marvellous film is about the destruction of the marriage, and the riots and bloodshed caused by the radical's terrorist supporters. In Bengali. (7/1/85) (Quad Cinema. . . . ¶ Lincoln Plaza; through Aug. 8.)

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Kanal (1956)—The second in Andrzej Wajda's trilogy about the Second World War generation in Warsaw, and one of the most eloquent and dense political records on film, made with wonderful sensibility. There is an amazing account of the time that some of the young patriots spent in the sewers under their beloved capital as it was razed, with Sheybal, as a young composer, playing a flute with a sound that echoes against the tiles. In Polish. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Aug. 6.)

Made for Each Other (1971)—Renee Taylor and her husband, Joseph Bologna, wrote and star in this original, romantic comedy about a failed actress and a grubby misfit who meet in an encounter group. It's Frank Capracorn updated by ethnic humor and simplified Freudianism, but it's so skillfully worked out that it's emotionally pleasing, and Renee Taylor's performance gives the film depth and conviction. Robert B. Bean directed. (Quad Cinema; starting Aug. 2.)

The Marquise of O . . . (1976)—Eric Rohmer's word-for-word, gesture-for-gesture transcription of the 1808 Heinrich von Kleist novella manages to miss the spirit just about completely. A bold, funny story becomes a formal, tame film—it's like a historical work re-created for educational television. Edith Clever is skilled and likable as the Marquise, but the droopy Bruno Ganz is miscast as the rapist Count. With Edda Seippel as the Marquise's mother. In German. (Thalia; Aug. 7.)

Mutiny on the Bounty (1935)—The story of H.M.S. Bounty, its brutal Captain Bligh, and the mutineers who fled to Pitcairn Island has narrative push and a popular theme—the revolt against a tyrant. The movie doesn't fall into the usual trap of setting strong heroes against weak, cowardly villains. As Charles Laughton plays him, the corrupt, sadistic Bligh is the strongest person on the screen; Laughton is a great villain—twisted and self-righteous—and you can't laugh him off. He transcends campiness. Clark Gable (looking a little tubby in white pants) is well cast as Fletcher Christian, leader of the mutineers; Gable's Americanness works to his advantage—makes him seem more of a plain, rough-hewn man. Franchot Tone plays the pivotal character—the highborn officer who is taken back to England to stand trial; Tone is perhaps a shade too engaging and decent, and when he delivers his courtroom speech he seems carried away by his own eloquence. The director, Frank Lloyd, goes after "human interest" details in a broad, conventional manner and some of the bits of business of the minor characters are tediously simpleminded. But for the kind of big-budget, studio-controlled romantic adventure that this is it's very well done. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Aug. 8.)

Los Olvidados (1950; "The Young and the Damned")—Set in Mexico, Luis Buñuel's ruthless—almost surgical—examination of how the poor prey on one another is the most horrifying of all films about juvenile crime. Buñuel doesn't treat his characters as ideas but as morally responsible human beings; there is little of the familiar American-movie cant that makes everyone responsible for juvenile crimes except the juveniles. There's no pathos in this film; it's a squalid tragedy that causes the viewer to feel a moral terror. Buñuel, whose early work fascinated Freud, creates scenes that shock one psychologically. Among them here is the celebrated dream sequence—perhaps the greatest of all movie dream sequences; it is disturbing long after the lacerations of the more realistic material have healed. The cast includes Estela Inda and Roberto Cobo. In Spanish. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Aug. 5.)

One-Eyed Jacks (1961)—Marlon Brando, the Great Unpredictable, is both star and director of this Western about a bandit whose only purpose in life is to kill his former partner. As the prospective victim, Karl Malden makes a tough antagonist. Katy Jurado and Pina Pellicer, a lovely young Mexican actress, give aid and comfort to the two enemies. Also with Slim Pickens, Timothy Carey, Ben Johnson, and Elisha Cook, Jr. The picture has some visual grandeur; it also has some bizarrely brutal scenes. It isn't clear why Brando made this peculiarly masochistic revenge fantasy, or whether he hoped for something quite different from what he finished with. (Hollywood Twin Cinema 1; Aug. 4.)

Phantom of the Paradise (1974)—This satire of horror movies is also a rock musical comedy. William Finley is the idealistic young composer who is robbed of his music, busted for drugs, and sent to Sing Sing, all at the instigation of Swan (creepy Paul Williams), the entrepreneur of Death Records, who has made a pact with the Devil for eternal youth. The composer escapes from prison, is maimed by a record-pressing machine, and turns into the Phantom, who haunts Swan's new rock palace, the Paradise, where the girl he loves (Jessica Harper) becomes a star. This mixture of "The Phantom of the Opera" and "Faust" isn't enough for writer-director Brian De Palma. He heaps on layers of acid-rock satire and parodies of "The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari," "The Hunchback of Notre Dame," "Psycho," and "The Picture of Dorian Gray"—and the impacted plots actually function for him. The film is a one-of-a-kind entertainment, with a kinetic, breakneck wit. The singer Beef is played by Gerrit Graham, who gives the single funniest performance. (Hollywood Twin Cinema 1; Aug. 5-6.)

Play It Again, Sam (1972)—Woody Allen incarnating the spirit of Neurotic Love in a funny picture made from his own Broadway hit. He plays a Bogart nut, and most of the film is about hapless girl-chasing. Herbert Ross directs, in a style of suitably loose-limbed laconism. (Cinema Village; Aug. 9-10.)

Prizzi's Honor—This John Huston picture has a ripe and daring comic tone. It revels voluptuously in the murderous finagling of the members of a Brooklyn Mafia family, and rejoices in their scams. Jack Nicholson's average-guyness as Charley, the clan's enforcer, is the film's touchstone: this is a baroque comedy about people who behave in ordinary ways in grotesque circumstances. Everything in this picture works with everything else—which is to say that John Huston has it all in the palm of his big, bony hand. With William Hickey, Anjelica Huston, Kathleen Turner, and John Randolph. (7/1/85) (Sutton. . . . ¶ Loews 34th Street Showplace and Loews 84th Street Sixplex; through Aug. 1. . . . ¶ R.K.O. Century National Twin; through Aug. 6.)

The Purple Rose of Cairo—The thirteenth movie that Woody Allen has directed, and possibly his finest creation. He wrote it for Mia Farrow, and it seems scaled to her cheekbones. The time is 1935, and she is Cecilia, who lives in a small town in New Jersey and can't hold a job for long because her thoughts wander away to the glamorous worlds she sees on the screen. Jeff Daniels plays a dashing young screen character who bounds down from the black-and-white image and into color, and takes Cecilia out of the theatre with him; he's also the ambitious young actor who arrives in the town to try to persuade the character to go back up on the screen where he belongs. Also with Danny Aiello, Stephanie Farrow, Zoe Caldwell, John Wood, Ed Herrmann, Van Johnson, and Dianne Wiest. (3/25/85) (Cinema Studio.)

Rambo: First Blood Part II—Audiences hoot at it and get a little charged up at the same time. The proceedings are directed by George P. Cosmatos, and he gives the near-psychotic material a veneer of professionalism, but the looniness is always there. The film's star and progenitor is Sylvester Stallone, and the way he's photographed he's huge—our national palooka. This humanoid Christ figure with brown leather skin and symmetrical scars goes into Vietnam and brings out a bunch of our missing-in-action men. With Julia Nickson, Richard Crenna, and Charles Napier. (6/17/85) (Gemini. . . . ¶ 86th St. East, and Criterion Theatres; through Aug. 1. . . . ¶ Movieland; starting Aug. 2.)

Rembrandt (1936)—Perhaps because Charles Laughton's performance lacked the crowd-pleasing exuberance of his other major roles, the picture was not a commercial success, though it's a fine example of its genre and was obviously made (by Alexander Korda) with love and dedication. At times, the visual style seems more Vermeer than Rembrandt, but that's closer than most movies about painters get. Gertrude Lawrence plays the artist's shrewd housekeeper, and lovely young Elsa Lanchester is the kitchenmaid who becomes his mistress. Also with Roger Livesey, Marius Goring, John Clements, Gertrude Musgrove, and Raymond Huntley. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Aug. 5.)

Richard III (1956)—Laurence Olivier makes Shakespeare's "son of hell" such a magnetic, chilling, amusing monster that the villainy arouses an almost immoral delight. As director and star, Olivier succeeds with the soliloquies as neither he nor anyone else ever did on film before; they're intimate yet brazen. If the film were all malevolent crookback Richard, it would be a marvel; unfortunately, Richard was plagued with quantities of associates and relations, and even when impersonated by Ralph Richardson, John Gielgud, Cedric Hardwicke, etc., they're a dull lot. But it doesn't matter very much when you can watch Olivier's lewd courtship of Claire Bloom and hear his inflections in lines like "I am not in the giving vein today." With Stanley Baker, Norman Wooland, Pamela Brown, and Alec Clunes. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Aug. 4.)

Shane (1953)—The Western stranger in town consciously turned into Galahad on the range. With chivalric purity as his motivation, the enigmatic Shane (Alan Ladd) defeats enemies twice his size—the largest is the Prince of Darkness himself, Jack Palance. The earth-loving Wyoming homesteaders befriended by Shane include Van Heflin, Jean Arthur as his wife, and Brandon deWilde as their child. This George Stevens film is overplanned and uninspired: Westerns are better when they're not so self-importantly self-conscious. With Edgar Buchanan, Elisha Cook, Jr., Ben Johnson, and Emile Meyer. (Hollywood Twin Cinema 1; Aug. 4.)

The Shooting Party—Working with Julian Bond's adaptation of Isabel Colegate's novel and a dream of a cast—James Mason (in his final movie), John Gielgud, Dorothy Tutin, Edward Fox, Gordon Jackson, Cheryl Campbell, Judi Bowker, Rupert Frazer, Aharon Ipalé—the director Alan Bridges carries the Masterpiece Theatre approach to the level of art. In the English countryside in the autumn of 1913, a large number of landed gentry, aristocrats, servants, gamekeepers, beaters, and loaders gather for a three-day shoot. Colegate's tone is lightly self-mocking, and the film is full of the English affection for gentle lunacy. This is one of the rare movies that can be said to be for an educated audience without that being a putdown. As the host, an aging baronet who's conscious that he's losing his grip, Mason gives the film its immediacy. (6/17/85) (Quad Cinema. . . . ¶ 57th St. Playhouse; through Aug. 1.)

Silverado—Probably, to enjoy this roguish, mechanically plotted Western, you'd have to accept the fights and shoot-outs as decorative, as part of the scenery. The director, Lawrence Kasdan (who wrote the script with his brother Mark), is an impersonal craftsman. He uses accomplished actors: the four heroes journeying west to Silverado in the eighteen-eighties are played by Kevin Kline, Scott Glenn, Kevin Costner, and Danny Glover, and they're variously involved with Linda Hunt, Rosanna Arquette, Brian Dennehy, John Cleese, and Jeff Goldblum. But the atmosphere is arch and uninvolving, and these actors don't seem sure what their characters are meant to be. The film is like a homage to the expensive Western; it's so opulent it has a nouveau-riche aura about it. The pounding orchestral score is a bad mistake; it tries to inflate the emotions that the movie intended to arouse. The cinematography is by John Bailey. (7/29/85) (Coronet, 23rd St. West Triplex, and Ziegfeld.)

There's No Business Like Show Business (1954)—Square and garish. Conceived as entertainment for the whole family, this musical is about a family of Irish vaudevillians; Ethel Merman and Dan Dailey are the parents, and Donald O'Connor, Mitzi Gaynor, and Johnnie Ray are their progeny. The plot is almost insultingly sentimental; it involves a misunderstanding between O'Connor and the girl he loves—Marilyn Monroe, as a seductive but good-hearted Broadway star. You have to put up with Johnnie Ray, who sings like a rutting cat and then—as if to win our indulgence—announces he is going to be a priest. But there's good, fast hoofing by Dailey and O'Connor and Mitzi Gaynor, who has a gleeful bounciness; she and O'Connor are wonderful together. And the Irving Berlin songs can carry you through a lot of tedious silliness. The costumes are so grotesquely tasteless they become enjoyable—Ethel Merman sings the title song in a monstrous white gown that looks as if it's going to attack her. Directed by Walter Lang. (Regency; Aug. 8-10.)

A View to a Kill—The James Bond series has had its bummers, but nothing before in the class of this one. The villain, Christopher Walken, is the ultra-blond psychopathic product of a Nazi doctor's experiments, and his major endeavor is to flood Silicon Valley. All that keeps the picture going is that it needs to reach a certain heft to fit into the series. With Roger Moore in his seventh go-round as Bond, Grace Jones, Tanya Roberts, Patrick Macnee, Patrick Bauchau, and a stunning young model named Alison Doody. Directed (dispiritedly) by John Glen. (6/3/85) (Criterion Theatres. . . . ¶ Guild; through Aug. 1.)

Viridiana (1961)—Luis Buñuel's account of the havoc wreaked by a virtuous girl who seeks to do God's bidding among His beloved poor. In Spanish. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Aug. 5.)

Witness—An eight-year-old Amish boy (Lukas Haas), on his first trip to a city, sees a murder taking place in the men's room of Philadelphia's Thirtieth Street train station. In order to protect the boy and his widowed mother (Kelly McGillis) from the killers, the police captain (Harrison Ford) who's in charge of the investigation tries to hide their identities, and, with a bullet wound in his side, drives them back to their farm in Lancaster County before he collapses. Directed by the Australian Peter Weir, the movie seems to take its view of the Amish from a quaint dreamland, a Brigadoon of tall golden wheat, and to take its squalid, hyped-up view of life in Philadelphia from prolonged exposure to TV cop shows. With Alexander Godunov, Patti LuPone, Josef Sommer, Danny Glover, and Jan Rubes. (2/25/85) (Waverly; through Aug. 1.)

Young Frankenstein (1974)—A farce-parody of Hollywood's mad-scientist movies. You have to let this Mel Brooks comedy do everything for you, because that's the only way it works. If you accept the silly, zizzy obviousness, it can make you laugh helplessly. Gene Wilder is old Baron Frankenstein's scientist grandson, Peter Boyle is the new Monster, and Madeline Kahn is the scientist's fiancée, who becomes the Monster's bride. The picture is in black-and-white, which holds it visually close to the films it takes off from. It's Brooks's most sustained piece of moviemaking—the laughs never let up. With Cloris Leachman, Marty Feldman, Teri Garr, and Gene Hackman, bearded, in a masterly bit as a blind man. (Regency; Aug. 4-5.)

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THE
NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

A WOMAN we know writes:

I arrived in New York from my home town in the Southwest twenty years ago this summer. It was night, and the hot, thick, damp air in the Port Authority Bus Terminal was like nothing I'd ever encountered before. The song "I'm Henry VIII, I am," by Herman's Hermits, blasted through the jammed Greyhound baggage-claim area. Feeling hemmed in, I dragged my suitcase outside, but I remained enclosed. Slabs of air pressed against me, a stationary crowd filled the sidewalk, and an overpass blocked the sky. A siren whined. At home, a siren was so rare that people hurried out into their yards to see what the trouble was. Here they appeared only slightly interested. An ambulance pulled up, and the crowd casually encircled it. I was too afraid to ask what was happening, so I tried to eavesdrop. Everyone talked rapidly and seemed to be saying, "Nyaah, nyahh, nyahhh" (just as now, when I go to Paris, Frenchmen always seem to be saying to one another "*Pas forcement*" and "*Soixante-dix*"). A man detached himself from the crowd and turned to some companions and shrugged. "Nyaah, nyahh, nyahhh," he explained, stabbing his finger into his Adam's apple.

Many of the city's streets now hold dense memories for me, and in the course of a long solitary walk I take from the Village through midtown to the upper West Side they emanate from the concrete and asphalt and come floating out of upper windows. I pass the places where I rented my first apartment, where I found my first job, where I fell in love, where I said goodbye to someone for the last time, where I learned I was going to have a baby, where I decided I was going to live forever, where I was convinced I was about to die, where I thought everything would now be different, where I was sure everything would always stay the same, where I understood something new. I can say that the city has entered my bones, and it may well be literally true—there are probably particles of its soot embedded in them by now. Nevertheless, I still feel I am a stranger here. Mornings, when I wake up in the red glare of the sun coming through the window of my apartment on Central Park West, I always assume for a second that the row of buildings along Fifth Avenue, across the Park, is the ridge of mountains which rose over the town where I grew up, and which marked the way east. When I realize I'm actually in New York, the feeling of being in exile comes over me. And even though I know New York is a city of exiles I still half-consciously consider it to be "their city," intricate, unintelligible, inhabited by a native, indoor population that knows exactly what is really going on—a population from which I'm naturally excluded, except for a particular moment once in a while.

The moment occurs in the summer. During the day, the city is the most foreign to me: a steamy, congested racket, filled with animal striving and a million distractions, the sun dull and flaring behind the haze, the shadows in tired combat against the stone, my own body tunnelling through a nearly solid medium. But at last the sun sets. Darkness begins to touch each building, each hydrant, each dusty tree, each leaf; it hovers around the pools of pink light under the street lamps and surrounds the women, striding barelegged in their flowered dresses, and the men, their ties removed and shirts open. A breeze, smelling of river, springs up. As I walk home, the glassy twilight fits around me perfectly, like water, my body lightens, and the constricted passage of the day dilates. As soon as I enter my apartment, I go to my window. The reservoir, violet, utterly still, reflects the saw-toothed silhouette of the trees around the rim. Since dawn, runners have been moving along the paths, and traffic has been rushing along the transverses. But now the Park seems empty. The only sound is the musical whirring of crickets. The chip of moon over the ridge of Fifth Avenue is yellow-white in a sky the same violet as the water. The night, evenly attentive, manifesting itself by degrees, concentrates itself overhead and then slides down, enveloping the city, and all of us who happen to be here, in one giant, cool, easy exhalation.

Four Horses

AT first, we were walking, picking our way across Manhattan one step at a time in orthodox fashion. Then we got in the helicopter—the turbohelicopter—and flashed around the financial end of the island. After that, in New Jersey, there were the horses, four together, pulling carriages across the gentle hills. It was a History of Transport from the dawn of bipedal time. Someone offered us champagne. Someone else showed us around the house. "This wallpaper was hand-painted in China, but when it got here the decorator decided it was too white," she said. "So he imported some tea to wipe it with."

This was the former James Cox

Brady estate ("Not Diamond Jim Brady, another one. He made his money in utility stocks"), now owned by the Beneficial Insurance Corporation. The estate stables serve as the headquarters of the United States Equestrian Team, which on this day was introducing to America's media the sport of combined driving—four horses, a driver, two grooms, and a carriage. H.R.H. the Duke of Edinburgh—Prince Philip—wrote the book on competition carriage driving. "Competition Carriage Driving," it is called, and it's a bargain at fifteen pounds (especially considering current rates of exchange). It is not a frivolous book—there are no stories about watching the races with rakes named Freddy. There *are* dozens of diagrams—"Compact metal swingle-trees (top) fitted for 'running loops' compared to traditional wooden swingle-trees fitted for 'spring clips' "—and much sage advice, like "A flow of fruity language either before or after a command may relieve your own tensions, but it will only confuse the horses." Finn Caspersen, the chairman of Beneficial and the owner of America's finest driving team, told a Prince Philip story over lunch: "When we won the Windsor Cup last year—we were the first Americans to do so—Prince Philip, who had placed third, sent his equerry over to our tent. He was formally got up, and he announced, 'The Prince sends his congratulations, and feels quite sure you will be invited by the Queen to defend your title, and, furthermore, if you don't come, he will kick—" At this point, Mr. Caspersen noticed we were writing down what he said, and refused to go on until we had put away our pen. Suffice it to say that the Prince is a regular guy.

Last week's driving was merely an exhibition; a major international competition, over a regulation twenty-kilometre course of forest and field, will take place on the grounds of the estate in September. The contestants will include the reigning world champion, Laszlo Juhasz, of Hungary, who used to work at the Lenin Coöperative Farm in Kiskunfélegyháza. Hungary has nearly four hundred state-supported carriage teams. America at the moment has only ten teams, all privately owned, but Mr. Caspersen expects that number to double or treble. "We are one of the country's fastest-growing sports," he said. The horses, strong Holsteiners, are ripplingly gorgeous as they plunge into water pools and canter through woods.

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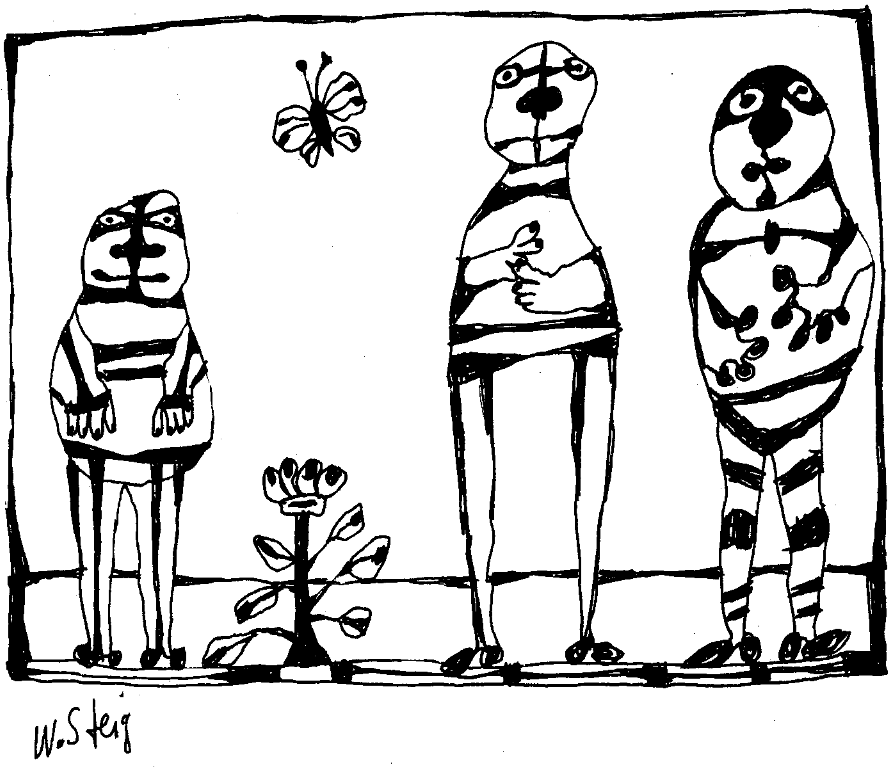
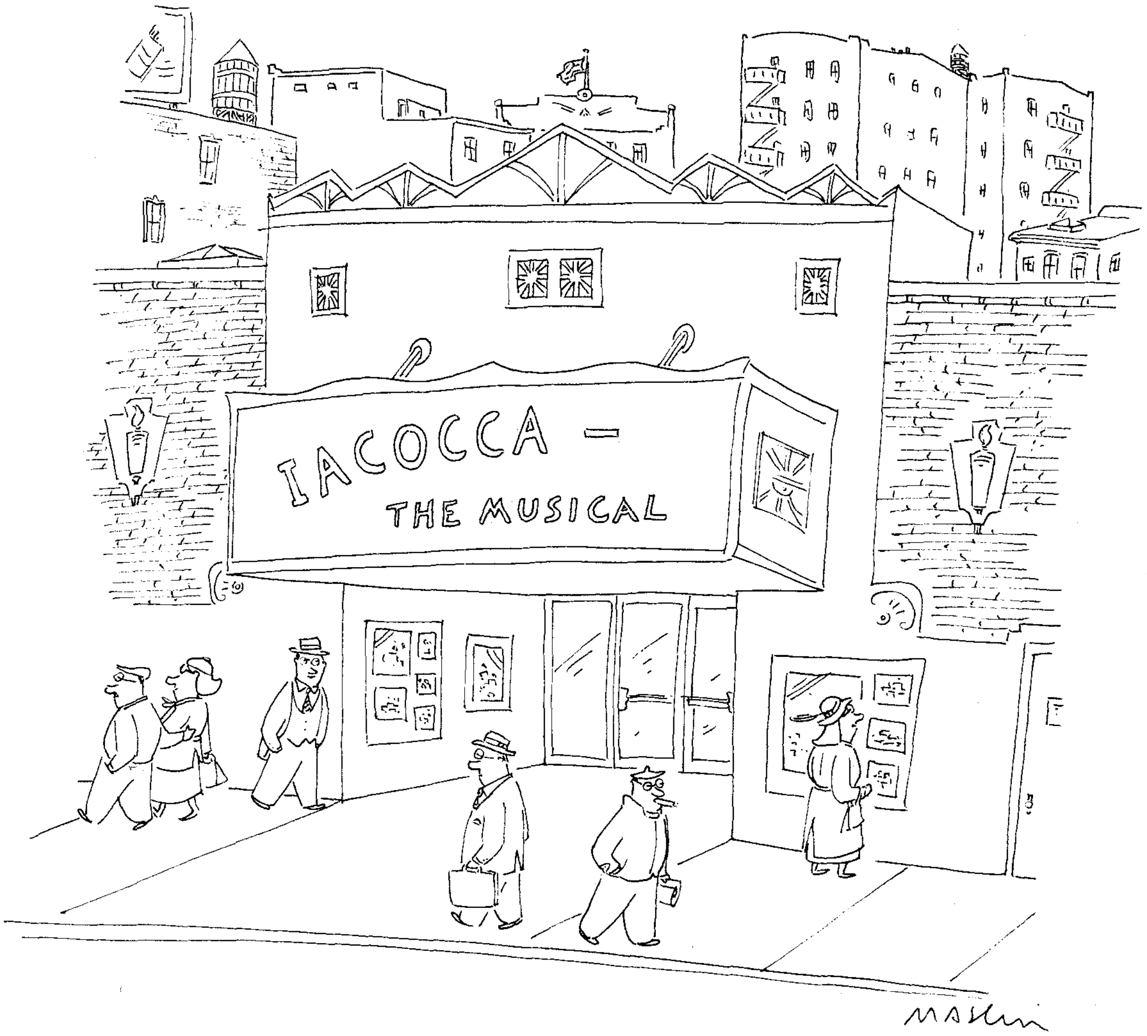
Offerings

HAVING been advised by his physician to cut down his eating and to step up his exercise, a friend of ours now devotes his former lunch period to patrolling Fifth Avenue from midtown to Washington Square Park and back, a distance measured on his pedometer at five and four-tenths miles. Along the way, he informs us, much of his daily workout consists of fast breaks through three-card-monte games and end runs around the audiences collected by entertainers in front of the New York Public Library, but by far his most strenuous event is the hop, skip, and jump he has been performing to avoid those seeking to thrust upon him leaflets, flyers, and similar literature. The other day, provoked by curiosity about the kinds of things now being proffered on Fifth Avenue, we asked him to accept all such materials, for once, and the following—excluding duplicates—is what he turned over to us after that afternoon's round trip: a complimentary-cocktail coupon from a restaurant where it is possible to "Watch N.Y. Stock Exchange Prices on Our Trans Lux Display;" an announcement of the Saturday business hours of a foreign-currency-exchange establishment; discount coupons for three different fast-food restaurants; a five-dollar-discount coupon for purchases at a men's-clothing store; a ticket to attend a free "viewer session" at CBS Television; the menu of a take-out Chinese restaurant; a fifteen-months-for-the-price-of-twelve offer for a "co-ed, 7 days a week, all major credit cards" gymnasium; a religious tract; a map giving directions to "a real close-out store;" an illustrated invitation to "choose from over 10,000 classic and contemporary fashions" at a clothing-factory showroom; a promise of remunerative employment "if you can type at least 50 w.p.m.;" recent listings of a Brooklyn real-estate agency; an announcement of "immediate openings" at a temporary-office-work agency; a sheet of coupons for discounts at a film store (this given him, he reports, by a conspicuously lovely red-haired girl on roller skates); a gift certificate for a cordless electric toothbrush obtainable at an office-supply store; a four-dollar discount, good only Mondays, Tuesdays, and Wednesdays, on a haircut; an invitation to play a "friendly 'war' game" at Jim Thorpe, Pennsylvania; and a newspaper promoting white-water rafting.



Silent Observers

We asked our friend what conclusions, if any, he drew from all this. "None from the material itself," he said, "but I have been able to classify its distributors according to three distinct performing styles: there were those who bore down on me, snapping and crackling their offerings to attract attention; there were those who pretended not to see me until I had almost passed by, and then silently and abruptly thrust their leaflets out like barricades across my path; and there were those who stood motionless with their papers held out before them. I must say, though, I was surprised by how grateful almost all of them appeared when I actually accepted their material—a practice I plan to adopt henceforth, even if I carry the stuff only as far as the nearest corner receptacle. It seems the least I can do, for them and for Fifth Avenue."



Name Caller

EVERY period of prosperity must bear with a few cynics, a few doubters, a few nabobs of negativism who would persuade us that things are not as balmy as they appear—that there is some corner of the human condition not fully illuminated by the index of leading economic indicators. Faith, surely, is the best defense against this kind of thinking. But it is also useful to meet, every now and then, a living, breathing embodiment of the statistical upcurve—a human cannon, so to speak, in the economic boom.

There have been a lot of headlines lately about the dynamism of the service sector, but what is a headline compared with a man like Leonard Drum, who proves that it is possible these days to found a business and fuel the engines of growth without experience, capital, a product, or even intent? All it takes, we learned in the course of a conversation with Mr. Drum in his apartment—a bright, well-groomed one on West Eighty-fifth Street—is being in the right place at the right time: in his case, being in a chair of the now defunct Apthorp Hair Stylists, at Seventy-sixth Street and Broadway, one day last fall, having his hair cut by the proprietor, Ramesh Durbal, who was bemoaning the difficulty of finding a name for a new hair salon he was soon to open on Amsterdam Avenue. Mr. Durbal understood that the name could not be a mere conveyor of information with a pleasant ring to it; it would have to meet the stiff rhetorical demands of the upper West Side. Someone had proposed Hair Today, and he had considered it. But what if a potential customer should happen to *think* about the name—there was no guarantee that this would never happen—and draw a certain inference? Mr. Drum agreed that that would be unfortunate, and blithely announced that he could do better.

During the next few weeks, Mr. Drum, whose principal occupation has been that of actor (he was in "Marat/Sade"), suffered pangs of doubt. "I have to tell you that every clever name for a hair salon—every terrible pun—has been used," he said. "Then, one day, I was walking down the street and it came to me: Heads You Win. It was catchy, it was trendy, and it implied a positive experience for the customer. So I called up Ramesh, and it clicked for him, and he decided to use it."

Mr. Durbal was, in fact, so impressed that he told Mr. Drum about a second enterprise he needed a name for—a new restaurant he was starting with his sister-in-law, which would serve the Caribbean Indian food of their youth in Trinidad. Mr. Drum went to work on it. "You've really got to be careful," he warned Mr. Durbal, "because if you make it too Caribbean people will think it's a Spanish place rather than Indian." He came up with a list that included A Touch of Curry, Make Mine Curry, and—the name Mr. Durbal chose—Why Not Curry? In January, the two businesses opened side by side, and both awnings carried the legend "Name Created by Leonard Drum."

"I had no idea he was going to do

that," Mr. Drum said, "and my first reaction was, 'How dare anybody put my name up without asking me?' Then I realized that he was doing it as an acknowledgment and a surprise." Almost at once, Mr. Drum's phone started ringing. Could he help with a name for a clothing store? For a mail-order house? What did his services cost? Did he charge up front or only on acceptance? Mr. Drum was prepared for none of these questions. "I have a friend who's very knowledgeable in business administration," he said, "and she told me, 'You've just become a consultant and you didn't realize it.' " He added that his new career remains a sideline for the moment, "but the way the theatre is . . ."

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FROM Mr. Drum's apartment our investigations into contemporary entrepreneurship took us two blocks up Amsterdam Avenue and into a spiffy yellow-orange room in which the glow of fresh paint vied with the smell of cumin for our attention. In the rear we espied a youthful-looking dark-skinned man with a red bandanna tied around his neck. "I didn't expect to find you here," said Mr. Drum, who had kindly accompanied us.

Mr. Durbal—for it was he—stepped forward and explained that his manager had left. "So I'm cutting hair and I'm cooking seven days a week, seventeen hours a day," he said matter-of-factly. Mr. Drum made introductions, and Mr. Durbal asked us to have a seat, disappeared into the kitchen, and reappeared with some roti, an Indian bread, and some dhal puri, a spunky variation of the bread made with split peas.

"I've had a lot of problems with the help," Mr. Durbal told us as we happily sampled the offerings. "They don't show up. They walk out. They're lazy. They're insolent. When summer's around, these young people want to be outdoors. And so would I." He asked Mr. Drum, "You heard about the salon?" Mr. Drum nodded. "Half of it burned down," Mr. Durbal explained to us. "And we had a flood here in the restaurant. You should have seen this place last week! You would have cried for me, I'm telling you! It was like a tropical rain forest. The Fire Department was called in three times."

We remarked that a fire and a flood seemed like a lot of misfortune to descend so suddenly on anyone who was not a Biblical character.

"Oh, that's only the beginning," Mr. Durbal said. "We had no heat in the salon for the month of January and half of February."

An inquiry into the cause of all these disasters gave rise to a long discourse on the vagaries of landlords, based on nearly two decades in the hair-salon business and two forced moves in the last four years. "But my astrologer predicted all this," Mr. Durbal said, as if it were a consolation. "She said the help would be my biggest problem."

We asked what had made him decide to start two businesses at once.

"A touch of brain damage," he replied.

And the names—how had they worked out?

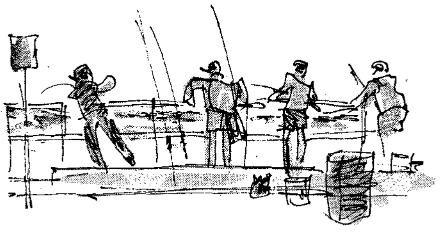
"The reaction has been very good," he answered. "People say very positive things." But before he could amplify this statement two customers entered, and Mr. Durbal excused himself, remarking that Mr. Drum could give us any further information we might require. "Leonard has known me for a long time," he said. "He can tell you everything about me, I don't mind—unless it concerns my private life."

"I don't know anything *about* your private life," Mr. Drum protested.

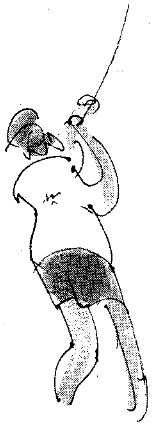
"I don't *have* any private life," Mr. Durbal said.

From a Connecticut Dock

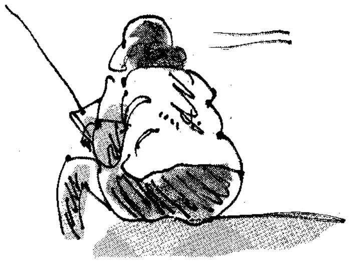
"FLUKE, flounder, harbor blues," says a stout, bearded man in response to a query from a sightseer concerning what sort of fish might be extracted from the river here. At eight o'clock on this already hot Sunday morning, a dozen people are engaged in fishing. They are ranged loosely along a metal railing at the edge of a concrete pier (*Illus. A*), casting out over the top rail, then reeling in, or simply propping their rods against the railing and allowing the bait to do its work unsupervised. A woman in a baseball cap has three rods. She casts all three in sequence (*Illus. B*), then sits down and listens to her portable radio: the Beatles are singing, "Something in the way she moves . . ." (*Illus. C*).



Illus. A



Illus. B

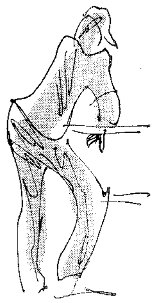


Illus. C

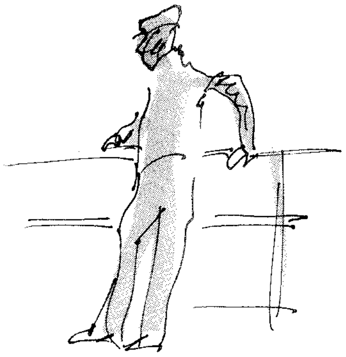
"Blue crabs," says the bearded man, answering the next question, about bait, and he explains that he captures the crabs in a small, collapsible wire basket, which he loads with fish heads or bits of chicken. "Once, I used pork chops," he says. "Worked O.K."

The pier lies between the parking lot of a modest marina-motel and an ice-cream, salt-water-taffy, and clam-bakes-to-go shop, not far from a miniature golf course where nobody is playing but where some noisy crows are perched on a tall concrete fountain next to the fifteenth hole—a tunnel under a seal balancing a ball on its nose (par 3).

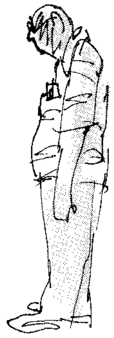
"I only know what I see," a fisherman says loudly, in reply to something or other. The river is gray-green and placid except when a boat passes. Glare shivers where the sun hits the surface. The fish are keeping a low profile. Nobody seems to mind. It is not always clear who is fishing and who is sight-seeing, since the fishermen spend a lot of time drifting around looking at things and talking to each other. ("How'd that paint job come out on your car?") One fisherman alternately stares at the river (*Illus. D*) and, after gradually rotating, gazes at the sightseers (*Illus. E*). The sightseers, for their part (*Illus. F, G*), tend to focus mainly on the sportsmen.



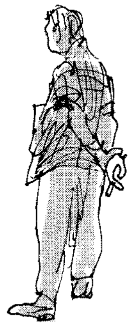
Illus. D



Illus. E



Illus. F



Illus. G

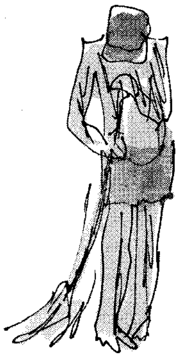
The woman's radio declares that high tide will be at two-twenty this afternoon and that there is a chance of showers tonight. "I gotta get started," says a man seated in a beach chair, "or I ain't going to get nothing done today." He gets up. "I probably won't see you much this week," he says to his companions.

"What are you going to do?" one of them asks.

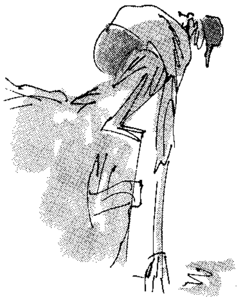
"I got a lot of work to do around the house."

Groans and laughter from the man's friends. He postpones his departure, and settles back into his chair.

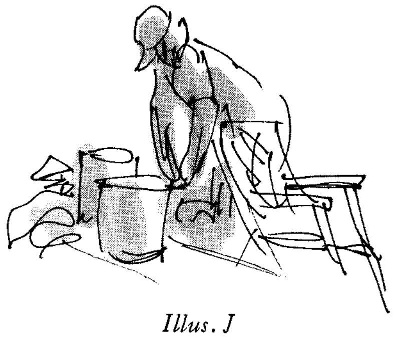
A bony man sweeps the dock (*Illus. H*), brushing slowly and carefully, and then washes his broom in the river (*Illus. I*). Silence for a while, except for the whirr of spinning reels. Still no fish. A man bends over to his bait pail to get some more—or better—bait (*Illus. J*).



Illus. H



Illus. I



Illus. J

The bearded man prepares to leave.

"Where you going, Davy?" asks a friend.

"Going over to get me some trout. Ain't nothing here."

"Is that a big pond where you go?"

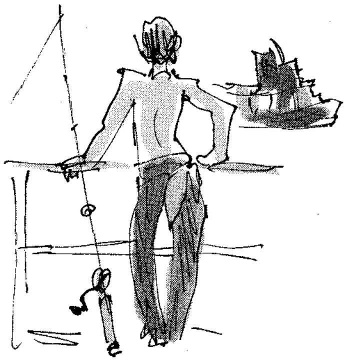
"Yeah."

"Going to be hot as a bitch, freshwater fishing today."

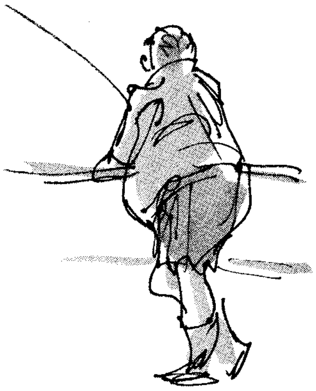
"No," says Davy. "Nice and cool up there." He gathers his bucket, rod, and wire basket. "You gotta watch the rod there," he says. "You can't just leave the rod, like you do here, and walk away."

"I don't like trout," says his friend. "I don't like *any* fish. Know what I like?"

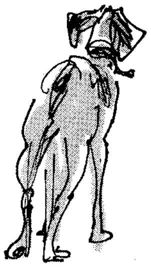
But his preference is drowned out by a large, fast powerboat thundering downriver. Everybody watches (*Illus. K, L*), including a dog (*Illus. M*), as the boat heads out to sea, to deep waters, with big fish thrashing.



Illus. K



Illus. L



Illus. M

YO, POE

Consider [Sylvester Stallone's] pet project: a film biography of Edgar Allan Poe. "I am a student of his," says Stallone. "But people have this image of Poe as a crazy alcoholic and drug addict, and that's wrong. I'd like to set the record straight."—*Newsweek*.

IT is with a lot of humility that I pen the first sentence of this work. It is almost accompanied by a sense of trembling awe that I approach the reader with this, the most dreamlike, the most solemn, the most difficult, the most buried-in-my-gut.

Hey, Ulalume, if I could sing and dance I wouldn't have to do this.

O strangely sent one, how your words touch my spirit! How well have we both learned the propensity of man to define the indefinable! How the strange happiness of our innermost souls has thus been magnified!

You really got lucky tonight, you know?

IT'S a quiet and still afternoon here. The leaves are all sere, whatever that means. But here inside the Spectrum it's a different story. Men are screaming, women are fainting, and the children—well, they're just being kids.

Right you are, Al. There's tumult everywhere, and with good reason. I've never seen anything quite like it.

No, Dick, I haven't either. You can almost feel the electricity in this arena. It's almost palpable.

I can't keep up with you, Al.

I've been going back to school, Dick. Heh, heh.

Excuse me for interrupting, but here he comes.

Making his way down the aisle with his entourage—Mister Edgar Allan Poe.

Some say his last name is Allan, some say it's Poe. There's quite a bit of controversy about that, Al.

All I know is he looks serious tonight, Dick.

Look at those eyes. Look at that expression.

He means business.

Yes, he does, Al. And there's that tie.

That trademark Edgar Allan Poe tie. He's still wearing it, and I guess he always will, Dick.

You can bet on that, Al.

But no raven tonight, Dick.

You're not going to get me to say "Nevermore," Al.

Heh, heh. You know, a lot of people don't know that Edgar Allan Poe was actually a very good broad jumper.

That's right, Al. A lot of critics feel that he may have symbolically put himself in his famous story "Hop-Frog."

You're a regular encyclopedia, Dick.

HELLO again, literature fans. Tonight we have a special treat on our post-fight show. Tonight's guest is Baudelaire, the unofficial manager of Edgar Allan Poe.

Edgar Poe. I always call him Edgar Poe. Please don't say "Edgar Allan Poe." I hate that. It makes me—how you say?—sick.

O.K., Beau, have it your way. Edgar Poe.

Gracias, amigo.

Let's get right to the big question. Why do you, the acknowledged champion of the symbolists, want to manage a guy like Poe, an alcoholic drug addict who marries little girls because he's a pervert. And on top of all that, he can't tie a tie.

Let me get this straight right away. And not just for you, Marv. For everybody. Edgar Poe is not a pervert. He is not an alcoholic. To my knowledge, the man has never taken a drink. He does not use drugs. He is not a "party" person.

How about the tie allegation?

I can't say anything about that. He's an individual, and like all individuals he has a right to his own tastes in neckwear.

You don't think he looks funny?

No. But let me say one thing.

Go right ahead.

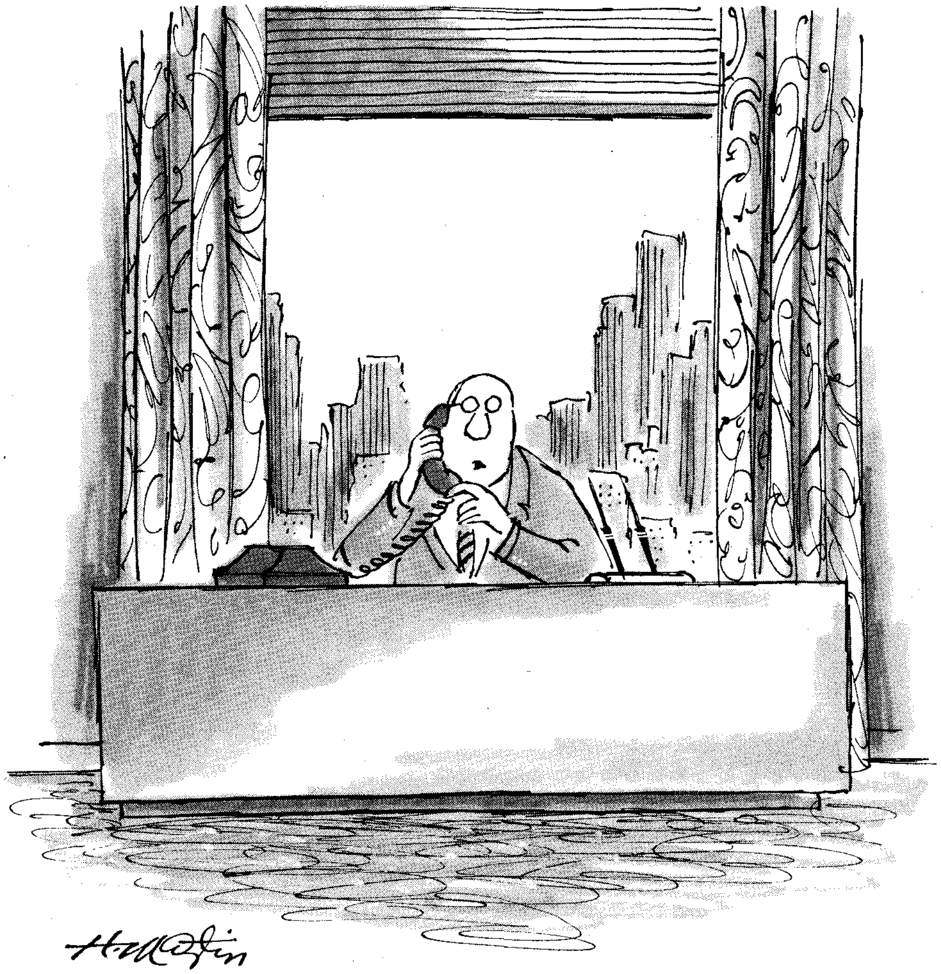
My man was actually an excellent athlete.

You mean you're going to get into the broad-jumping thing and "Hop-Frog" and all of that?

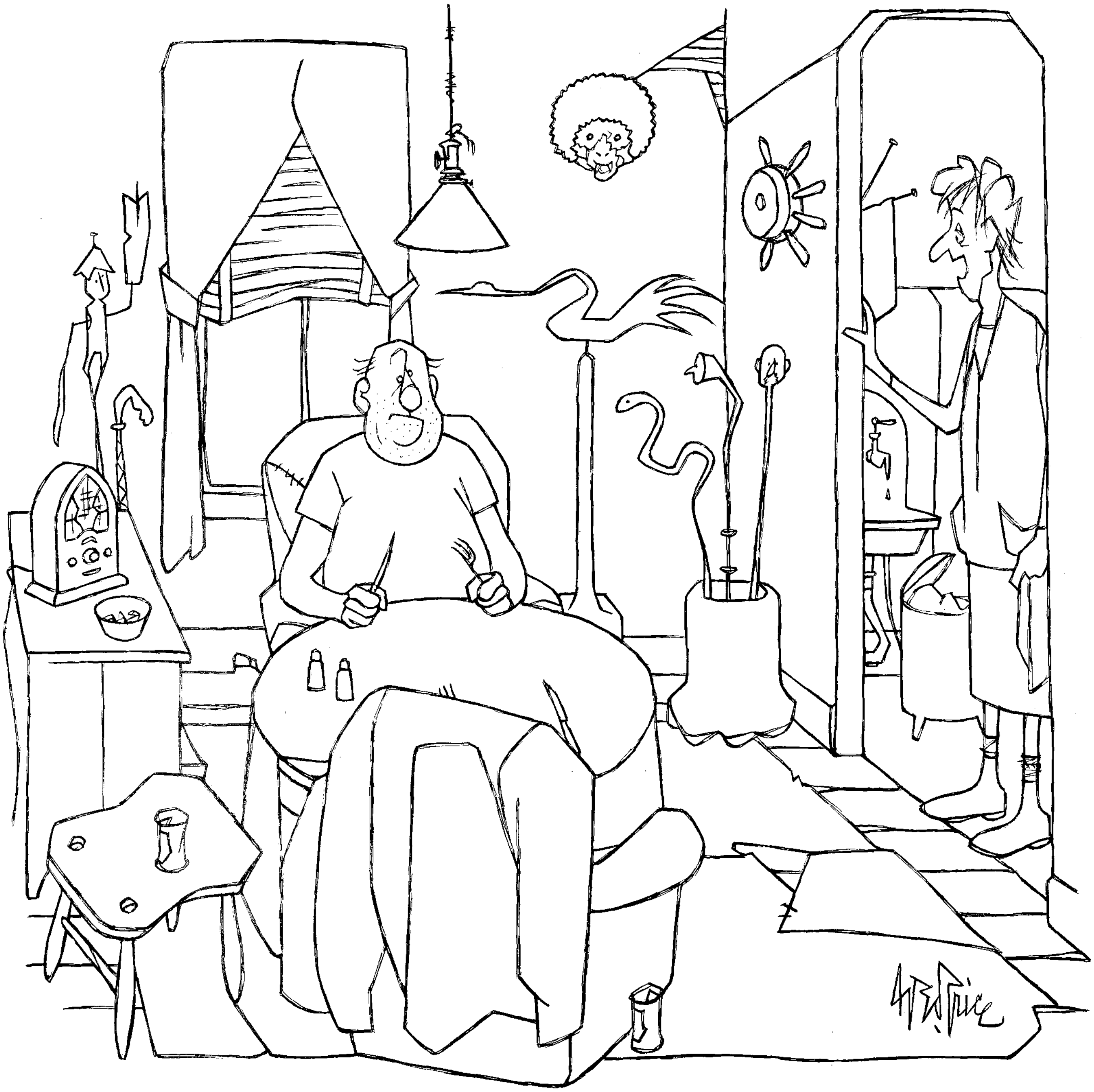
Absolutely.

Good for you. And while we have you, you'll forgive another question, I'm sure. How is Rimbaud?

Loved it. I was on my feet cheering.



"And, Mama, would you call Miss Simpson, my third-grade teacher, and tell her I made it to the top?"



"Do you want beer with your pigs' knuckles, or will you meet them head on?"

• •

There you have it. Baudelaire, the self-styled king of the symbolist poets. Nothing if not controversial. Thank you for coming.

Gracias.

VIRGINIA. Yo, Virginia—wake up. I have something I want to tell you. I was just over to look at the poster they got of me. And you know what? They got the wrong tie. That's right. They got me wearing a club tie instead of this little one that I always tie funny.

I just want to say a couple of things. One, a lotta people probably think it was kinda weird for me to get married to you, on account of you being my cousin and only fourteen years old and like that. What they don't know is that for a guy like me beauty is incarnate only as an intellectual principle. Man is but a part of the great will that pervades the cosmos. In other words, when I hear somebody say something about my wife I tell him to get out of the car.

I got one more thing I want to say. Some of my early biographers, they got the idea that I was an alcoholic drug addict or something. That's just a bunch of you know what. I'm not a drug addict, I'm a poet. Keats, Shelley—they were poets and they died young. But it wasn't because they were drug addicts. It was because they didn't train.

Tonight I'll know one thing. If I hear that rapping, that rapping on my chamber door, and I'm sitting there. Still sitting there, pondering over a big pile of quaint and curious volumes. If I'm still sitting there, I'll know one thing: The record is now straight.

—FRANK GANNON

PUPIL

EACH summer I teach a course in BASIC at the junior college. This year Tracy Whitten is my favorite student. She's eighteen—bright, handsome, cheerful all the time. I like her braces. She's self-conscious about them, always remembering a minute too late to keep her lips tightly closed. She comes to class in shorts and a T-shirt, perspiration glinting at her temples, and we talk, and her eyes dart around as if we ought to be more discreet.

By the fourth week of the session I'm so taken with her I'm ready to break the rules. In the hall after class I say, "Maybe you could come for dinner? I'll ask some other people. We can cook out."

"Oh, sure," she says, giving me a look that means maybe I'd better think again. "That'd be real suave."

We walk down the corridor without talking, then go outside and stop near the bike rack. "I'm sorry I mentioned it," I say, making a show of looking for my car in the parking lot. "Well, not really sorry."

She smiles, wires glittering, then turns away and looks out over the baseball practice field. Today she's wearing pale-pink running shorts, the shiny kind, and a thin Jack-in-the-Box T-shirt, and she's tapping her key on the rack, so there's a pinging sound in the air.

Finally, she turns around and gives me a squinty look. "I wouldn't mind coming, if you're serious."

"I am serious." That sounds too serious, so I try for a Chevy Chase joke with some stupid faces, wondering how I could have been silly enough to start this.

"Take it easy, will you? Calm down. Let me think." She watches me and does some faces that look good on her. "We know it's not a great idea. We both know that, right? It's destructive and impossible, and you're too old, and it's bad P.R."

"My speciality," I say.

She studies me for a second, then she's all smiles—patting my arm, straightening her hair, ready to walk away. "I like it. I'll come. We'll have a good time. Where is it?"

I HAVE two bedrooms, a large living room with lots of glass, and a small garden—a side-by-side duplex, one of a hundred and ten similar units in a development that has four pools and no cleverly winding paths. I'm used to it. No so much that it feels like home but enough so that I can overlook, most of the time, the utilitarian way of things. Sometimes I even think it's pretty.

Saturday I go out and buy a barbecue cooker and the tools that go with it—tongs, a giant fork, hot-pad gloves that look like alligators. For dinner I decide to go with chicken, so I spend some time at the A. & P. figuring out chicken. By late afternoon I'm set up on the deck at my apartment, watching the cooker and waiting for Tracy. There's a lot of smoke around, because I've used too many mesquite chips.

I've only been out a few minutes when the doorbell rings. I go through the house to answer it, and Tracy's there with a guy about forty who has a clean face and pink skin. He's wearing black jeans.

"Hi," she says, moving her hand in a robotlike way between me and her friend. "This is George, and this is Ray. Ray's my brother, but he's really more like a pal, aren't you, Ray?"

"Sure am," he says, and we shake hands. Ray's got a soft, smooth hand and a puttylike grip.

Tracy's hair looks as if it's still wet from washing. She's got on baggy linen pants and a yellow Hawaiian shirt. She comes in first, almost bouncing, and Ray follows, giving my apartment the once-over.

I go into the kitchen to get them drinks—beer for Ray, Tab for Tracy, glasses for both of them—and I cut my finger on the pop top of the Tab can, so I have to excuse myself while I go get a Band-Aid. When I return they're already out on the deck. Ray waves at the yard. "Pretty," he says.

I look at the yard, which is small and brown.

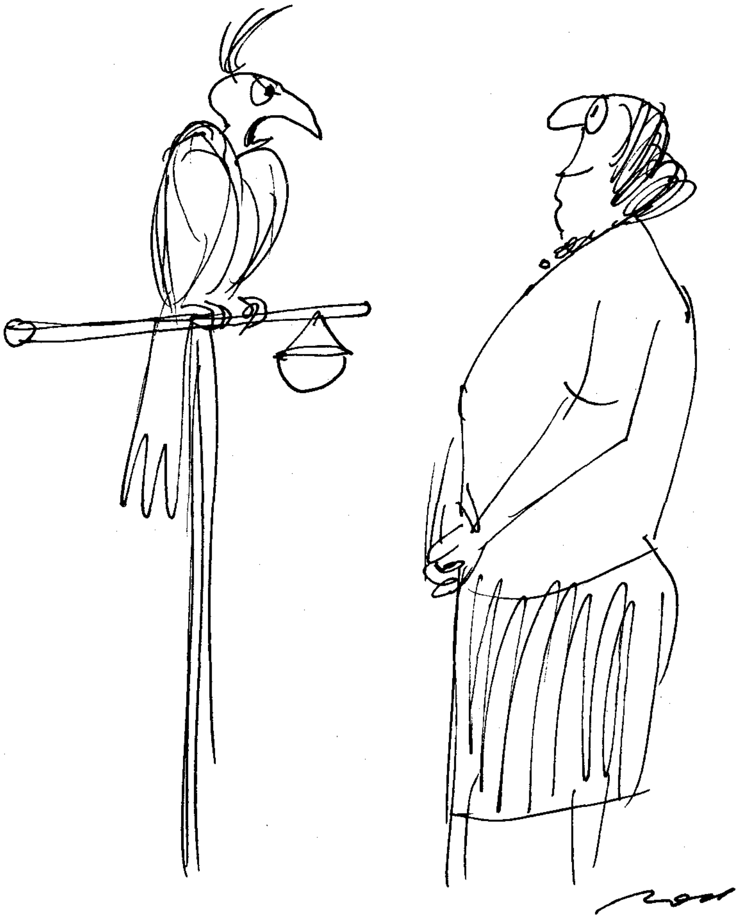
He says, "I didn't know there was so much socializing—you know, teachers and students—out at the college."

"Sure," says Tracy. "All the time."

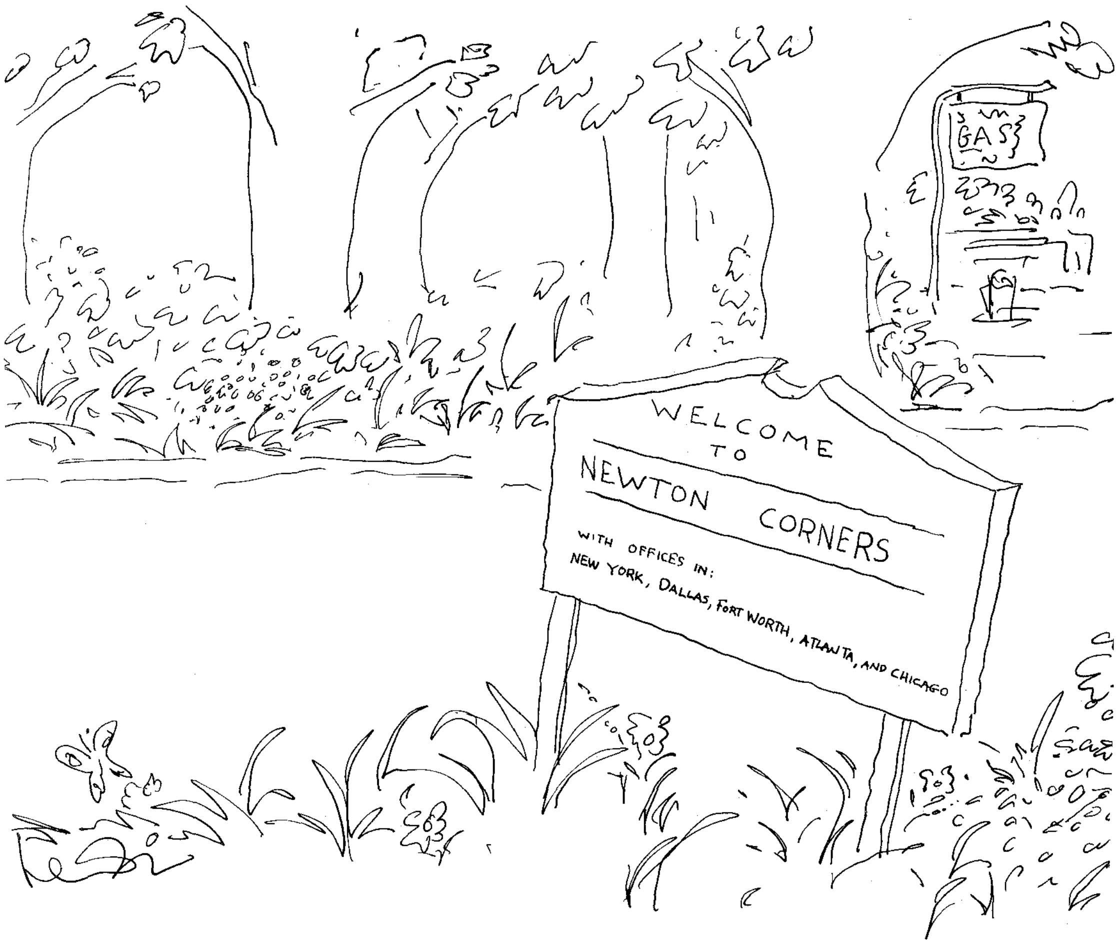
"There isn't much," I say. "It's frowned on."

"Yeah," he says, nodding. "That's what I thought. I saw this thing on TV about some trouble they've been having out in California. Arrests, you know . . ." He gives Tracy a glance that she, bless her heart, refuses to share. She's smiling, taking in the scenery.

"I like this," she says. "This is a nice apartment." She wipes the bottom of her Tab can down the thigh of her pants.



"Look, you've said 'Hello, Polly' three times today, and I've said 'Hello, Edith' three times today. Suppose we call it quits!"


GAS
WELCOME TO
NEWTON CORNERS
WITH OFFICES IN:
NEW YORK, DALLAS, FORT WORTH, ATLANTA, AND CHICAGO

• •

My neighbors are in the yard working on their bulb garden. They're a young couple with a new baby, and they have a dime-store coat of arms—a painted wood shield with "THE HERNDON'S" across the top, "ESTABLISHED 1977" across the bottom, and a duck in the middle—displayed next to their front door.

"Not much privacy," Tracy says, motioning toward the couple. "What are they doing there, anyway? Looks like they're burying something."

"Bulbs," I say.

They've been working on the garden since midwinter. It's a mound, like a grave—a dog's, or a child's. They roughed up the ground and then dumped a foot of bag dirt on top. That's where they put the bulbs. None of them ever showed up.

Ray says, "Listen, we don't need to be real nervous about me coming over here. It's just a formality. She's a full-grown woman. You're both grown. That's my feeling."

"Oh, Raymond," Tracy says. She turns to me. "Ray's worried about me growing up and all that. He feels bad about it." She looks at her watch, a heavy gold Timex. "How long have these chickens been on here?"

"Well," he says. "You're my sister."

The chickens are reddish brown. I'm ready for Tracy and Ray to leave, to call the whole thing off, so I stare at the chickens and say, "I'm probably out of line." I look at him, asking for some understanding. "I slipped up, O.K.? Maybe we ought to—"

"Hey!" Ray says. "Hold on. Don't get me wrong. I don't mind. She's a girl, you're a boy—you look O.K. Hell, you look like a million to me." He does a broad smile and pats my forearm.

Tracy shakes her head. "Oh, jeez. Raymond? I mean, we're not at home, O.K.?"

Ray shrugs, waving his hands around. "No more king of the dorks, huh? Well, I can't go anywhere. Helene's picking me up."

"Helene's about twelve," Tracy says.

She wraps her arms around his neck, and he pretends he doesn't like it, picking them off. "How can a person function with you all over him?"

"You wish." She grins and pushes off. "Ray's always ready to do some pretty powerful functioning."

Ray blushes, says, "That's your idea, you and Billy Hunter. He tells everybody he's helping out his secretary, and then he helps her a lot in his office."

"Billy," Tracy says, explaining to me. "One of Ray's close, close friends. He's a happening guy. I hope he catches his rear on a linoleum knife." She rattles the ice in her glass. "Anybody want soda?"

She goes in, leaving us staring at the cooker. "She's touchy," Ray says. He looks over his shoulder, trying to see into the house. "But at least she doesn't think as soon as anything bad happens it's because men run things. I told her it's ideas—all you have to do is have the good ideas. Right?"

"It helps," I say.

"Sure it does," he says. "I mean, if it ain't great, who cares who's running it?"

"Right," I say.

"Take you, for example. You've got something going. I mean, she's pretty, she's young—all that time in front of her, all this stuff to learn. Listen, I understand you college boys. You got women out there in K Mart underpants, guys belong in the zoo—you can't make much of that. I mean—" He waits a second, thinking about it, scratching the back of his head. "I mean, if you're going to have a romance it ought to at least be lovely."

He thinks some more, smoothing his hair where it's standing up from the scratching. "This deal's sweet. It's a little bit stupid, but it's sweet."

I take off the cooker top and wave it back and forth trying to clear the smoke. Flames jump up under the chickens.

"Know what I'm saying?" he says.

I nod at him, then turn back to the

cooker. "I'm doing these by the book, the 'indirect' method. Every time I open it I get all this fire."

"So close it," he says, taking a look at the chickens, which are getting black and crusty. "You better get those suckers off before they turn to dirt." He reaches out to wiggle one of the drumsticks and it comes off in his hand. "If I were you I'd submerge 'em for half an hour."

Tracy sticks her head out the door. "Ray? Your wealthy friend is here. This car goes by about three times, checking out the place. You want me to get her?"

"Why don't you work the chickens," Ray says. "George can get her."

OUTSIDE, the sky is thunder-gray except in the west, where there's a ribbon of coral at the horizon. There's a fresh breeze, and the street lamps are on, and there's a dampness about the way everything looks. Helene is easy to spot. She's in a brilliant red 318i about half a block down from the apartment. I signal to her and, when she pulls up, introduce myself.

"Ray's inside," I say. "He asked me to come get you."

She's in her twenties, wearing a sleeveless knit cotton top and white shorts, and her arms are tan, muscular. I notice a blue vein that runs over her biceps and down her inner arm. It's prominent, easy to see.

"You must be kidding," she says. "Where's his truck?"

"What truck? He has a truck?"

"Sure does," she says. "A purple eighteen-wheeler. Lots of yellow lights."

I'm standing in the street alongside her car, scanning the parking lots as she describes these lights.

"They're great at night," she says. "He's always leaving the truck going, and you can hear it, even inside, and you look out and all the lights are sparkling—you've got to see it."

I look up and down the road. Nobody's out, but there are cars jammed up behind other cars in the head-in parking spaces. Everybody's having company. I stretch out my arms and say, "I don't know, but Ray *is* inside, with his sister Tracy."

"How do I know you're not woofing me? Maybe you're the kind of a skunk-guy who'd do a thing like that." She gives me a look as if she's sizing me up. "Naw, I guess not. Let me park this job."

HURRICANE WARNING

I still have, somewhere,
A photograph of her
and me leaning out over a balcony railing—
Behind us, I remember, the bay windows
wickered with tape

And the sky spanned
By a single cloud, its underbelly, here and there, smeared
with that blood-orange hue
We once saw a field of poppies take on

Just before dusk, in the foothills
South of Sonora. There were always poppies, it seemed,
washing up and dwindling to a golden point on a hillside
Otherwise green
with wild oats and weeds,

Or tawny with them, depending. I don't know
what might have become of us in time—ten years, twenty,
The two of us walking off, as lovers
Are supposed to, hand in hand,

Toward one inevitability
or another—but time would have had a chance
To deal with us, in its own sweet time.
It would have brought us pain,
and lulled

It all away; it would have made the hillsides
And the swaths of poppies
fronting as crops of sunlight
All the more difficult, in the end, to leave;
and toward the end, it might have left

Us both alone. Along the country back roads,
Wildflowers luxuriate and strive: snowdrops, and buttercups,
And the shooting stars that briefly fan
their faces to the sun.

You can pull over almost
anywhere you want, and wander,
And lie back in whatever blossoms you can find.
All around you the hills, like sea swells,
are rolling in

Or rolling out,
and the clouds you're gazing at
The same, and there seems to be no end of it, no point
of reference, or anchor,
Except for the faintly bitter scent of the wildflowers
you chose to walk through, and lie down in.

—ARTHUR SMITH

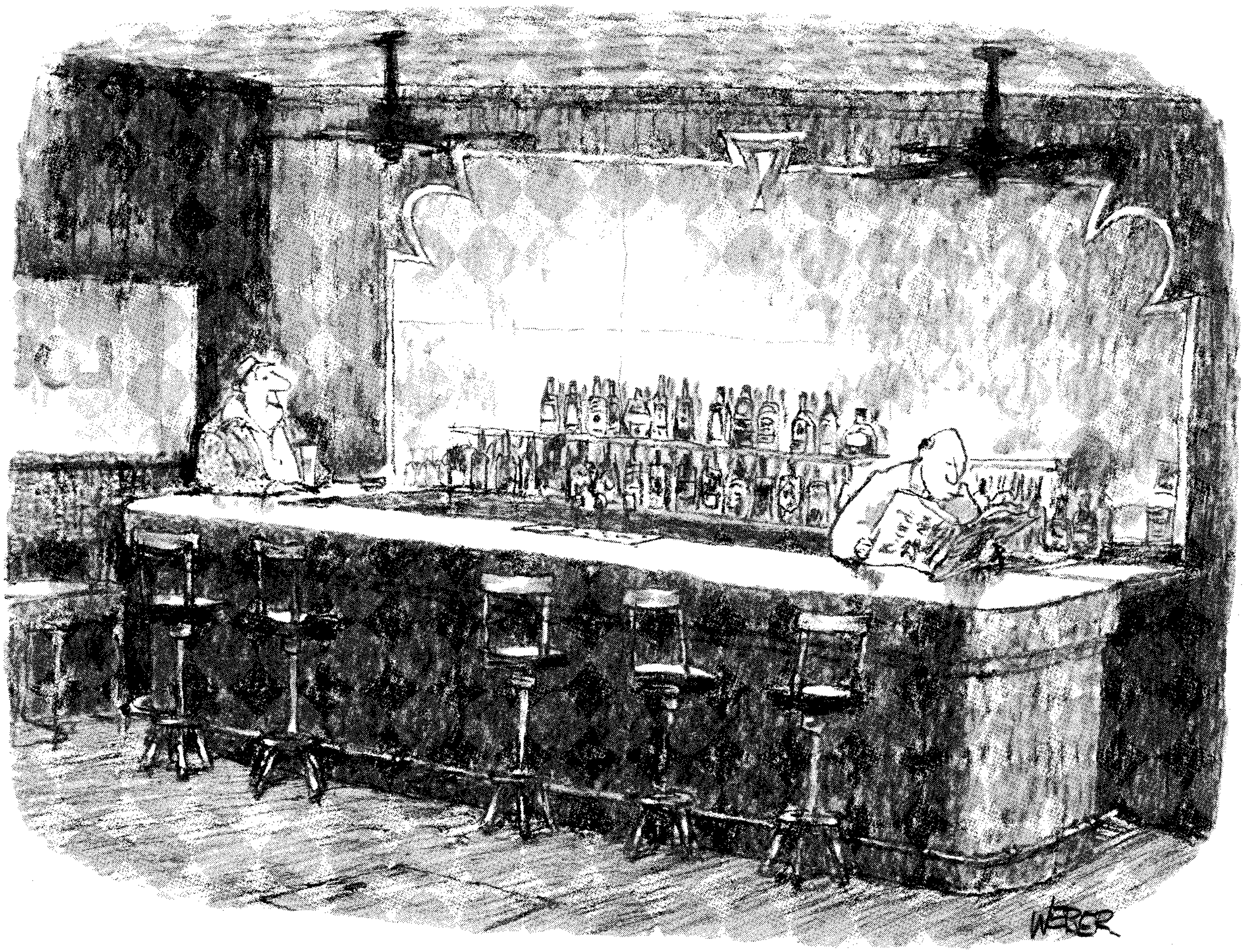
• •

I back away and wait for her to pull the car into a slot. She gets out and walks the curb as if it were a tightrope, coming toward me. "We were at the Tubes last night, me and Ray," she says, watching her feet. "You ever been there?" She shakes her head and does a little snort of distaste. "One of the great places. Really."

Out of the car, Helene's a tiny girl, easily under five feet, shaped like a bodybuilder. She says, "Ray's kind of a polecat. I don't meet many men that aren't, know what I mean? All of you got some polecat in you." She smiles at me as if she's pleased about that, then looks up ahead of us. "You live in here?"

"Yes, Ma'am," I say.

She flips open the purse she's carry-



"You know, a Bobby Short could do wonders for this place."

• •

ing and pulls out a business card, which she hands to me, holding it between the tips of her first two fingers. "This is me," she says.

The card says "SMALL PLEASURES," in chiselled-looking type, and underneath there's a printed signature—"Helene," in red—and a telephone number. I read the card, then hold it close to look at the signature. "This looks real," I say. "The signature part, I mean."

She reaches out and pats my hip. "It's a store, boyo. My own private store. Things for women." She smiles playfully. "Well, so maybe it's not only a store."

I do a little wave with the card as we go up the steps to my apartment.

"I almost called it No Man's Land," she says over her shoulder. She pops the door and it opens, and she turns around and grins at me. "But we gotta be careful."

Tracy has the chickens on top of the stove. "So what do we do with these?" she says as we come in.

"Eat 'em," Ray says. He grabs Helene and lifts her up, high, in the air, then puts her down by the window in the living room. "Hey!" he says, pointing out the window. "A possum just went by out here. Hey! Did anybody see it?"

THE dinner is quiet and quick. Helene has to have the single-volume Columbia Encyclopedia to sit on so she can reach the table. Tracy finishes first and moves to the brown recliner across the room, staring at the TV. Ray's watching Helene and, at the same time, talking about a hot-rod Chevrolet he persuaded his father to buy in 1957. He raced this car a lot, made his high-school reputation with it.

"This one kid used to call me Rhinestone Ray," he says. "His mother bought him a Thunderbird. He hated my guts and figured this was his chance, so one night we went out and he did a triple flip into an A & W Root Beer place and I ended up going sideways across a four-lane highway, staring at headlights. Nobody was killed, but he lost a hand in the windshield. I went to see him in the hospital a couple of days later."

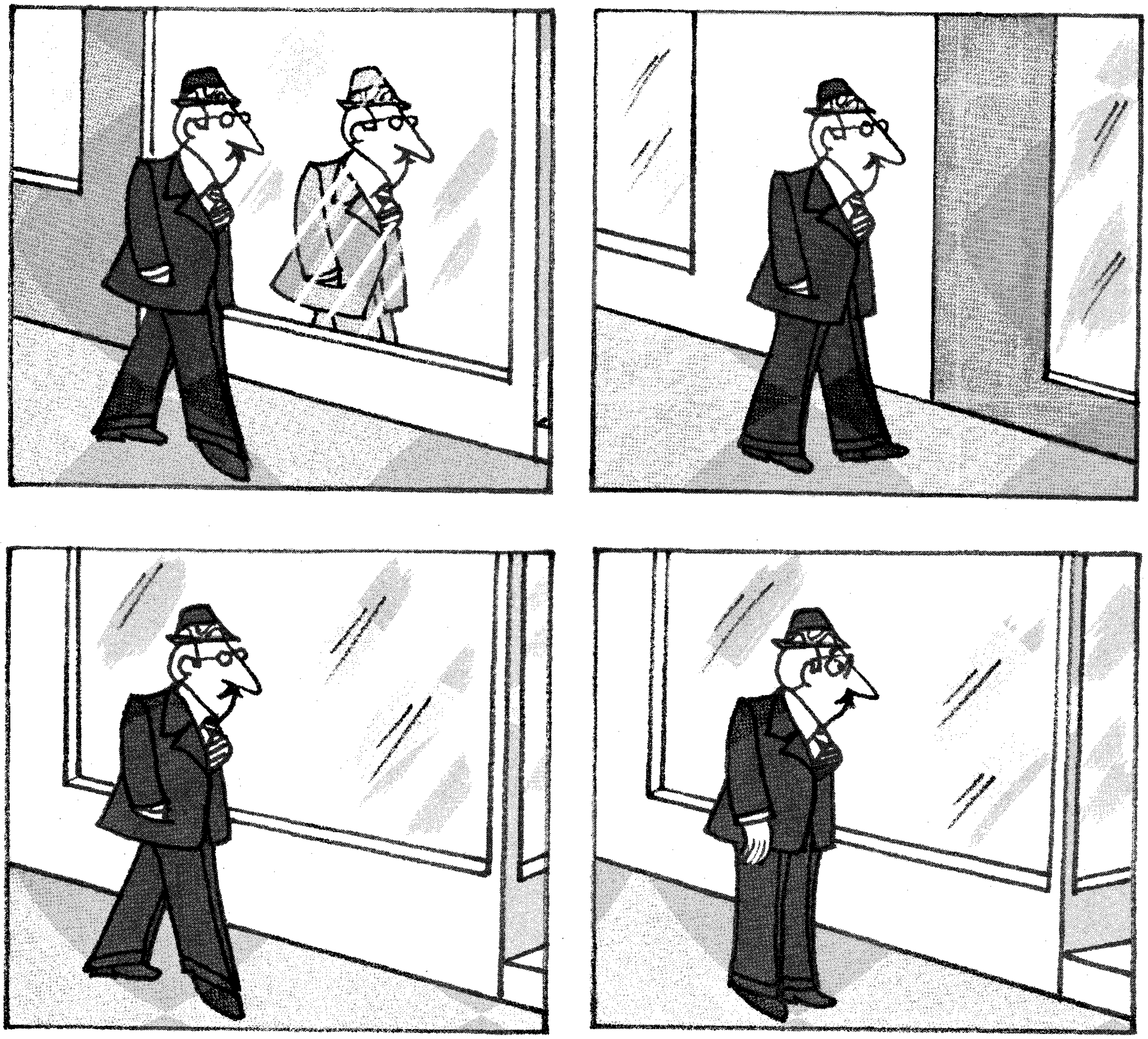
"This happened twenty-five years ago," Helene says. "Just to put things into perspective."

"He said he thought maybe I'd jumped the flag," Ray says, softly thumping the table with his forearm. He waits a minute, then says, "I don't know why they bought that Chevy. I mean, it was *fast*."

Ray fidgets with his glass, then turns to look over his shoulder at Tracy. "What're you up to? You're either out the door like a shot or you're sitting around staring at things."

"I'm rolfing my feet," she says. "I figure it's time to rediscover the seventies."

"Didn't we do that already?" He



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lifts his glass and wags it at her. "Hand me some ice, O.K.?"

Tracy gives him a look that means she'll do it but he's a jerk for asking, then comes to get the glass. He watches her go into the kitchen.

"Short legs," he says. "No way around it. Give her another couple of inches and her whole life'd be different. The teeth you fix, but you file the legs."

"You're cute," Tracy says from behind the open freezer-compartment door. She looks at me and says, "He *gets this way after dinner.*"

"I can testify to that," Helene says.

I nod, as if I know it too.

Ray is drawing circles on the wood-veneer tabletop. "Two nights ago, I take Tracy to dinner at this steak place we always go to, and we're sitting there and this guy I knew ten years ago, a guy named Stewart, slips up behind her and starts mouthing her neck. I'm not kidding—the guy's making a mess. You figure she's going to jump or something, right? Not this one. She leans into it."

Tracy is in the kitchen doorway, listening. She's got Ray's ice ready. "I liked him," she says.

"He's greasy," Ray says. "But it's 'Miami Vice' grease, so it's O.K."

"Ray's afraid of 'Miami Vice,'" Tracy says, slipping his glass in front of him. "He says it devalues light, whatever that *means.*"

Ray pours beer into the glass. "It means the guys are anchovies, the pictures, the music—it's the Anchovy Show."

"I don't agree," Helene says. "Besides, anchovies have certain desirable aspects."

"Like what?"

"Like they're silver, and if you want to you can slice them up into little tiny pieces," she says.

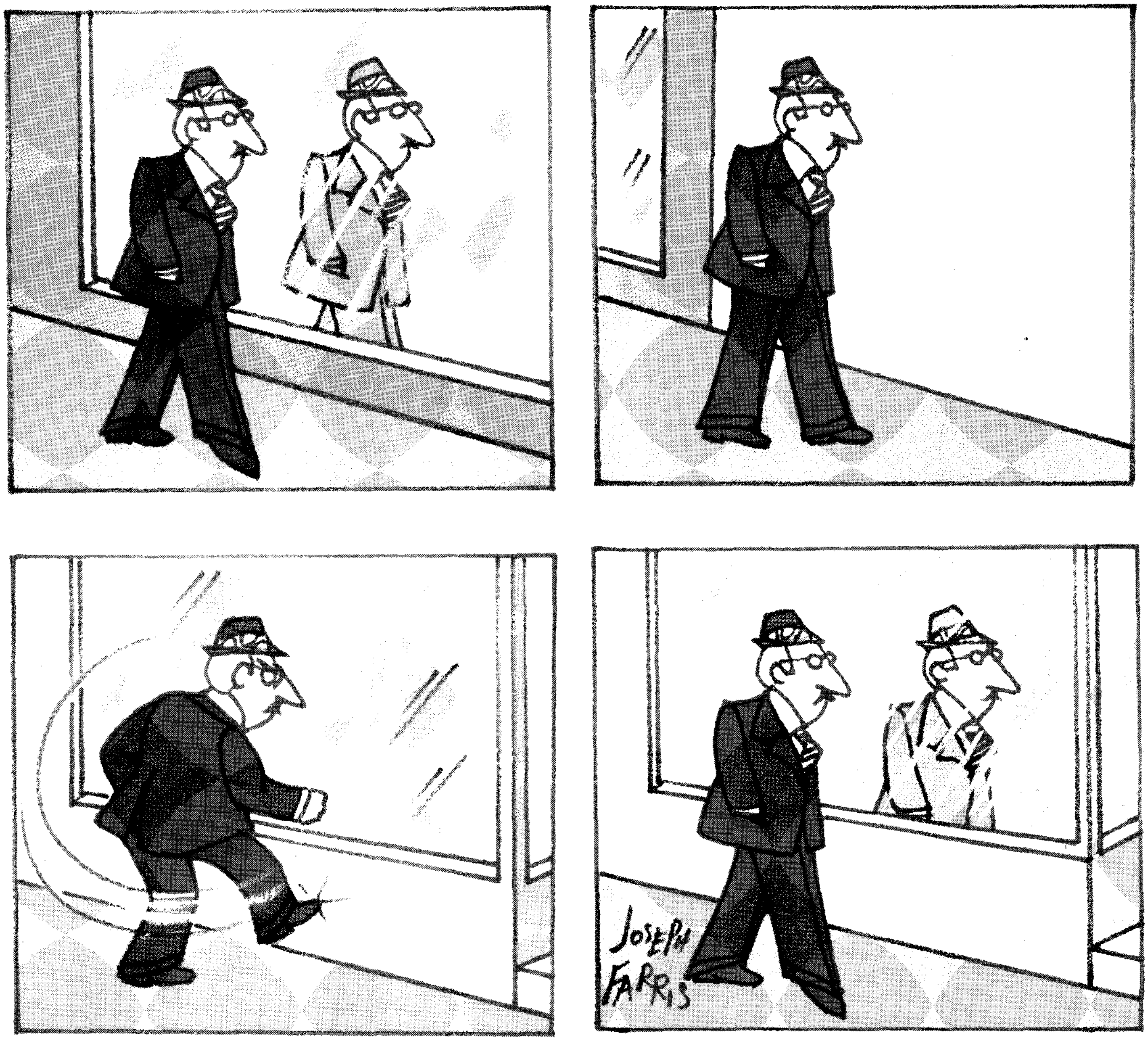
"I think it's silly to be afraid of a TV show," Tracy says.

"He wants to love it," Helene says. "You like the 'Blade Runner' guy, don't you, Ray? He's on there. The gum-wrapper guy?"

"Yes," Ray says. He takes a drink, then fills the glass again. "I hate being on this side of the argument. I'll learn, O.K.? But first I'm going to finish this *story. Please?*" *He turns to me.* "So this guy at the steak place likes Tracy. Guys are always poking at Tracy."

Tracy makes some can-you-stop-this gestures to Helene behind Ray's back, then retakes her seat across the room.

"Poking is central to Ray's world," Helene says.



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He gives her a steady look and continues his story. "So I watch and smile at all this kissing, then I wave, trying to get their attention." He demonstrates waving. "Stewart's got the leather jacket, the peach pants. He's probably got perfume going in there—"

"Smelled good to me," Tracy says.

Ray freezes and stares at her. She does a little curtsy, then pulls her foot into her lap and studies her toes, ignoring him.

Ray turns back to the table and pulls both thumbs over his shoulders in her direction. "See?" he says. "Just like that. She shuts me down like a garage door." He points at me. "Are you listening? I'm trying to say something here."

"I'm listening," I say.

Helene sighs. "Speed it up, will you, Butch?"

He gives her an instant smile. "So I'm out there in this restaurant jerking around like I'm dodging a fly. I mean, I might as well be alone."

Helene does some whimpering like a hurt animal, and then Tracy does it, too—there's a chorus of whimpers.

Ray waves both hands, giving up. "Thank you," he says, "I want to personally thank each and every one of you for your kindness and compassion."

"Aw," Helene says. "That's real sweet."

"It's O.K.," Tracy says to me. "The place is known for flies, fat boys—green, shiny wings and everything. They make this rattling noise when they go by you. They must go a hundred or something, hundred and twenty easy. Scale speed, I mean."

I get up and start for the kitchen. "So what happened?"

"We had dinner with him," Tracy says.

Ray puts his head down on the table. "We had dinner with him," he says. "Way to go, Tracy. Way to hit the long ball out of the park."

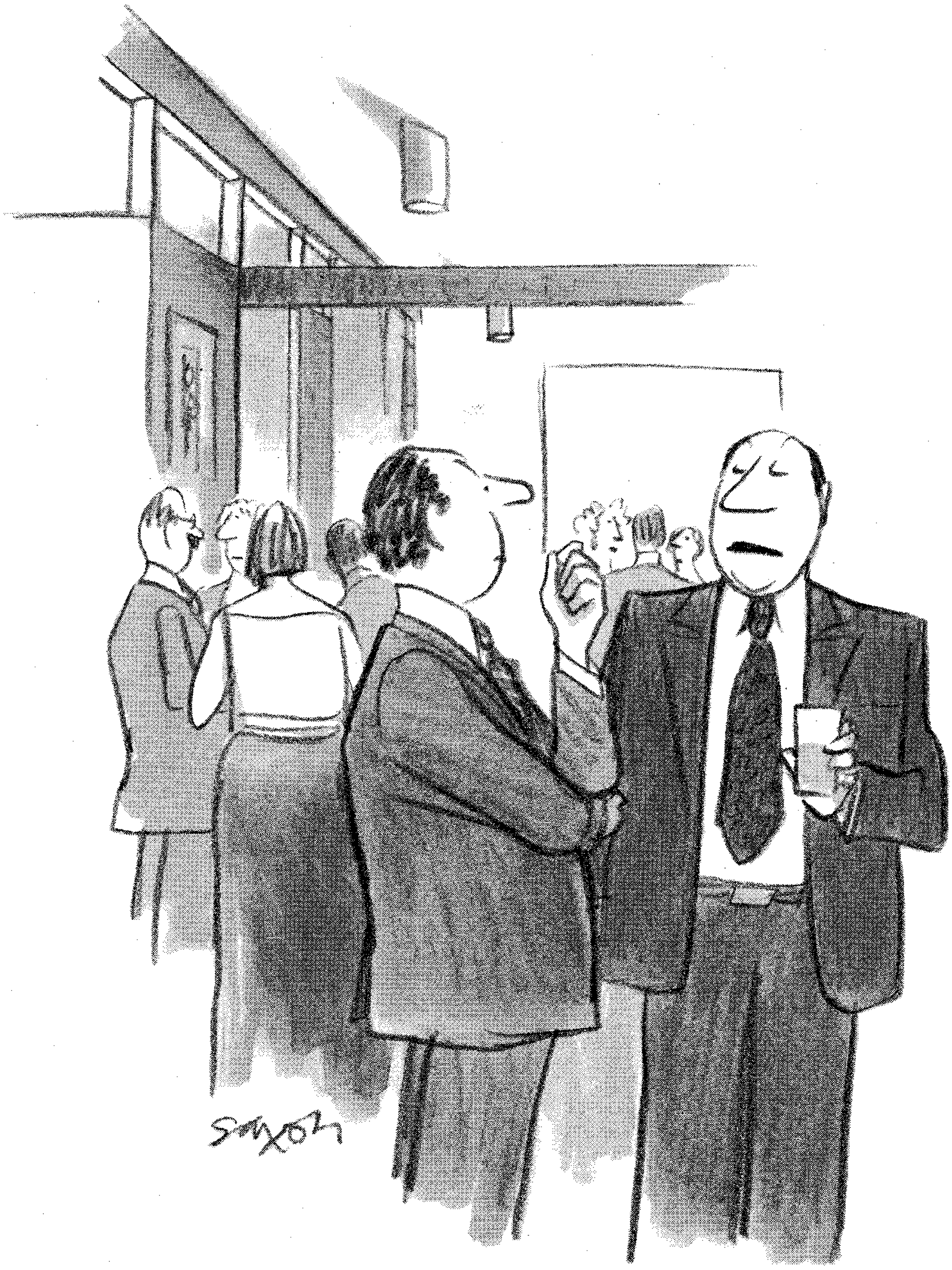
"Well? We did."

"Yes. I know. We heard all about his life. We know where he works, we know about his wife and his kids—we saw pictures, I swear to God."

"He's a med tech," Tracy says. "He works at the pathology lab. He sits there in a room the size of a Volvo putting stuff on slides. I didn't believe him until he showed me his badge. He has to wear a badge around, to show that he belongs there."

Helene says, "Is that it?"

Ray looks at her "See, she doesn't care if this guy crawls on her, but it's painful for me. I mean, I don't



"I never pause to consider anything after five o'clock."

• •

want her learning on just anybody."

"You don't want her learning," Helene says.

"That's my pal Helene," Ray says. "Casualty of the sexual revolution."

"Hey," Helene says, "I'm the big winner."

"Yeah. You and Joan of Arc."

She gets up from the table. "O.K. Time for Mr. Ray to say good night."

Tracy comes across the room and puts an arm on Ray's shoulder, standing behind him. She leans over and whispers something, then nuzzles his neck.

He looks up, pressing his head into hers, brushing her hair with his fingers, his jaw set. He gives me a wry smile.

Helene says, "Well, I, for one, had better go out and get me some dessert before I go blind."

I say, "I've got ice cream."

"That," Ray says to me, "is terrifying." He shrugs Tracy off his back and gets out of the dining chair, comes around the table, puts a hand on my shoulder and gives me a squeeze. "A fine boy." He pats my back and follows Helene to the door.

Tracy stays on her side of the table.

"What's this *blind* business?" Ray says. "I like the concept. I like the concept very much."

"Thanks," Helene says, taking a bow. "It's nothing. I do whatever is humanly possible, and if that's not good enough, why—" she pauses mid-sentence, pretending to have forgotten her thought. "Why, then I just do something else."

"Right," he says, looking in my direction.

I GO out with them. It's cool and stars are shining; the light from the full moon is like a veil on the neighbor's Pontiac, which is in my parking place again. Somebody goes by in a bright Ryder truck. There's a faint scent of gas in the air as Ray and Helene move across the lot toward her car. It takes them a minute to get started, then they roll off down the road, tail-lights burning. I watch until they make a slow left at the stop sign, then go inside.

Tracy's holding a green ceramic bowl, into which she's put the leftover chicken. She says, "We want to save this, right?"

I take the bowl and dump the chicken into the paper bag under the kitchen sink. Then I get a plastic trash bag from the closet and put the paper bag in the plastic bag. I scrape the rest of the plates into the paper bag, and put the dishes in the sink, then turn on the tap full blast and use the built-in spray nozzle to rinse the plates and glasses and the silverware. Tracy's watching me do all this. I get some paper towels and wet them, wipe the countertops and the top of the stove, then the dining table. I shake the placemats over the sink, rinse everything again, then lead her out of the kitchen, hitting the light switch as we go.

"So now we start stuff, right?" she says. She grins after she says it, reaching for one of the buttons on her shirt.

She's so beautiful. Her braces are shining. On one of her front teeth there's a tiny reflection of me and of the living room behind me. I think about touching the white down on her face. I move her hand away from the button. —FREDERICK BARTHELME

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The building and grounds committee has presented a rough estimate of $75,000 for needed repairs to the board of directors.—*Fund-raising letter from the Niagara Lutheran Home, in Buffalo.*

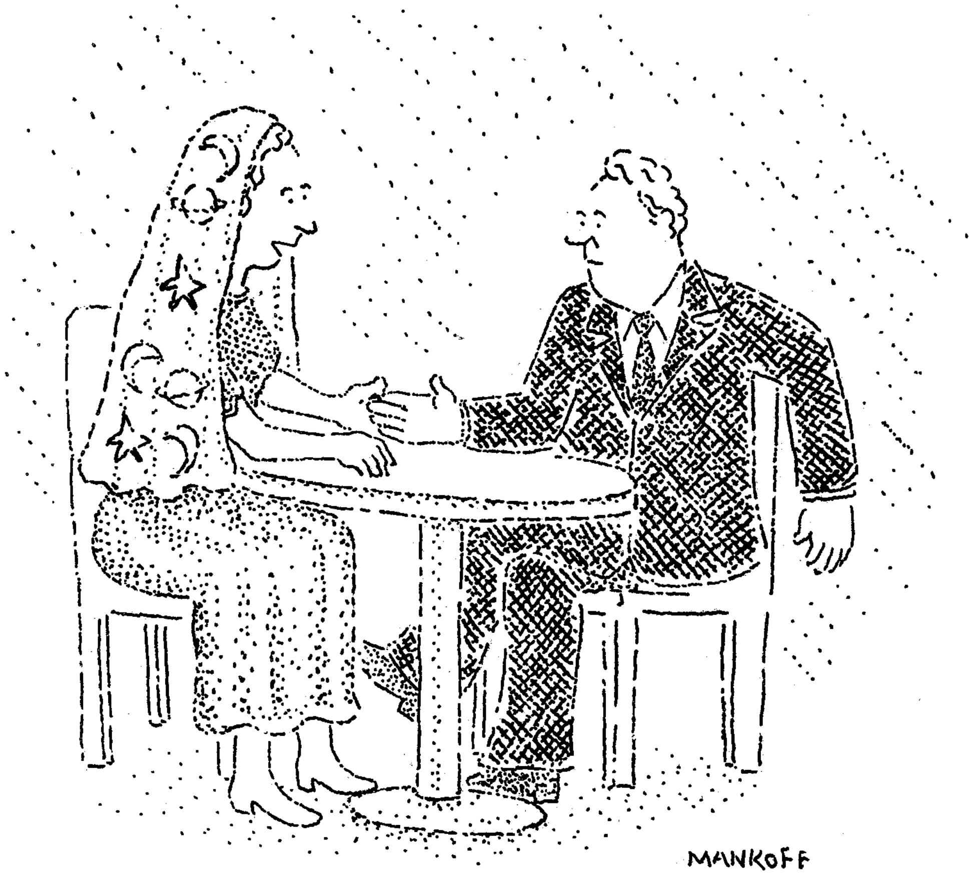
Penny wise, pound foolish.

THE SPORTING SCENE

ALFRESCO

MIDSEASON baseball is a picnic at the beach. What the experienced fan cares about just now is not so much the water sports or who is ahead in the young people's relay races but the great family chowder cooking here just above the tideline: a warm upbubbling of innumerable tasty ingredients—some hearty and reassuring, others tantalizing and sharp-flavored—which requires many anticipatory sniffings and discussions, and perhaps an icy beer or two to deepen the long afternoon. The metaphor will not be extended by references to the ominous thunderheads gathering off to the west (will they strike and spoil things?) or to the unpleasant behavior of the picnickers on the next dune. No half season in recent memory has presented so few clear conclusions or has rewarded us more generously. The standings at this writing show three muscular teams in fierce contention in the American League East (in descending order, the Blue Jays, Yankees, and—back a bit now—the Tigers), with the Orioles and the Red Sox only lately beginning to slip from reasonable hope; the California Angels ahead of a plodding pack in the A.L. West; the Padres and Dodgers shoving and shouldering past each other by turns at the top of the National League West; and four attractive competitors (the Cardinals, Mets, Expos, and Cubs) having at each other, often in astounding fashion, in the excellent N.L. East, with the Cubs now falling a bit to the rear. Of the teams mentioned, one would rank the Cardinals as the most surprising and the Angels the least explicable; the Padres, although too far away to be often visible on my local screen or diamond, have exhibited an extended, day-to-day steadiness of play and purpose—at home or away, within their division or out of it—which suggests championship quality, but the thrilling July charges mounted by those old workhorses the Dodgers and the Yankees have thrown the issue very much in doubt in their demi-leagues. But nothing seems fixed or certain in this summer of 1985 except the certainty of surprise; winning streaks and losing streaks have turned up like summer lightning, exciting or scaring the citizenry and leaving the nearby landscape with an abruptly altered look and feeling. The Minnesota Twins lost nine games in a row and then won ten in a row in the early going; then they *lost* ten in a row. The Toronto Blue Jays, six and a half games in front of their bunch by the first week in June, helpfully dropped six straight games, while the Red Sox, more or less at the same time, suddenly turned savage and won six straight; neither performance proved characteristic. (Bobby Cox, the Toronto manager, ended his team's downturn by managing a Blue Jays game from a seat in the visiting-team bullpen in Milwaukee—"A terrible view," he said later, "but I'd tried everything else.") The Cubs, who won so often and so vividly last summer, got in the spirit of things by losing thirteen straight in the middle of June—tying an all-time club record. Injuries to key players—particularly the drydocking of outfielders Gary Matthews and Bobby Dernier—certainly had a part in the slide; both subsequently returned to action, but the team, one senses, is still convalescing from that seizure. I have consulted a good many front-office and dugout and press-box experts in recent weeks, but no one has seemed to know quite what to make of all these zigs and zags, which I heard variously interpreted as evidence of league quality (i.e., there are so many good teams around that the slightest letdown by any of the contenders can lead to extended disaster) or, contrariwise, of galloping mediocrity everywhere (i.e., any self-respecting team should have at least one ace, or stopper, who is there to halt a serious downturn for his own nine and pour cold water on an arriving lineup of eager enemy hitters who have been on a tear). I lean toward the more cynical of these two propositions, although I am also warmed by the Gnostic explanation put forward by Fra Wade Boggs, of the Red Sox: "It's the moon."

The Mets, with a six-game and two four-game losing streaks and then a



"You are fair, compassionate, and intelligent, but you are perceived as biased, callous, and dumb."

SWITCHBLADE

Most of the past is lost,
and I'm glad mine has vanished
into blackness or space or whatever nowhere
what we feel and do goes,
but there were a few cool Sunday afternoons
when my father wasn't sick with hangover
and the air in the house wasn't foul with anger
and the best china had been cleared after the week's best meal
so he could place on the table his violins
to polish with their special cloth and oil.
Three violins he'd arrange
side by side in their velvet-lined cases
with enough room between for the lids to lie open.
They looked like children in coffins,
three infant sisters whose hearts had stopped for no reason,
but after he rubbed up their scrolls and waists
along the lines of the grain to the highest sheen,
they took on the knowing posture of women in silk gowns
in magazine ads for big cars and ocean voyages,
and, as if a violin were a car in storage
that needed a spin around the block every so often,
for fifteen minutes he would play each one—
though not until each horsehair bow was precisely tightened
and coated with rosin, and we had undergone an eon of tuning.
When he played no one was allowed to speak to him.
He seemed to see something drastic across the room
or feel it through his handkerchief padding the chinboard.
So we'd hop in front of him waving or making pig-noses
the way kids do to guards at Buckingham Palace,
and after he finished playing and had returned to himself
he'd softly curse the idiocy of his children
beneath my mother's voice yelling to him from the kitchen
That was beautiful, Paul, play it again.

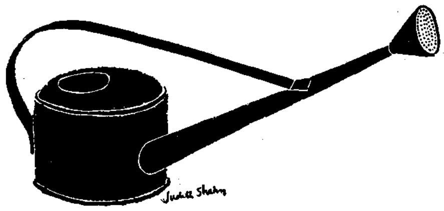
He never did, and I always hoped he wouldn't,
because the whole time I was waiting for his switchblade
to appear, and the new stories he'd tell me
for the scar thin as a seam
up the white underside of his forearm,
for the chunks of proud flesh on his back and belly,
scarlet souvenirs of East St. Louis dance halls in the twenties,
cornered in men's rooms, ganged in blind alleys,
always slashing out alone with this knife.
First the violins had to be snug again
inside their black cases
for who knew how many months or years or lifetimes;
then he had to pretend to have forgotten
why I was sitting there wide-eyed across from him
long after my sister and brother had gone off with friends.
Every time, as if only an afterthought,
he'd sneak into his pocket and ease the switchblade
onto the bare table between us,
its thumb-button jutting from the pearl-and-silver plating
like the eye of some sleek prehistoric fish.
I must have known it wouldn't come to life
and slither toward me by itself,
but when he'd finally nod to me to take it
its touch was still warm with his body heat
and I could feel the blade inside aching
to flash open with the terrible click
that sounds now like just a *tsk* of disappointment,
it has become so sweet and quiet.

—MICHAEL RYAN

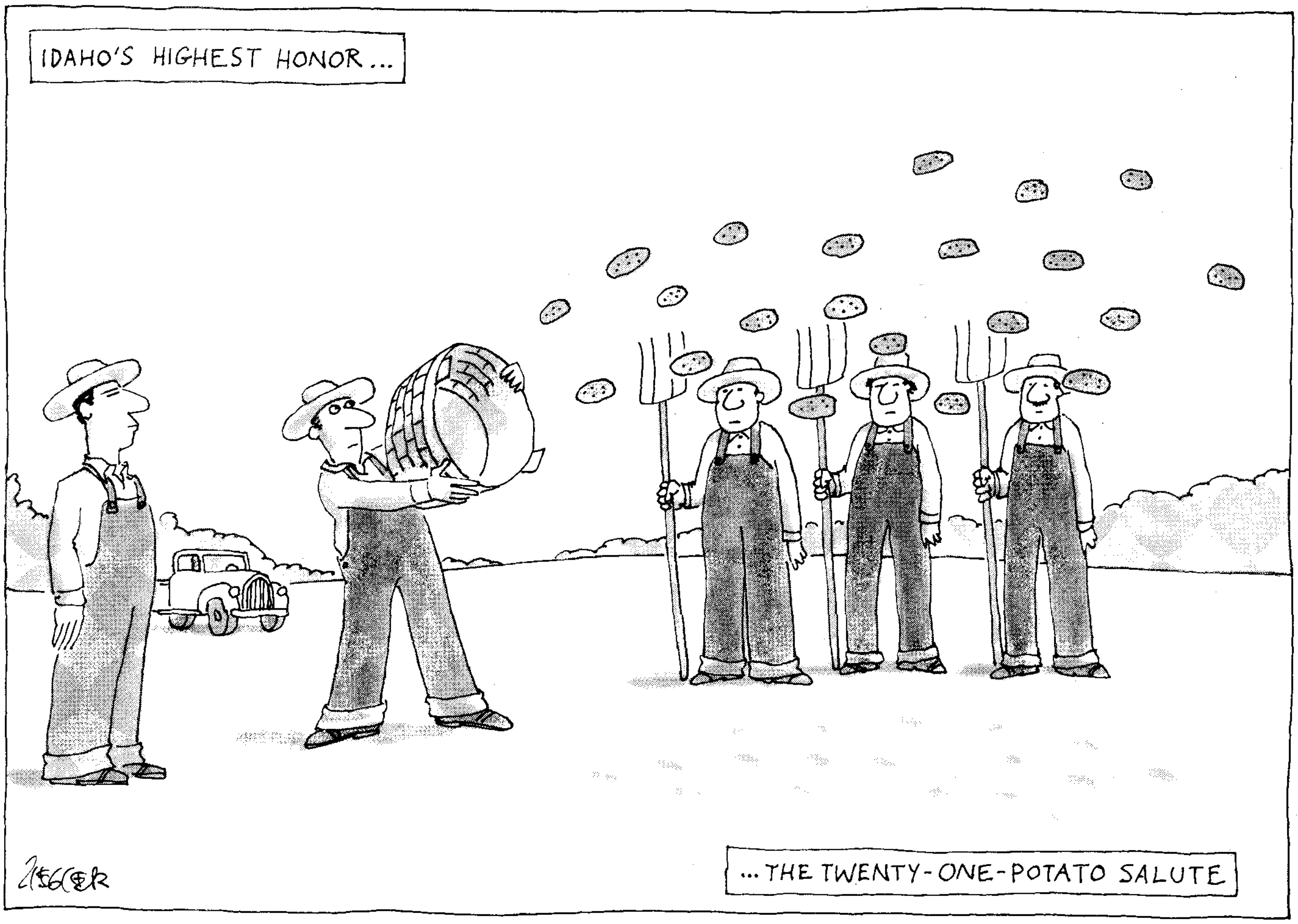
• •

league-high winning spurt of nine straight to their credit so far, have looked as loony as anyone. Loonier. On June 11th, in Philadelphia, they lost to the Phillies by 26–7. The winners' total was the largest number of runs scored by a National League club in forty-one years. Von Hayes, the Philadelphia lead-off man, hit two homers in the first inning, the second one a grand slam, as the Phillies, who had scored twenty-five runs in their previous nine games, put sixteen on the board in their first two turns at bat. And so on—on, perhaps, to the rain-interrupted Mets-Braves game in Atlanta on July Fourth, which was settled at 3:55 A.M., with the Mets on top by 16–13, after nineteen innings; almost everybody (including fourteen pitchers) got to play—which is what one likes to see in these holiday pick-up affairs—and the postgame fireworks began right on the dot of 4:01 A.M. I partook of this encounter at home, and turned off my set well after midnight, after watching the Mets bullpen blow a three-run lead in the bottom of the eighth inning: a decision rivalling Plessy v. Ferguson in its wisdom and foresight.

A season of this jumbly sort does not yield to summary or invite extended speculations about the multiple off-the-field issues and crises that continue to afflict the pastime, and neither will be offered here. Like many other fans this summer, I have been going out to the park more often than has been my early custom (attendance is up by seven per cent over 1983's banner total and, if we are given an uninterrupted season, seems certain to exceed a total of fifty million for the first time ever), and I can hardly wait to get back there again. If the players and owners cannot resolve their money troubles and a strike does come, as appears more likely every day, it will break all records for unpopularity, but the crucial stats here—for fatuity and moneyed obtuseness—are harder to come by. What follows, in any case, is a seining of the notes and scorecards and clips and moments that I kept during a couple of busy weeks at the old ball game.



I WAS there at Shea Stadium when Ron Darling, the best right-handed part-Chinese Yale history major among the Mets starters, shut out the Cubs, 2–0, in the opener of a spirited four-game set in the middle of June. It was the first meeting of the year between the two clubs, and forty-two thousand of us turned out for the fun and angst. Darling's opposite was Rick Sutcliffe, the bearded, six-foot-seven Chicago right-hander, who beat the Mets three times last year in the course of his dazzling 16–1 Cy Young summer and seemed to personify his team's absolute dominance over the young Gotham nine after midseason in 1984. Both squads on hand this time



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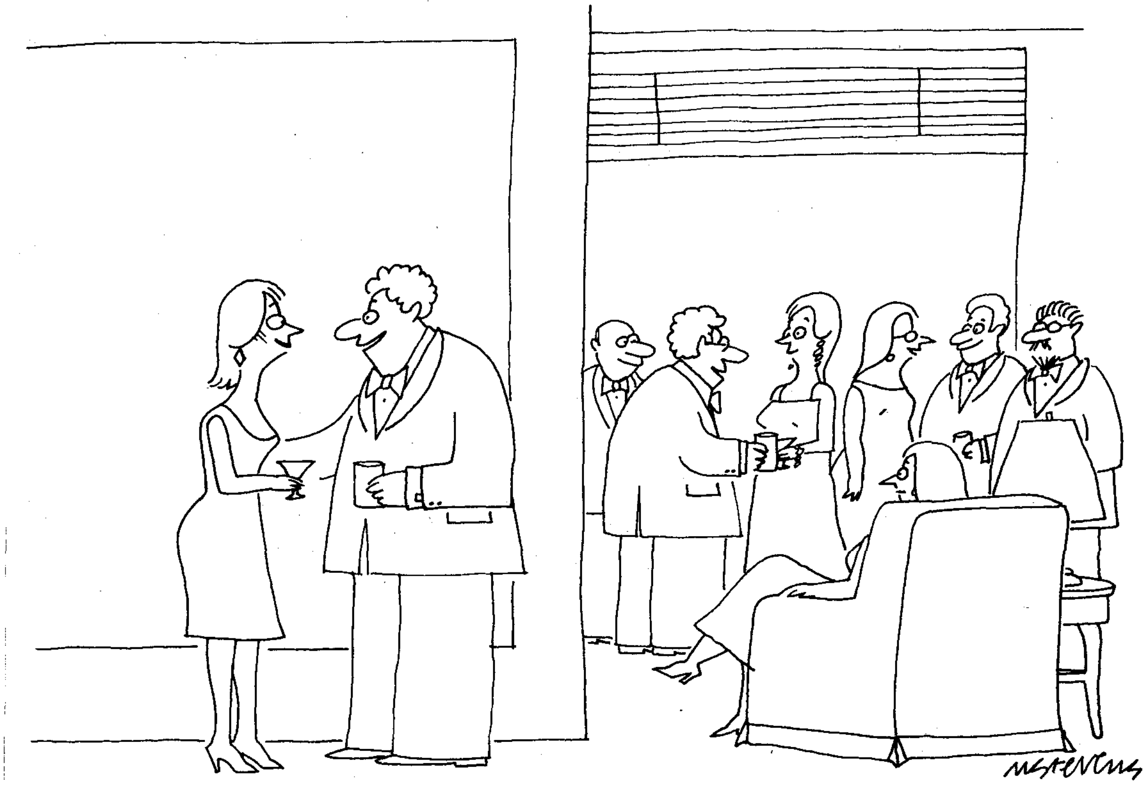
looked a bit frayed, thanks to many recent injuries and losses, and the series, which had lately seemed certain to be fought around the parapets of first place, turned out to be for second and fourth. No matter. There was enough intransigency and mutual dislike on view to hold our attention, with Darling spilling the red-hot Leon Durham with an inside pitch in the second, and Sutcliffe, in a responsive reading, nailing Clint Hurdle in the neck (after two outs: Cy Young pitchers are no dummies) in the bottom half. It seemed to me that Sutcliffe, who had just returned to action after a hamstring pull, was a mite below his best out there, but there was nothing easy or offhand about the Mets' win, with their runs coming on a fourth-inning solo homer by Gary Carter and a fifth-inning double by Danny Heep, which scored the hastening Wally Backman all the way from first. An inning or two later, with matters still at 2–0, Frank Cashen, the Mets general manager, paused by my chair in the press box and murmured, "Typical game for us—right? Another laugher." He wasn't laughing. The Mets, who were then batting a team .230, have been starving for runs all year, and pulling for them has sometimes seemed like rooting for low-cost housing or a higher literacy rate: a good cause but not much fun.

Darling, who went the full nine, repeatedly ran up high counts (or "deep" counts, in the current cant) on the batters, but I noticed that he was often able to deliver his breaking pitches for strikes in such straits, and that he threw first-pitch strikes when defending a lead in the late innings—certifying marks of the arrived, professional moundsman. Now in his second full season as a starter, Darling has put aside some of the reflective self-doubt that he sometimes displayed on the mound when things weren't quite going his way (the rap against him, which I used to hear even in his own clubhouse, was always that he might be "too smart" to be an effective big-league pitcher), and his postgame interviews are less winsome as well. "In the past, I've let walks bother me, but I'm a better pitcher now," he said. "It's a natural evolution—I'd worry about myself if I wasn't."

In the next game, Ed Lynch, a bean-pole right-hander, gave up a run to the Cubs in the very first stanza and then shut them down with six lonely singles for the rest of the evening, as the Mets took it by 5–1. Lynch is a middle-level pitcher who had won a spot in the Mets rotation this year because of injuries and insufficiencies elsewhere on the staff, but he is workmanlike in the extreme. "I'm the opposite side of the coin to Dwight Gooden and Ronnie Darling," he said when he was done. "I'm a control pitcher, not a power pitcher. I don't walk anybody and I don't try to strike out batters. I throw to the inside half or the outside half of the plate, and I keep the ball low. I work fast and a lot of my pitches get hit right at somebody in the infield, so I have to count on good defense." Manager Davey Johnson, citing Mike Cuellar and Pat Dobson, unfrightening worthies who were teammates of his on the great Oriole teams of the nineteen-seventies, told us that he had nothing at all



"Now, you wait right here while I go ask my wife for a divorce."

• •

against eighty-mile-an-hour pitchers who got the job done. "I like guys who don't walk guys," he said.

The Mets' win had been against the Cubs' experienced left-handed sinkerball pitcher Steve Trout, and Johnson pointed out that his hitters had helped their cause by putting the lead-off batter aboard in so many innings. "You want somebody on base against a left-hander, so that you can bring up your good left-handed hitters and still have some pressure on him," he said—and when I worked up my scorecard, later that evening, I saw again and better understood that it was Keith Hernandez' little single, muscled through to the left side, with two out and two on, that had broken the game open in the fifth.

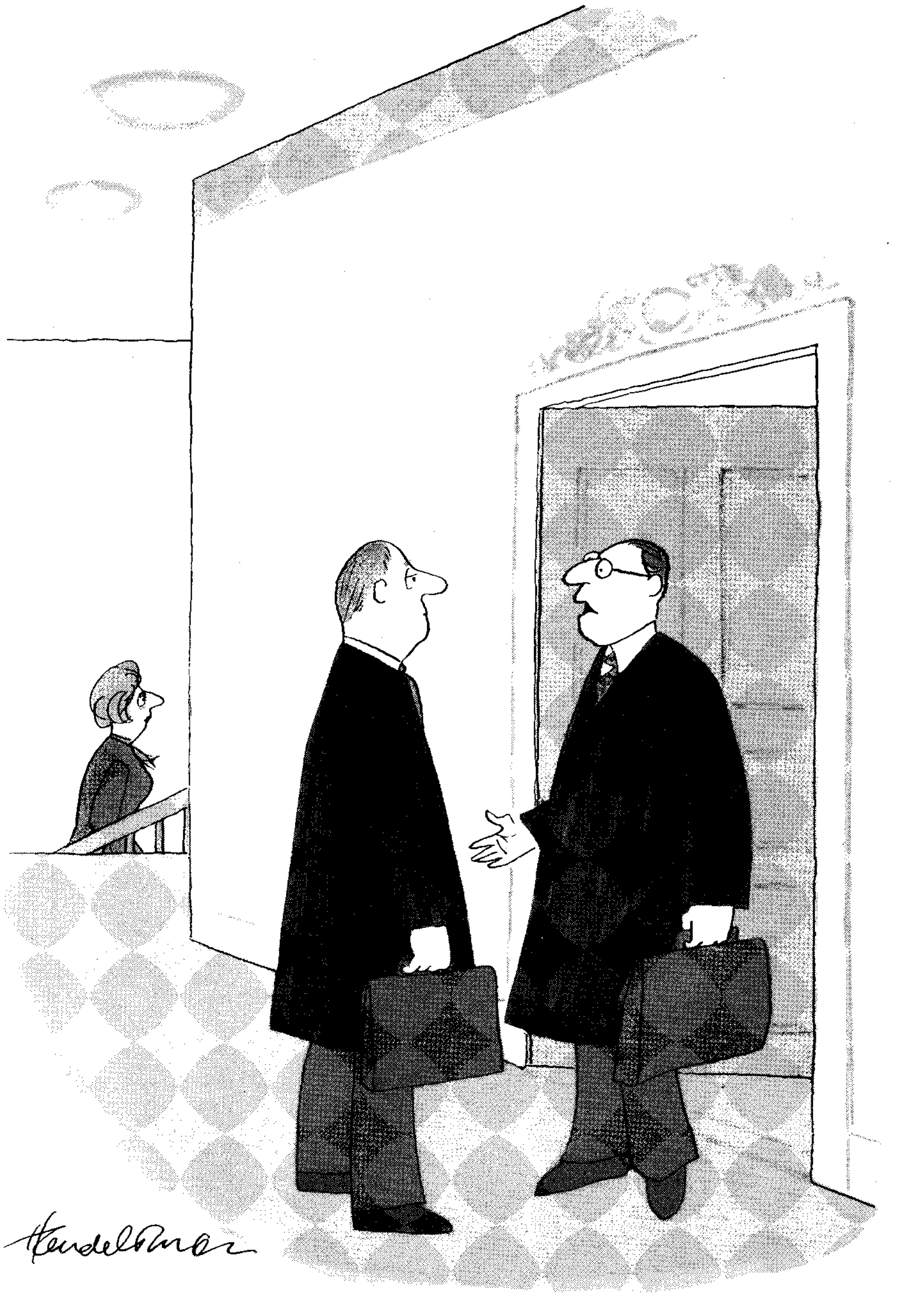
It was Gooden-time the next night—a 1–0, nine-strikeout gem, which ran his record to 10–3—and no lessons to be learned, for once, except the unanswerable logic of overpowering stuff. I missed the game, being caught up in the social ramble (in Satchel Paige's phrase), but found time now and then to tiptoe away to a television set in the next room and there await the next Gooden high heater or glimpse another leaning, distraught batter punched out with the unfair curveball. In some ways, I have decided, it's almost better to catch Gooden on the tube, where the slow-motion replay can show us the real dimensions of these chronic mismatches. Something was clearly wrong with the Cubbies (the Gooden whitewashing was their eighth loss in a row), and I even felt a few unfamiliar pangs of compassion the next afternoon as I sat in the sunshine, in company with my teen-age son, and we joined thirty-seven thousand Mets-roarers in their noncompassionate bayings ("Sweep! *Sweeeep!*") as the good guys won again, 5–3, and the series concluded with the Mets suddenly a bare half game behind the Expos at the upper end of the standings. The Mets pitcher this time was Sid Fernandez, a thick-bodied left-hander who hides the ball behind his shoulder and then delivers it with an awkward-looking sudden lurch and arm-snap. He reminds you of somebody jumping out of a closet. The mannerism is effective but tiring, and I was in perfect agreement with Davey Johnson when he brought on Roger McDowell in relief after six innings, by which time Fernandez had already set down ten batters on strikes. The crowd was almost as much of a story as the game—the attendance total of 172,292, achieved without benefit of a promotion or weekend date, was the largest four-game turnout in club history—and we in the stands comported ourselves with exuberant and proprietary disbelief. With the Mets behind by 1–0 in the third inning, George Foster came up to bat with two out and the bases loaded, and was greeted with considerable unoptimism by the experienced fans in my sector of the mezzanine. "You're a thief, George!" a man just off to my left announced. "You're stealing the money! Sit down, George—you're gonna strike out again!" I disapprove of financial references in these public debates (Foster is paid about two million dollars per year by the Mets), but I have so often seen Foster wave harmlessly at strike three or rap a mighty four-bounce grounder to the shortstop under these circumstances that I recognized these sounds as the cries of a true Metsevik. This time, Foster took a strike and hit a low, hard line drive that ate its way hurriedly through the mild summer air and disappeared behind the right-center-field fence, for a grand slam. The ensuing noise and emotion were predictable, but loudest, I think, there in the forward rows of Section 501, where we had all turned to scream happily at Foster's recent tormentor—who was on his feet like the rest of us, with an enormous, unrepentant grin on his face. He'd got what he wanted.

I HAVEN'T seen Pete Rose in a game yet this year, but I will, I will. As most residents of our nebula must know by now, Pete is very near to Ty Cobb's once unapproachable lifetime mark of 4,191 base hits. At this writing, he is thirty hits short of that famous goal and closing fast, but, strangely enough, the daily "Rose Watch" box, which has been a sports-page stuffer for more than a year now, has almost obscured the sort of season Pete has been having. Playing first base for the Cincinnati Reds and benching himself every fourth or fifth game, usually when there is a left-handed pitcher going for the other side (he is the Reds manager, too, of course), he has kept his average close to .280 for most of the year; in spite of a recent and perhaps predictable slump, he is tied for third in the National League in on-base percentage. He is officially forty-four (but possibly forty-six) years old, and plans to go right on playing and batting once the Cobb plateau is reached—perhaps for another two years, perhaps more. His interviews are all line drives; they take your breath away. Explaining to one reporter (Mike Sheridan, of *Baseball Bulletin*) why the new record would not tempt him to ease up, he said, "Say you get to interview the one person you've always wanted to interview. Does that mean you stop writing?" He concluded a talk with Peter Gammons in the Boston *Globe* (one of the most entertaining lectures on hitting I've come across) this way: "Sure [Cobb's record] is great. It won't make me the greatest hitter who ever lived: it will make me the man who had the most hits. But the statistic I'm most proud of is that I've played in more winning games than any man on earth."

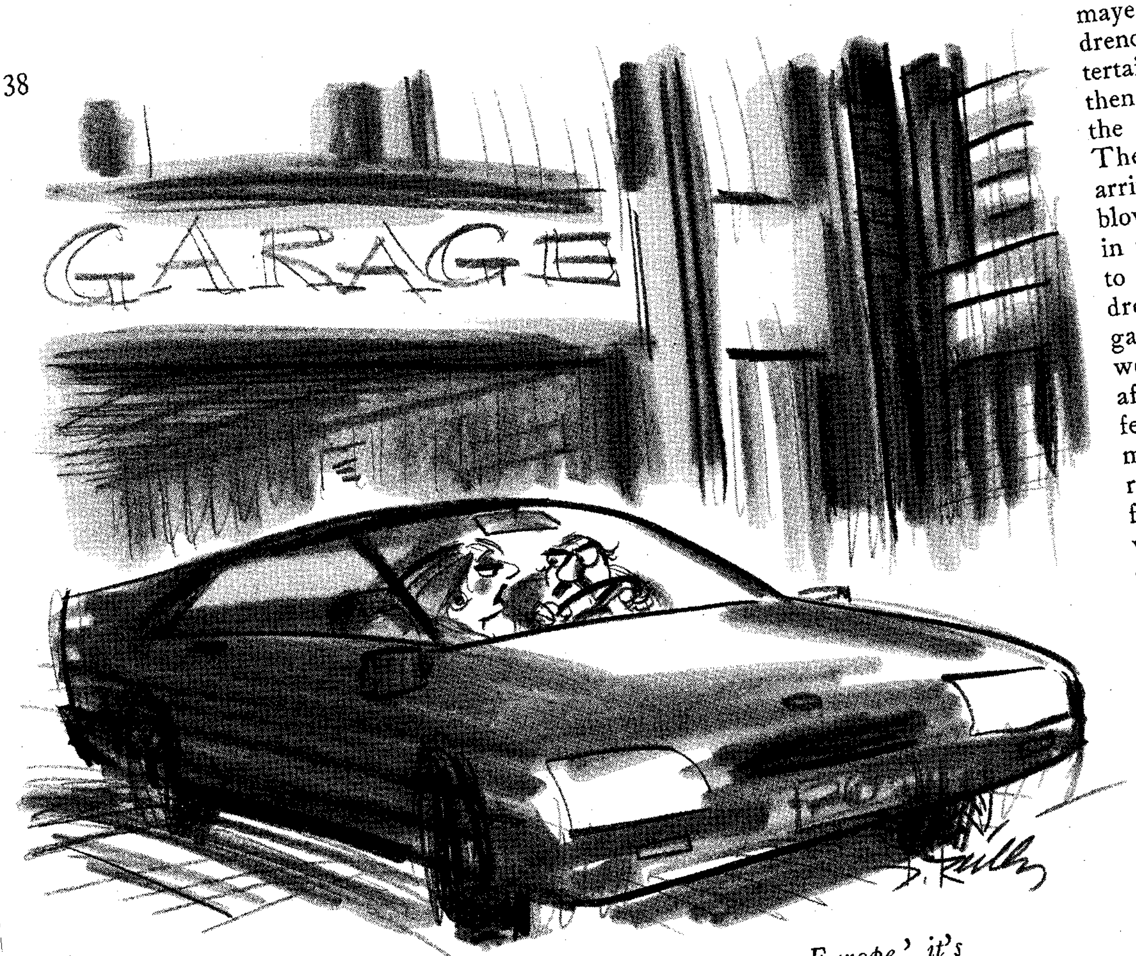
There will be an enormous dissection of the Cobb-Rose numbers when Pete Day arrives—perhaps early in September—but the only way I can make such figures come alive in my imagination is by comparing them with the lifetime statistics put together by some other distinguished and durable batsmen. Thinking about this the other day, I went to the record books and looked up the first two famous hitters who came to mind—Charlie Gehringer and Rod Carew. Gehringer, a Hall of Famer, played second base for the Tigers from 1924 to 1942, for sixteen of those nineteen years as a full-season regular, and batted a lifetime .320. He had seven two-hundred-hit seasons, and finished up with 2,839 hits, which still leaves him 1,352 short of the Cobb total. If we employ in the equation his average number of at-bats per year over those sixteen best seasons and assume that he continued to hit at that same robust .320 clip, we find that he would have had to continue to play for just a bit less than *eight* additional years in order to catch up. Rod Carew, who will be forty this year, is in his nineteenth season and holds a lifetime .330 batting mark—the best of our time. If we overlook his 1985 work to date (he is batting a sub-par .262 for the Angels) and permit him to begin the year over again, he would do so with 1,262 fewer hits than Cobb, which means that he would have to sustain that same splendid .330 average into September of 1992 in order to draw even. There is just no comparison—except with Pete.

Cobb compiled his total over a span of twenty-four years, from 1905 to 1928 (he played for the Athletics in his final two seasons, and for the Tigers, of course, before that), but in fewer games; for one thing, seasons were a bit shorter then. For another, Cobb's lifetime batting average of .367 stands at the top of all the lists—he was the best batter the game has ever seen—while Rose came into this season, his twenty-third, with a lifetime .305. He has had to work a lot harder to get where he is today, then—he has twenty-two hundred more at-bats so far than Cobb—but hard work has been what he is all about. One can only begin to guess how many parents and music teachers and camp counselors must be using his name these days, in repellent, exhortatory fashion, to languid feeders, reluctant scales-players, or wimpy canoeists: "C'mon! Let's see some Pete Rose, there, fella!" He is in the language now.

Players and managers think about Rose just as much as the fans and the writers do. One day in June, Cub manager Jim Frey told a few of us about the awe with which Pete's team-



"You would rather let a guilty man go free than punish an innocent one? How do you figure that?"



"When you say, 'I'm just back from Europe,' it's tacky to add, 'On the Concorde.'"

mates look upon his energy and furious dedication. Frey, who was once a coach with the Orioles, recalled a story that Terry Crowley told about Rose when Crowley (an outfielder, and prime left-handed pinch-hitter and designated hitter) returned to Baltimore in the mid-seventies, after a brief stint with the Reds, where Rose was already an established star. The Reds, in Crowley's account, were flying home to Cincinnati one night after an extended and exhausting road trip; it was after one o'clock in the morning, and the players who weren't asleep in their seats were dozily thinking about their coming day off—the first break in the Cincinnati schedule in weeks. Just before the plane landed, Rose came up the aisle and woke up Terry Crowley and his seatmate, Merv Rettenmund (likewise a good-hitting ex-Oriole outfielder, albeit a righty). "Listen," Rose said urgently. "How would you each like to earn an extra hundred bucks? I need a couple of guys to throw about a half hour each of batting practice to me tomorrow morning. Can you be at the park by ten o'clock?"

Frey pointed out that Rose, who is a switch hitter, wanted to bat against both a left- and a right-hander. "Probably it was *more* than half an hour for them, the way Petey goes," he said, shaking his head. "Crowley couldn't get over it. The man is slightly amazing."

I HAD planned to take in Cubs-Mets Part II, scheduled to open at Wrigley Field the following week, but a sudden, Bambi-sweet inner wish not to observe the further sufferings of the Cubs prompted me to cancel—a mistake, of course. The Cubs, after experiencing another painful house call from Doctor K in the opener (Gooden's eleventh win of the year, and the Cubs' thirteenth straight loss), turned on their oppressors and won the two remaining games in more characteristic fashion, rapping five home runs along the way. I went instead to Toronto, where the first-place Blue Jays and the visiting third-place Red Sox staged a running three-day burleycue that alternately bemused, dismayed, piqued, bored, drenched, inflamed, entertained, and (now and then, a *little*) rewarded the frazzled onlookers. The night before my arrival, the Bosox had blown a four-run lead in the process of losing to the Jays by 6–5, to drop four and a half games back (the Tigers were in second), and after observing but a few innings' worth of my old favorites' current style of play I knew for a certainty that this would be another dry summer in New England. The Bosox starter, the left-hander Bruce Hurst, and his mates gave us a thoughtfully illustrated progressive demonstration of the many ways in which a ballgame may be lost: here a misplayed outfield fly, there a hit batsman, now a gift stolen base for the opposing team, now (heigh-ho!) another, *now* a baserunning botchup for us, then a delightfully amateurish sandlot peg from the outfield, and—oh, yes—here's a *wild pitch!* and soon thereafter (note the difference, please) a passed ball, and so on, ad infinitum, or, rather, *ad* 7–2 Toronto, which seemed very much the same thing. During the evening, I came to know and perfectly understand some previously challenging and difficult-looking baseball data: how Mr. Hurst could have won but four of his last twenty-six outings (a bare month later, however, he had amazingly reversed his form and fortunes, running off five consecutive victories as a Bosox starter); how Hurst's successor on the mound, Mr. Mark Clear, could have recently permitted fifty-three consecutive stolen bases by enemy base runners (including two by the now retired tank car Greg Luzinski); and who will lead the league once Bill James, the Pythagoras of baseball theoreticians, devises a best-hitter/worst-base-runner formula: Bill Buckner, by a mile. All this, of course, is most unfair to the home-team Blue Jays, who took these many gifts with modest good grace and sometimes

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showed us the brighter aspect of the pastime as well. Jimmy Key—a brisk, poised young left-hander—threw a tidy five-hitter; first baseman Willie Upshaw hit a homer; and centre (in the local stylebook) fielder Lloyd Moseby whacked three singles and stole second and third on successive pitches (*cf.* Clear, *supra*).

The Blue Jays, runners-up to the World Champion Tigers in their division last year, have the second-best won-lost record in all baseball over the past two and a half seasons (behind the Tigers and a hair better than the Yankees), but have somehow remained invisible in the process. "Nobody knows us," the veteran third baseman Garth Iorg told me cheerfully. "We go on the road, and you hear the fans saying 'Who's that shortstop?' and 'Who's their first baseman?' NBC passed up a chance to put us on their 'Game of the Week' the other day, against the Tigers, and the guys in the clubhouse were saying, 'What's the *matter* with those people? We're the best two teams in the league!' I told them maybe it was to our advantage—it takes the pressure off a little—but it does seem funny, doesn't it?" Catcher Ernie Whitt said, "We were on one 'Monday Night Baseball' network thing this year, and I hear the ratings went down. It's been that way around here since Day One. I figure people will wake up and discover us in the playoffs in October."

A *Globe & Mail* sportswriter characterized the Jays for me as "decent but unexciting," and a Toronto friend of mine named Alison Gordon, who used to cover the Blue Jays for the *Star*, seemed to be lumping the players and the fans together when she said, "We're not a very colorful lot."

Some firmer causes for this epidemic anonymity also suggest themselves. The Blue Jays came into being as an expansion team in 1977 and stayed wholly out of harm's way for their first five years, hidden away in Canada and seventh place. Manager Bobby Cox came aboard in 1982, and the club climbed to fourth the next year and into contention thereafter, but the talented present roster was built up patiently and economically, without recourse to the kind of blockbuster trade or multimillion-dollar free-agent signing that wins sudden attention and expectation in the sports media. Whitt and Iorg (along with pitcher Jim Clancy) are surviving members of the club's original expansion draft, and starting outfielders Jesse Barfield and

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HIDEAWAY

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Lloyd Moseby and pitchers Jimmy Key and Dave Stieb—the latter now perhaps the most formidable starter in the American League—were selected in the annual rookie drafts, while outfielder George Bell, pitcher Jim Acker, first baseman Willie Upshaw—locally the best-known, best-loved Blue Jay since the retirement of John Mayberry—were found at bargain rates in the little-used minor-league draft; Damaso Garcia, a fixture at second base since his arrival, in 1980, was picked up in a six-player trade with the Yankees; and the veteran hurler Doyle Alexander, who went 17–6 for the Jays last year, was signed after the Yankees gave up on him and handed him his outright release in 1983. The quick mind and cool eye most responsible for this un-Steinbrennerish merchantry belong to Pat Gillick, the club's executive vice-president for baseball operations, who is much admired (and perhaps unpleasantly denigrated) in the inner circles of baseball for his discovery and signing of so many brilliant young Latin-American players, most of whom were first spotted as schoolboys by a legendary regional scouting director, Epy Guerrero. Three of the present Blue Jays—George Bell, infielder Manny Lee, and the extraordinarily talented young shortstop Tony Fernandez—hail from Guerrero's home town, San Pedro de Macorís, in the Dominican Republic, as did Alfredo Griffin, Fernandez' predecessor at short, who went over to the Oakland A's last winter as part of a trade for a much-needed bullpen stopper, Bill Caudill. There is no draft system for young ballplayers who live outside the United States, and the Blue Jays' diligent, old-fashioned scouting in the islands and elsewhere to the south makes them, to my way of thinking, the modern equivalent of Branch Rickey's old Cardinals. It also further explains the semi-anonymity of the 1985 Blue Jays, if one believes, as I do, that all Latin-American stars, from Roberto Clemente to Joaquin Andujar, have been habitually overlooked or slighted in our baseball consideration. A Latino playing in Canada is doubly ignored, I suspect, although in some sense he has become the most American player of all.

Dave Stieb, Toronto's king of the hill, was scheduled to start the next Red Sox game, a Saturday-afternoon affair, but manager Cox, having got word from the weatherman of the imminent arrival of heavy rainstorms, held back his ace at the last moment

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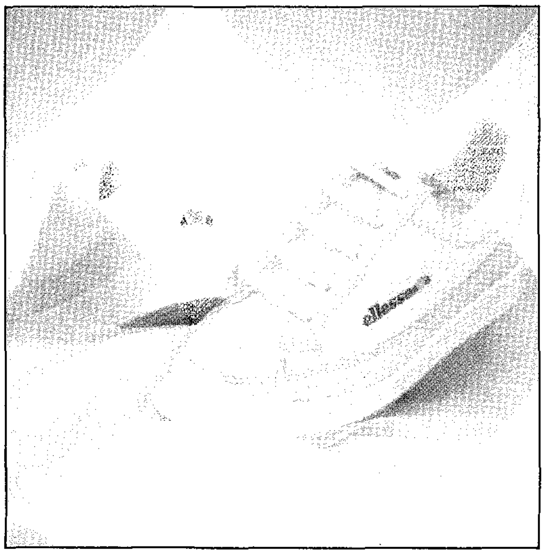

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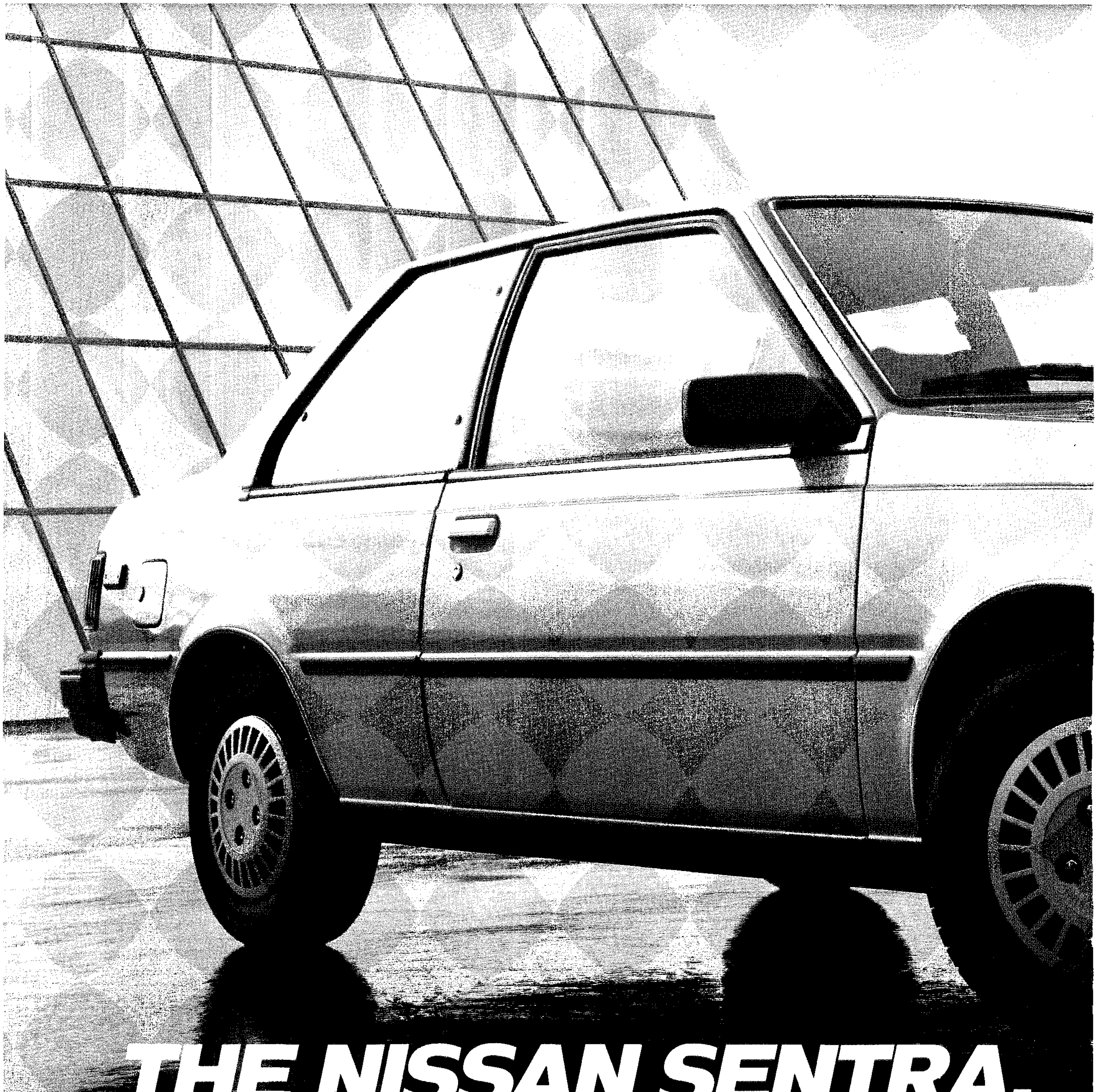

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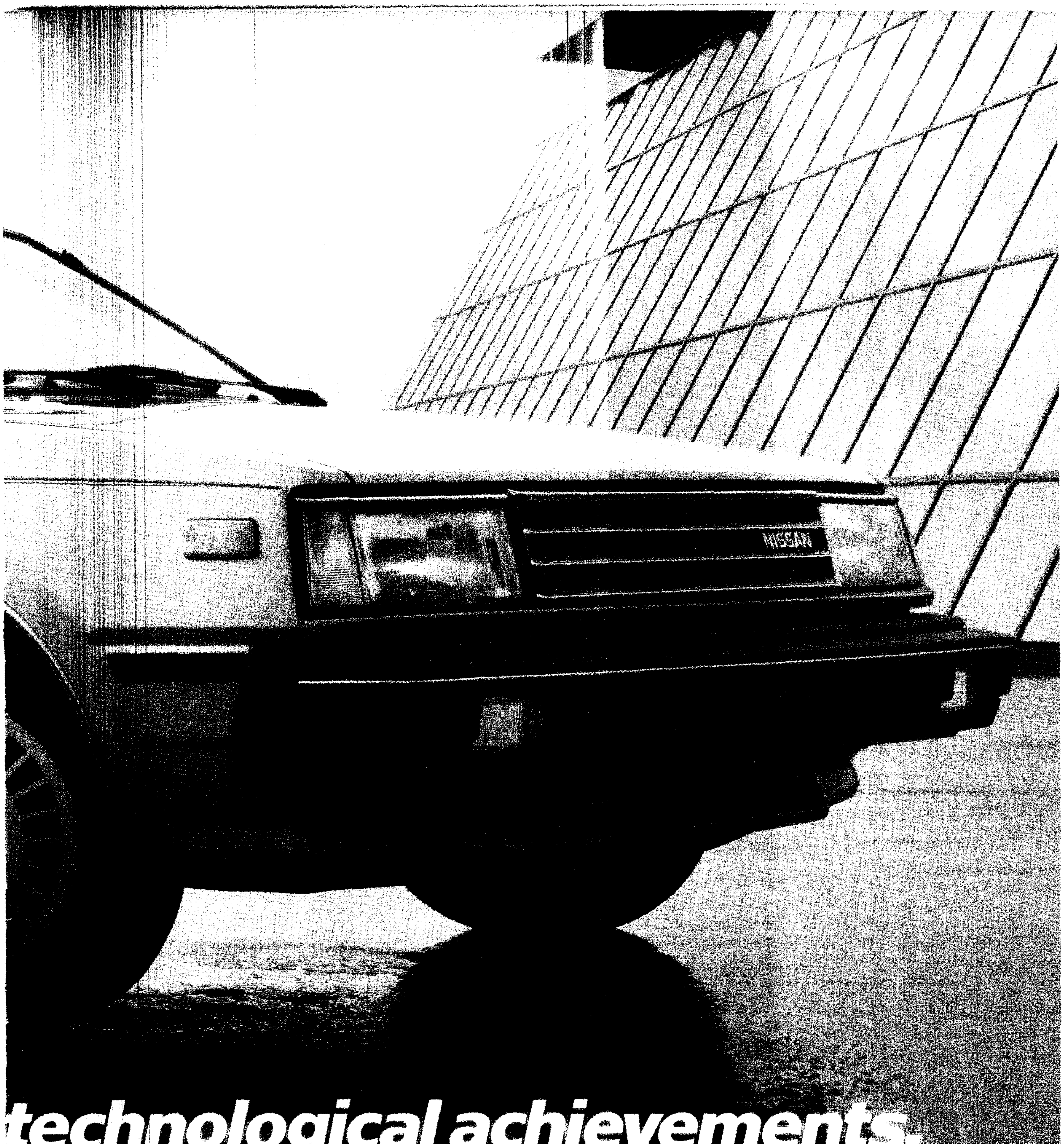

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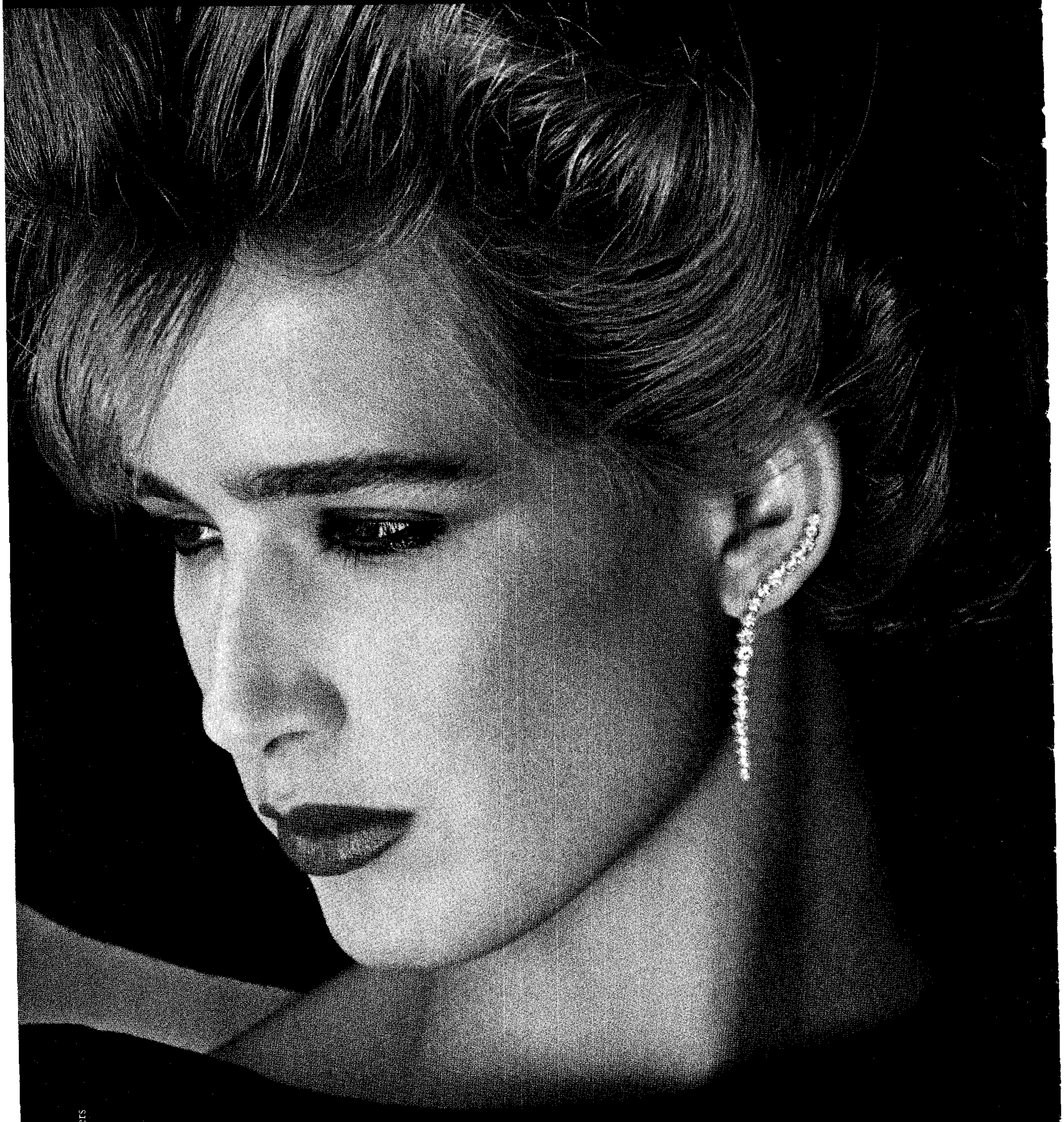

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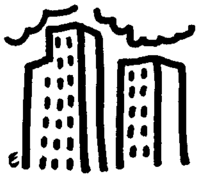
and sent out a young right-hander, Ron Musselman, to essay his very first major-league start. Cox, of course, did not want to waste an outing by Stieb—a hard-luck pitcher (and legendary moaner), whose record at the moment stood a bare 6–5, despite an earned-run average of 2.16—in a possible rainout, and he very nearly got away with his gamble. Musselman confined the scary Boston sluggers to a couple of runs during his stint; Tony Fernandez delivered the catch-up and go-ahead runs for the home side with a two-run round-tripper, to make for a 3–2 Blue Jay lead in the bottom of the fourth; and the now spattering rains held off just long enough to force the dawdling, languishing, heavenward-hoping Bostons to make their third out in the top of the fifth before the players were forced to take shelter—a legal victory, of course, if play were to stop there for the day. Then it *rained*—downward and side-blown sheets and skeins of water that streamed down the glass fronting of the press box, puddled and then ponded on the lumpy, too green AstroTurf playing field before us, and emptied the roofless grandstand around the diamond. Glum descendant clouds swept in, accompanied by a panoply of Lake Ontario ring-billed gulls (a celebrated and accursed local phenomenon), who took up latecomer places upon the long rows of backless aluminum benches in outer right field and then settled themselves thickly across the outfield swamplands as well, where they all stood facing to windward, ready for a fly ball, or perhaps for a visiting impressionist French film director ("Quai des Jays," "Toronto Mon Amour") to start shooting. Rain delays are hard on writers, who cannot just go home—as most of the intelligent Toronto fans were now deciding to do—and are enjoined from visiting the clubhouses or asking the umpire in charge (it was Joe Brinkman) why he won't reconsult his bunions and call the damned thing once and for all. I had plenty of time (three hours and sixteen minutes, as it turned out) to work up my notes; to share in the tepid, onrunning press-box jokes (there had been a guest party of Ojibway Indians at the game, it was discovered, and we worked over the rain-dance variations at excruciating length); to catch up on local baseball history (Babe Ruth hit his very first home run as a professional into the waters of Lake Ontario in 1914, while playing for the visiting minor-league Providence Grays against the Toronto Maple Leafs in the long-defunct park at Hanlan's Point); and to memorize the unlikely configurations of the Blue Jays' Exhibition Stadium. The place is the home field of the Toronto Argonauts, of the Canadian Football League, and the baseball diamond has been tucked off into one corner of the rectangle, with an added-on, boomerang-shaped grandstand section adjacent to the diamond and a temporary curving outfield wall that cuts oddly across the long gridiron, forestalling rolling eight-hundred-foot home runs but imparting an unhappy, overnight-tent-show look to the place. General-admission seats are in the roofed football grandstand, which begins out by the left-field foul pole but then, since it adjoins the football sidelines, departs from the baseball premises at an ever-widening-and-disimproving angle. Fans do sit there, however, even in its farthest reaches—there were some there now, patiently waiting out the deluge under cover. I asked a resident scribe how far it was from home plate to the top row of the outermost grandstand sector, and he said, "That's Section 51. I don't think anybody's ever paced it off, but I tried using a little trigonometry once and I made it out to be around a thousand feet. The folks in the lower rows out there are even worse off, because they can't see over the outfield fence, but you see them down there, too, sometimes. I think they bring radios."



The Toronto fans, I need hardly add, are *fans*. Even in the closer sectors of Exhibition Stadium, the seats are uncomfortable and sight lines abominable, but the rooters turn out in very large numbers (2,110,009 of them last year) to cram themselves into the intimately serried, knee-creasing grandstand rows and to cheer with more discriminating loyalty and sensible hope than they used to back in the early days of the franchise. Ontario fans—particularly those off to the west of Toronto, in sectors like Wingham and London—used to be Tiger rooters, but most of them have switched over in the last couple of seasons, and the Blue Jays have supplanted the hapless hockey Maple Leafs as the No. 1 team in town. Alison Gordon told me that on a recent evening she'd heard a running, almost out-by-out account of a Blue Jays game delivered by a radio-

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toting businessman as he entered a downtown Greek café where she was dining ("We're behind, 5–3"), as he departed ("It's 5–5—two-run triple by Garcia"), and then, moments later, when he reappeared from the street, now smiling at last ("It's 6–5, Jays"). The seventh-inning stretch (to return to the stadium) is a wholesome little session of sing-along calisthenics, directed by numerous Ken and Barbie look-alikes in sweatsuits, to a fight song called "O.K., Blue Jays!," and almost everyone joins in happily. Happily and for the most part soberly, if only because each row in the stands is forty-one seats wide, aisle to aisle, making beer vending an impossibility. A new stadium—a dome, perhaps with a retractable roof—has been promised by the province, but it sounds years away. A World Series played at Exhibition Stadium would hurry the project wonderfully.

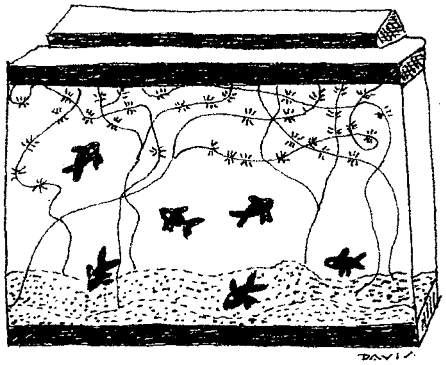
Around suppertime, the rain lessened and then turned itself off, the fog banks began to show pinkish gleams (greeted by "Here Comes the Sun" on the loudspeaker), the Zamboni—after a brief, embarrassing breakdown—thrummed back and forth across the green carpet, sucking up water and spouting it off-field, the gulls flapped off to other engagements, and a handful of fans (kids, mostly) reappeared and filled up the good seats around home: not enough of them to make a Wave, for once. The game resumed, with new pitchers, and the Blue Jays lost, 5–3—almost a foregone conclusion, it seemed, although I wasn't quite sure why. Bobby Cox, who can't *stand* to lose, missed the second part of the odd little doubleheader, having become embroiled during the delay in argument with Brinkman the Rain King, who gave him the heave-ho. None of it could have happened on grass.

The next afternoon, in the Sunday sunshine, Stieb had at the Red Sox at last, and whipped them, 8–1, impatiently setting down their hitters with his tough fastball, a biting slider, and some unsettling off-speed stuff as well; he didn't give up a hit until the sixth inning. Tony Fernandez hit a triple and a double—to date, he was sixteen for twenty-seven against the Boston pitchers for the year—and Rance Mulliniks, who switches with Iorg at third base (they were both well over .300 so far), socked a home run. Fernandez, who is twenty-two years old, gets rid of the ball at short with an oiled swiftness that makes you catch your breath; he switch-hits, starting with his hands held high but then dipping at the last moment to a smooth, late, flat-bat stroke that meets the ball in classic inside-out style and drives it, often to the opposite field, with power and elegance. There are others in the Blue Jays lineup whom I admire and enjoy, including the crisp Damo Garcia, at second, and the quick, strong young outfielders Bell and Moseby (they and the regular right fielder, Jesse Barfield, who didn't start on this day, will all turn twenty-six within two weeks of each other this fall), but, watching them here, I still could not envision them and their teammates holding on through the summer against the likes of the Tigers and the tough oncoming Yankees, and then playing in and perhaps winning a championship elimination or a World Series. I had discussed this feeling just before the game with Tony Kubek, who handles the Jays' color commentary over the CTV television network (he also works some of the "Game of the Week" shows on NBC), and then with Buck Martinez, the veteran Blue Jays catcher, who replaces Ernie Whitt against the lefties. In different ways, both of them echoed the same doubts.

"There's nobody on the club who scares you, which is what you see on so many other teams in this division," Kubek said. "Or, rather, *two* guys who scare you—Parrish and Gibson with the Tigers, Murray and Ripken on the Orioles, Winfield and Baylor on the Yanks. Maybe it'll happen here, maybe somebody will come along, but I don't quite see it. You know, a lot of people picked us to win this year, and that changes how a club thinks about itself. Some of the guys have become a little defensive in their thinking. You can see that Gillick built this team to fit this ballpark. It's a hitter's park, with the carpet and the short fences, but I always feel we're a little light when we get into those bigger parks on the road."

Martinez said, "I cut that photograph out of the paper yesterday that showed Bill Buckner putting a flying block on Garcia in the Thursday game and showed it to some guys in the clubhouse. I said, 'This is the difference between winning and being a bunch of good guys, which is what we are so far.' I played five years on the Royals, with people like George Brett and Hal McRae, and I saw how they play this game. McRae always said, 'If you can't be good, you got to be rough.' You remember that slide he put on Willie Randolph in the play-offs, don't you? Now the game has changed a little, and people take that sort of thing more personally, almost. But that's the kind of play that can get into an infielder's mind and maybe make for a moment of hesitation later on and win a game for you. Stieb is like that for us, but he's a pitcher and too often it's directed against himself. There were times on our last road trip when we could have used a little more of that McRae stuff, that Thurman Munson personality—somebody who'll get a lead-off double when you want it most, or knock somebody down at second. Maybe it'll come—you never know."

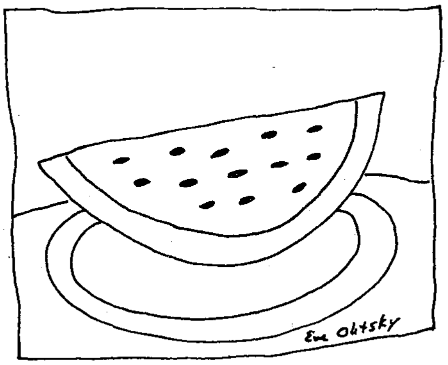
Ah, yes. Yogi Berra has enunciated this same great principle ("In baseball, you don't know nothin' "), and so, too, in his own field, did the late Fats Waller ("One never knows, do one?"). With one out in the bottom of the fourth, I lifted my gaze from my scorecard to see, on the instant, a fastball delivered by the Boston hurler, Bruce Kison, ricochet off the shoulder —*high* on the shoulder—of the Toronto batter, George Bell. A certain testiness had been evident all along in this series—going back to Doyle Alexander's very first pitch on Thursday evening, which I heard had nailed lead-off man Steve Lyons right on the chest (or, more precisely, on the "S" of his "BOSTON" road-uniform logo) —but Bell's response, even under such duress, was surprising. Batless, he reached the mound in full sprint and aimed a sudden high, right-legged karate kick at Kison, which mostly missed its mark. Bell then spun quickly and landed a fairish one-two combination (fists, this time) to the chops of Rich Gedman, the pursuing Boston catcher. Now batting .666 for this one turn at bat (if we may agree that he had fouled out against Kison), Bell retreated toward third base in a wary, backward-boogie style, apparently inviting other participants, just emerging from their dugouts, to share the action, which they did, in typically earnest but inefficient fashion. When it was over, Bell was banished from the proceedings and Kison permitted to continue, though under admonishment. A tall, bony right-hander, now in his fifteenth season in the bigs, Kison knows the outs and ins of his profession, and earlier in the game he had somehow allowed a little off-speed pitch to sail behind the head of Ernie Whitt, who here stepped up to bat again—and walked, muttering. An end to the affair, one might have imagined, but writers of these summer soap operas do like that last, excessive twist to the plot. Whitt, coming up to bat again, with one out in the sixth, found Kison still on hand, although tottering, for he had just walked the bases full. Whitt hit the first pitch over the right-field fence—it was the first grand slam of his entire baseball career—and circled the bases talkatively, taking time to direct the appropriate phrasings and rhetorical flourishes toward the mound as he went. The tableau looked like an eccentric windup toy from Bavaria, with the circling outer figure, in the white uniform, twitching his arms and waggling his jaw as he went from base to base, and the central inner player—the little man in gray—rotating more slowly but in perfect concentric rhythm, so as to keep his back turned to the other chap all the way around. I much preferred this baseball keepsake to the George Bell model, but of course it will take the rest of the summer to learn what it meant, if anything, to the Blue Jays.



As it turned out, an even more vivid exemplification of that McRae stuff, that Thurman Munson personality, was presented to the Blue Jays by the man who had enunciated the need for it in the first place, Buck Martinez. While behind the plate for the Jays in a game out in Seattle (I saw the moment on a television replay that night, a couple of weeks after my visit to Toronto), Martinez took a peg from the outfield and attempted to tag an onflying Mariner base runner, Phil Bradley, who collided violently with the catcher. Martinez, knocked onto his back, suffered a broken right fibula and dislocated ankle. Somehow, he held on to the ball and made the out, and then, half rising, threw toward third base, where another Seattle base runner, Gorman Thomas, was now swiftly approaching. The throw went wild, and Thomas turned third and headed for the plate. George Bell picked up the ball in left field and fired it home, where the dazed and badly injured Martinez, still down and writhing, caught it on the bounce and tagged the runner, thus accounting for both putouts in the double play—possibly the last but certainly the most extraordinary moment of his baseball career.

HITTING is the hovering central mystery of this sport, and continues to invite wonder. Tommy Herr, a decent singles- and doubles-hitting second baseman with the Cardinals, batted .276 last year and drove in forty-nine runs—almost exactly matching his career averages, compiled in the previous five summers. This year, batting third in a much altered lineup, he has led the league in hitting over most of the first half (he is at .330 at this writing) and has sent teammates already on base scurrying home in great numbers; his three home runs and seventy runs batted in to date have turned the writers to the *Baseball Encyclopedia*, where they have divined that he may well become the first National Leaguer to bat in a hundred runs or more while hitting fewer than ten home runs in the process since Dixie Walker did it (116, with nine) for the Dodgers in 1946. Some contributing reasons for Herr's sudden prosperity will be presented a little farther along, when we take a closer look at the Cardinals, but I love to think about the absolute unpredictability of this almost typical turnabout; every year, it seems to me, something of this sort comes along and is then made to look logical and almost inevitable by us scholars and explainers of the game—none of whom, of course, had any idea beforehand where and to whom it would happen. Baseball, to its credit, confirms continuity and revolution in equal parts, thus keeping its followers contented but attentive. Pedro Guerrero, unhappy all spring at third base with the Dodgers, was returned to his old position in the outfield on June 1st, and responded by whacking fifteen home runs in the month of June, a new National League record—a new record, *of course*. Carlton Fisk has hit twenty-six homers for the White Sox so far this year, thereby tying his full-season best in a career stretching back over sixteen major-league summers; he leads both leagues in down-towners to date and seems a good bet to erase Lance Parrish's one-season total of thirty-two homers, the most by any American League catcher. Sudden extraordinary performance at the plate is never truly explicable, then, and even the batters themselves aren't much help. "I'm in a good groove," "I'm in that realm," or "I'm seeing the ball real good" is what you hear, and the words are accompanied with an almost apologetic little shrug.

It's all right, then, for the rest of us to feel the same way. The two hottest hitters of 1985 are Rickey Henderson and George Brett, and while I thought that I was seeing them real good during several turns at bat this year, I still don't know how they do it. Henderson, facing the Orioles' Mike Boddicker and Sammy Stewart one night up at the Stadium, rapped three singles and drove in three runs (he also stole a base) in the course of the Yankees' 7–4 victory, and somehow looked a bit off his form in the process. A week earlier, while the Yankees were administering a frightful three-game pasting to these same Orioles down in Baltimore (they had forty-four hits along the way), Henderson went eight for nine in the first two games, and ten for thirteen over the three, at one stretch getting to first base safely ten straight times. Like a perfectly cooked roast, his June statistics look wonderful no matter where you slice them: a three-for-four night against the Tigers, with two home runs; a one-for-three effort against the Orioles again, with four stolen bases; and so forth. It is this almost unique combination of batting eye, power, and speed that makes him so dangerous, and when you see him approach the plate (with that preliminary little baton-twirler mannerism, during which he alternately taps the head and the heel of the bat with his gloved hand) and then fold himself down into his odd, knock-kneed, doubled-over posture as he awaits the pitch you suddenly perceive what a mean little knot of problems he presents to the pitcher. His scrunched-down strike zone means that he is almost always ahead on the count (Earl Weaver has said that Henderson draws walks as well as anyone he has ever seen in the majors), but the pitcher, uncomfortably aware of his devastating quickness on the base paths, is unwilling to settle for ball four and thus very often gives up a line drive instead. Again, these explanations look easy—except for the last part: the hitting. His stroke is at once so quick—almost an upward and outward jump at the ball—and yet so full and flashing . . . Well, I give up. The Stadium throngs love him, of course, and he has been very much at the center of the Yankees' vivid drive to the fore (*almost* to the fore) in the past two months.



I saw Brett in a stretch of three games against the Angels in Kansas City, at a time when he had just returned to the Royals lineup after a spell on the bench with a hamstring pull. He has always been prone to injury, and almost always seems to return to action at full bore—this time with ten hits in his first twenty at-bats. Brett, who is thirty-two, took off twenty pounds over the winter, and looked younger and more cheerful than I had seen him in years. He was meeting the ball well (here we go again) when I saw him, showing that full, exuberant cut every time, and was hitting a lot of long fouls, but he didn't do much, except for a three-for-three performance in one fourteen-inning game, finally captured by the Royals—almost an amazing day, at that, since he walked on his four other appearances, thus ending up on base seven times. A couple of days later, after I'd left town, Brett went three for three against the A's with two three-run homers; starting there, he ran off a .538 week, with three doubles, two homers, a triple, and eleven runs batted in.

I have written so often about Brett's batting style—going back to his great .390 summer in 1980, and before—that I will not attempt another likeness here of that uniquely pausing, balanced, and then suddenly free and whirling grace. Observing him repeatedly at work there on his home field, though, it did seem to me that one part of his swing—the cocked, attentive tilt of his head as he awaits the ball, and then the abrupt downward tuck of his chin as he watches his bat drive through at the pitch—is especially satisfying to an onlooker. In some strange fashion, Brett always appears to be watching himself being

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a hitter. There is a considering, almost intellectual presence there, even during the most violent and difficult unleashing of forces, and it suggests—it almost *looks like*—that waiting and expectant inner self, the critical watcher, who remains at rest within each of us and is spectator to all our movements and doings, however grand or trifling. Even crossing a street, we can find ourselves in that good groove sometimes, and take note of it with secret surprise.

Earl Weaver—to go back a little—was in splendid form during those Yankee games, in spite of his team's failings. He had only just come back from his two-year self-retirement—brought back, it has been hinted, by a half-million-dollar salary and the offer of another chance to work in the Baltimore organization, where he has passed the better part of his working life. (He said he had turned down several previous bids from other clubs.) His postgame seminars were a treat. Any day now, I expect to walk into Weaver's office after a game and find waiting ushers, with programs and flashlights. One night there at the Stadium, he was simultaneously stripping a chicken leg and himself as he fielded our questions, usually cutting them off before they were quite finished—he is quick—and then fitting his answers into the main discourse of the evening. Weaver is the only midsize, middle-aged executive I know who can sit behind a desk with no clothes on, as naked as a trout, and never lose the thread of his thinking.

Here he reconsidered a brilliant peg by Dave Winfield that had cut down an Orioles base runner, Ripken, at the plate—the big play of the game, it turned out—and wondered, along with his questioner, whether it had been right to send him home. "Yes, it was an outstanding throw," he said, "but still . . ." He paused, considering, and then put the matter to rest: "What the hell—if he scores, it's a great play." In the eighth inning of the game, with his club well behind, Weaver had unexpectedly employed an Oriole outfielder, John Shelby, at second base, where he filled in for the weak-hitting Dauer, who had departed for a pinch-hitter. (This was a few days before the Orioles signed Alan Wiggins, the talented former Padre second baseman, who had been permitted to leave that club after revealing his continuing difficulties with drug addiction.) Shelby had looked adequate on one chance out there, and more than a bit awkward on another, which went by him, or *off* him, for a base hit. "On the second ball, he tried to get in front of it, though it's way off to his right," Weaver said. "That's what you're taught to do in high school, and maybe he's never had that play since he was in high school. I know about this because I used to manage in Class C ball and D ball, where you have kids who come to you right out of high school. But up here if that ball's hit over to your right"—he was suddenly on his feet, wearing only his shower clogs—"you just get over this far and backhand the ball, like this. You don't try to make a great play, or anything, but if you time it right you look real good. If you don't time it right you look silly. Oh, I *love* this stuff. . . ." He resumed his seat, for the tactics. "If we're losing, Shelby at second gives us an extra move, and I'll go with it. That way, I got his bat in there, and if we tie or go ahead then Lennie Sakata goes out to hold things down. But if I bat for Dauer the old way, then Lennie goes in right away. This is an extra move for me. If you're losing, go for offense. Look for that move." His eyes were shining.

By the time July came around, everyone was talking about the Cardinals—about their wonderful combination of fine pitching and good hitting (they have been leading the league both ways); about the rookie flier, Vince Coleman, who plays left field and has been stealing bases at such an amazing clip; about Tommy Herr and about the big clean-up hitter, Jack Clark, who came over from the Giants in a trade during the winter; and—oh, yes—about Willie McGee, in center, who bats second and has thus done a few things that help account for Coleman's success on the bases, just ahead of him, and perhaps for some of Herr's success up at bat, just behind. This is the way ball teams should *work*, it suddenly seems.

Jim Frey, whose Cubs had recently dropped three games to the Cardinals at home, kept returning to the Redbirds in conversation one day. "This Coleman reminds you of a lot of fast young guys in their first year up," he said. "He plays like Tim Raines did, or like Willie Wilson did in his first two years. You look around and he's up at bat and the other team has got the third baseman playing in, the second baseman is in by two full strides, and the first baseman's up on the grass. You got no choice. The way the man's going, he's going to steal a hundred and twenty bases in his very first year up. When the season started, everybody was sayin' they got seven lead-off men and Jack Clark, but you can throw that out the window now, because of Coleman and the way they're hitting. The whole club is always going from first to third. The one who's overlooked is McGee. He can run as good as anybody. He can bunt the ball, he can top the ball and get on base, he can hit the ball for distance, and he can run and catch the ball in the outfield. He's like No. 2 in everything on that club. You look over at Coleman, with McGee at bat, and he's got that big lead, and you can't make him back off an *inch*. He always gets that amazing jump. In a couple of years, they'll be calling him a great left fielder—you wait and see."

I kept missing the Cardinals—their baseball schedule always had them going off in the opposite direction from mine. But then I saw my chance and jumped on a plane and went up to see them play the Expos in Montreal in an afternoon game—went up and came home again the same day, just for the game—and of course Jim Frey was right, as usual. Vince Coleman hit a single and stole a base; although muscled like a cheetah, he looked less flashy than Rickey Henderson on the base paths, but he can scamper. Tommy Herr hit a single and got on base three times; Ozzie Smith made a couple of lazily beautiful plays at short, easy as pie; and Willie McGee had a single and a double and a home run and a stolen base—the same silent, scrawny-necked, semi-apologetic Willie McGee who so pleased and surprised us all back in the World Series of 1982, just before we forgot him again. (The last time I looked—as this was written—McGee had passed his teammate Tommy Herr, and was leading the National League in batting, at .339.) The day in Montreal went as promised, I mean, and I even found time to congratulate Whitey Herzog, an old favorite of mine, for

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the kind of team he had this time, and for the way he had put it together—even trading away an excellent, established left fielder, Lonnie Smith, the moment he was sure about Coleman. "This team is all right, for my park," Herzog admitted—his park, Busch Stadium, has the artificial carpet—"but if I was playing at Wrigley Field or Fenway I wouldn't want to go this way. Geography makes all the difference in baseball these days."

It was a holiday in Montreal (Dominion Day—or Canada Day, as they now call it), and there was a nice, medium-small crowd (everyone else was at the shore, I decided) cheering vociferously down below me in the deep, echoey circular strip mine of Olympic Stadium. A great blazing-white horseshoe of sunlight slid slowly across the billiard-table-green mat below, and I again recalled a remark once made by the immortal, long-gone Dick Allen: "If a horse can't eat it, I don't want to play on it."

There was the game, too, and in time—very quickly, in fact—that took over, and though I was glad to have Herr and Coleman and McGee and others in plain view at last (I almost felt like a scout, because of my trip), I also began to pay attention to the Montreal pitcher, a youngster named Floyd Youmans, who was making his major-league début. He, too, was there just for the day, having been called up from the club's Class AA Jacksonville team to make an emergency appearance on the mound when the Expos had found themselves with an inordinate number of pitchers invalided to their *liste des blessés*, but he had been told before the game that his next stop would be back down at the Indianapolis AAA farm, no matter how well he did here today. Perhaps freed by this news, he pitched with élan, working swiftly and showing us a pleasing, tightly bunched delivery out there, with a down-driving left shoulder (he is a righty) and a good pop on his fastball. He resolutely worked his way once and then twice through the tough Cardinal batting order, giving up an occasional base on balls or a longish fly-ball out, and here and there a base hit, but also fanning a Cardinal or two, including Jack Clark, whenever he most needed the out. His name was familiar to me, somehow, and when I looked him up in the Montreal press guide I had the answer. He was the Youmans who had once belonged to the Mets but had come over to the Expos, along with Hubie Brooks and some others, in the big Gary Carter trade last winter. He had also been a teammate of Dwight Gooden's back in high school in Tampa. No wonder he threw hard! He had just turned twenty-one.

Youmans had the Cardinals shut out after six innings, by which time the Expos were ahead by 2–0. Then Coleman touched him up in the seventh with a single through the middle—his first time on first base. Coleman took an enormous lead, paused, and then flew away on the hit-and-run—an awesome jump, as promised—and Willie McGee whacked a high, sailing home run into the Montreal bullpen to tie it. Youmans departed, and the disappointed Expos fans saw him off with a grateful, stand-up round of applause and then sat down quietly and tried to regather hope. The Expos have a different sort of team this year, a much more cheerful and resolute club than we have seen in Montreal for several summers now, and I was happy when they hung in and won the game at last, 3–2, on a single off the third baseman's glove by the grand old Montreal favorite André Dawson, in the bottom of the tenth. It was only the Expos' fourth hit of the game—four hits amassed against *six* Cardinal pitchers! I'd never heard of such a thing, but of course Whitey is a grandmaster at bullpen chess.

I found a cab outside the stadium (it was a limo, in fact, but this was a holiday and I said the hell with it and jumped in), and we rolled slowly and smoothly through the great, empty city, with my head stuffed with fresh baseball images and names and ideas. The chauffeur was a fan, it turned out—he was a Scots-Canadian—and we talked a bit about the Expos and the Mets and Floyd Youmans and Hubie Brooks and the Cardinals and the Cubs and all as we drove along. Just before we got to Dorval, he asked me if I thought there would be a strike, and I said I didn't know—nobody seemed to know. He said it would be too bad, because this was looking like such a good year for the Expos, and I agreed with him. It would be too bad, all right.

—ROGER ANGELL

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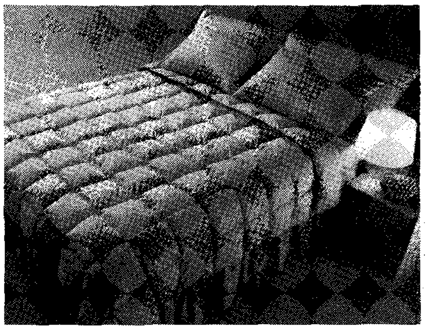

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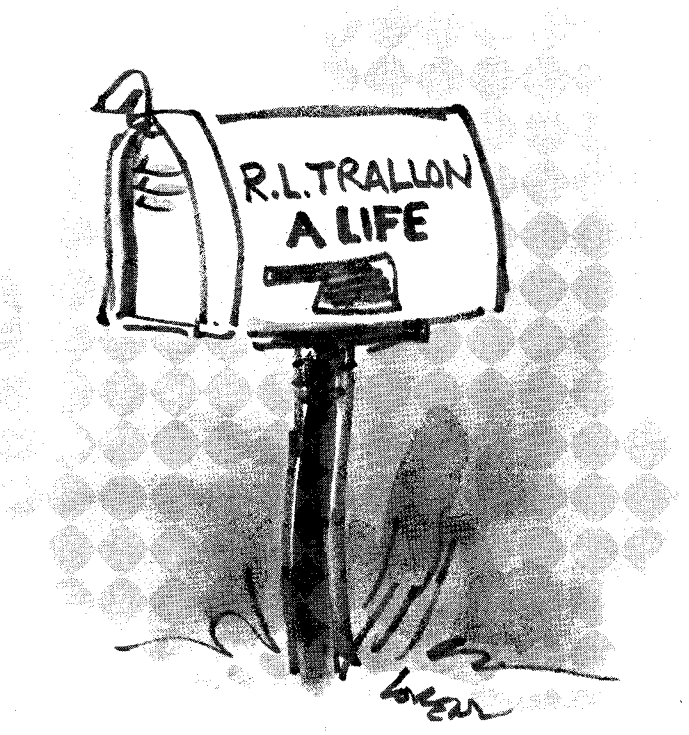
LETTER FROM EUROPE

PARIS, JULY 26

A COUPLE of weeks ago, the historian Alain Besançon wrote in *L'Express* that the great problem for the democracies of the West, including France's democracy, was that they could no longer expect their citizens to die for "*le salut de la cité*"—that is, to die eagerly, as heroes or sacrifices. It was after the seventeen days of the T.W.A. hijacking, and M. Besançon's point seemed to be that in better times than these an American President could simply have told the hostages to say their prayers, and made his plans. M. Besançon talked about better times. He talked about the Iliad. He talked about a medieval Spanish governor of Tarifa whose son was kidnapped: the kidnapper threatened to slit the boy's throat if the governor did not give up the city, and the governor, by way of a reply, sent him a sword. It is unlikely that any of the thirty-nine American hostages who had just come out of Beirut would have agreed with Professor Besançon that *their* dying was an appropriate, let alone heroic, solution to the problems of Western democracy under terrorist siege. But in France lately people have been obsessed with questions of heroism and of what it means to die for your country and, specifically, of what it means to be "French" and to die for "France."

Historians here are arguing about the political and moral uses of sacrifice, and their argument began long before the hijacking. In part, it began this spring, when the Communist Party tried to keep a documentary having to do with the Communist Resistance off French television. The documentary was called "Des 'Terroristes' à la Retraite," and the retired terrorists of the title were the elderly survivors of a group of wartime Communist immigrants—Polish and Rumanian Jews, Spanish republicans, Armenian exiles—who had joined the Resistance and were sent into the streets of Paris as a kind of hit squad to kill German soldiers. Late in 1943, two hundred of these immigrants were betrayed by a comrade and arrested, and in February of 1944 twenty-three of them were killed publicly by a Nazi firing squad. (All of them were killed eventually.) During the last days of the Occupation, their pictures were all over Paris on a famous Nazi propaganda poster (Aragon wrote a poem about it after the war called "L'Affiche Rouge"), which was intended to persuade the French that France was well rid of this "army of crime," with its foreign names and foreign faces. The handful of immigrants who had managed to avoid being arrested settled down in Paris after the Liberation—mainly in old Jewish neighborhoods in the Eleventh Arrondissement—and went to work as tailors and cutters and furriers. They were neither distinguished nor successful nor "French" in any of the ways one usually associates with Resistance heroes. They had been wild and impressionable young men, grieving for families who had died in German camps, and they grew into cranky and sentimental old men and were forgotten. Parisians driving up the Boulevard Richard Lenoir toward the Place de la République were likely to remark that this was the street where Inspector Maigret had lived with his thrifty, comfortable wife, but not many of them knew that Jewish tailors from the famous Paris Resistance unit, the Francs-Tireurs et Partisans de la Main d'Œuvre Immigrée, had met in its courtyard ateliers and plotted bombings and assassinations. The young filmmaker who made "Des 'Terroristes' à la Retraite"—he is a Jewish immigrant himself, from Bulgaria, and goes by his Bulgarian first name, Mosco—believes that a lot of people wanted them forgotten, most notably the French Communists who had recruited them. His movie sat on a shelf at Antenne 2 for two years. When it was finally scheduled and the Party started complaining, it was quickly cancelled on the advice of a *jury d'honneur* of old Resistance people who were distinguished, successful, and unquestionably "French." By the time the movie did get on the air, it was clear to most of the people involved that the Communist underground could have saved its "terrorists" in 1943 and, for reasons no one can really swear to after forty years, had chosen not to.

The honor of the Resistance is one of the sacred truths of French history, like the honor of the Revolution or of Joan of Arc. History, in France, has a pedagogic function. It is only as "true" as its usefulness in maintaining proper attitudes toward being "French"—including that fierce and oblivious identification Frenchmen have with "France" and with everything they mean by "France." Strangers tend to see that identification as nationalism or chauvinism, but it is much more primitive than that. A Frenchman identifies with "France" the same way he lifts his chin and sticks out his lower lip when he is puzzled—as a kind of reflex action. Skeletons in the closet of the state are family skeletons, and he does not easily admit that they are there. It took Marcel Ophuls ten years to get *his* movie about Occupied France, "The Sorrow and the Pity," on French television, and that was a much more important piece of work than Mosco's. The feeling here about the Ophuls movie seemed to be that it would confuse the children—that it would undermine whatever cheerful patriotism they had, and make life dif-



ficult for the schoolteachers whose job was to teach them that no one except a few criminals and psychopaths collaborated with the Germans. It was the same sort of feeling people had when Klaus Barbie was arrested and the government announced he would be brought to trial—a feeling that this *Hauptsturmführer* from the S.S., this "Butcher of Lyons" who had tortured the Resistance hero Jean Moulin to death and sent the Jewish children of Lyons to die in Auschwitz, would use a trial, or any kind of public hearing, to shame the fighters of the Resistance by claiming that some of them, at least, had betrayed the rest. They believe it would be better for France if Barbie were to get sick and die, or be killed in jail, or manage to kill himself, than if he were to survive until a trial and turn the people of Lyons against their neighbors. They want to forget the violence of the war, including their own.

Most people in the Resistance had to kill, or be ready to kill, in the course of helping to liberate France, and memories of violence are not something that real heroes tend to cherish. Reliving the past is of little interest to them now. Some of the old *résistants* who saw "Des 'Terroristes' à la Retraite" said they were shocked by the enthusiasm with which Mosco's tailors told their stories of shooting German soldiers in the streets of Paris and bombing Paris houses. It was hard for them to understand that those moments with a pistol or a homemade bomb were the only moments of importance most of the tailors had ever had. Mosco himself was "out looking for heroes" when he made his movie. He likes to talk about his life, and he often tells people that he spent a good deal of it trying to invent a heroic father, "a father with a past," to take the place of his real father, who died in Israel when Mosco was a boy. He says it was easy to recapitulate his father, so to speak, as one of those old East European tailors who sat at sewing machines in the Eleventh and stitched up trousers and had amazing secrets. He met his first tailor in 1979, when he was making a short movie with the actor Gérard Desarthe and Desarthe told him about a man he knew who had been an assassin in the Francs-Tireurs et Partisans de la Main d'Œuvre Immigrée and was still alive and cutting suits in an atelier on the Boulevard Beaumarchais. The man's name was Jacques Farber. The first time Mosco went to see him, he hid in a dark doorway in his courtyard with a couple of old comrades and asked a lot of edgy questions. In his mind, it was wartime Paris again, and he and his friends were at great risk as far as strangers were concerned. They scrutinized Mosco from the doorway, and conferred in whispers—as if Mosco were a policeman, or an informer like their old comrade Joseph Davidovitch, who had fingered the twenty-three "terrorists" of the Affiche Rouge (and was soon shot by the Resistance for it). It took a while before Jacques Farber let Mosco in.

The field commander of the Francs-Tireurs et Partisans de la Main d'Œuvre Immigrée—the F.T.P.-M.O.I.—in Paris was a young Armenian militant by the name of Missak Manouchian. His group was known to the police as the Groupe Manouchian, and his picture was at the center of the Affiche Rouge, which credited him with fifty-six attacks and a hundred and fifty deaths. It was Manouchian who linked the "terrorists" to the Party—who reported back to the Party after each attack, and who carried home the instructions. His comrade Davidovitch was the politician of the group—the "political commissar." Davidovitch was captured in October of 1943 by the Brigade Spéciale of the Paris police. He was either tortured until he talked, or threatened with torture, because by the time the police were done with him they had the name and whereabouts of every F.T.P.-M.O.I. militant in Paris. Manouchian, who was warned by a friend at the prefecture, demanded that those militants be *mis au vert*—put to pasture—until the danger passed. He wanted the Party to get them out of Paris—to scatter and hide them, the way it always hid its people in emergencies. This time, the Party refused. The Groupe Manouchian was arrested in Paris in November, and the twenty-three "terrorists" of the Affiche Rouge were "tried" by a German military court and moved to Mont Valérien for execution. The day Manouchian died, he wrote to his wife forgiving everybody who had ever harmed him or wanted to harm him except "*celui qui nous a trahis pour racheter sa peau et ceux qui nous ont vendus*"—"the one who betrayed us to save his skin and the ones who sold us." It was an eloquent letter—"I am a soldier in the Army of Liberation, and I am going

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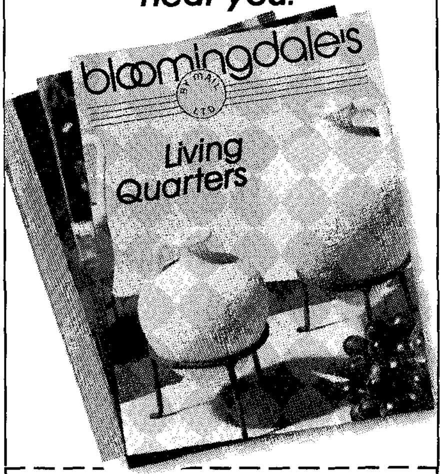

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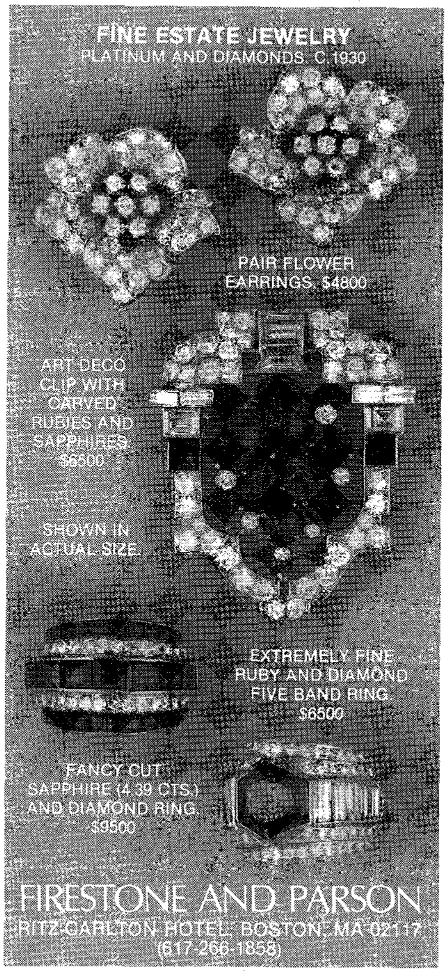
to die with my fingers raised for Victory. *Bonheur!* to those who survive and taste the sweetness of liberty and peace tomorrow"—and after the war the Communists published it in a book called "Lettres de Fusillés," but they were careful to cut the sentence about treachery and betrayal from the text.

Most of the survivors of Missak Manouchian's group are still in the Party, including three of the old tailors Mosco filmed for "Des 'Terroristes' à la Retraite." The tailors are loyal. They talk with tears in their eyes about Stalingrad. They argue about Poland. Every February 21st, they meet in a cemetery on the outskirts of Paris to honor the men they still refer to as "*les vingt-trois fusillés*," and in May they meet again, in a big gymnasium the Communists have built at Vitry, and have a five-course dinner called Le Repas de la Victoire. All of them know that they survived by accident. One of Mosco's tailors was in Lyons, recovering from a shoot-out, when the rest of the group was arrested. Another one shot the policemen who came for him, and a third had been deported to a concentration camp. They were not much use to the Party after the war. The Party gave them their annual cemetery vigils and their annual victory dinners and otherwise ignored them, but in the end the Party was all they had. Mosco says that their loyalty moved him. They reminded him of something the anthropologist Jean Malaurie had written in *Le Monde*—something about looking into the humblest man and trying to find "*la part de destin et de tragique qui sommeille en lui.*" He was not interested in the famous *résistants*—the ones who meant something important about being "French" and a patriot. He was interested in the *résistants* who meant very little, even to themselves. His tailors went into the streets with him and reinvented their war. They got used to the guns he brought them—the kind of guns they probably hadn't seen, except on television movies, for forty years. Handling the guns excited them. They started to remember, and then it was as if their memories were dybbuks that possessed them. They ran around gesturing and shouting and pointing their guns. They would turn at a sound, as if they were being followed. Or they would whisper, or lapse into the *shtetl* Yiddish they had used as boys. They talked about what it was like to be twenty-five and full of ideals and told, suddenly, to shoot someone. Jacques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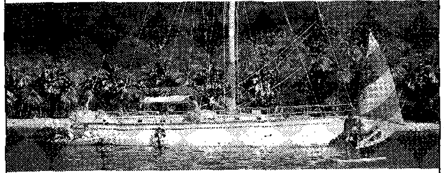

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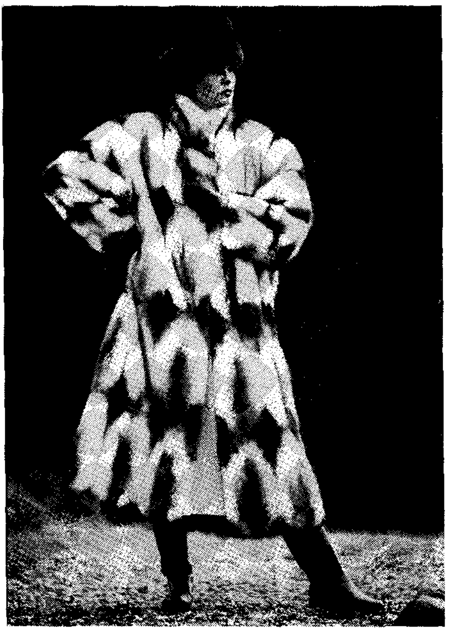
Farber described his first mission as a *franc-tireur*. He needed a gun and there were none to spare, and so his orders were to get a hammer and use it to kill a German soldier and take the soldier's gun. He couldn't do it. "I'm not an assassin, a murderer!" he shouted at Mosco. But he never blamed the Party for asking him to be. None of the tailors blamed the Party. They sat and sewed and talked about their families dying in the camps, and then they cried and said that maybe they hadn't killed enough Germans, that they would kill again if they had to.

THERE are theories, of course, about who "sold" Missak Manouchian's partisans to the Germans, and what the reasons were. Manouchian's widow thinks it was an old comrade of theirs named Boris Holban, though she is hard put to it to say exactly how or why he did it, since Holban had been moved out of Paris by the time the Germans knew for sure who anybody in the Groupe Manouchian was. Stéphane Courtois, a young historian who helped Mosco with the movie, says no, it was the men on the Central Committee. He says that by 1943 the Party was negotiating with de Gaulle for a piece of the General's provisional government, and consequently wanted to justify its claim to Paris with a lot of spectacular attacks. His theory is that inasmuch as Manouchian's group was the only Resistance army active in Paris in 1943 a decision was made to keep it active, whatever the risks, until the Germans destroyed it. Philippe Ganier-Raymond, another historian who helped Mosco with the movie, has a third theory. He says it was the Comintern. *His* theory is that the Comintern told the Communists in France to sacrifice their immigrant units—that Stalin's plan was to make the Party in France sufficiently "French" so that after the war it would attract a working class that had never been fond of foreigners, especially Jewish foreigners, and was apt to be even less fond of them after four years of Nazi propaganda.

People have been arguing about how Communists go about betraying their friends since 1917, and one short television movie about Jewish tailors is unlikely to settle their arguments. The fact remains that French Communists fought courageously for France. They were crucial to the Resistance (which is why de Gaulle joined forces with the Communist underground in 1943), and the knowledge that some of them were working for Moscow at the same time they were fighting for France does not diminish their importance—it only complicates our understanding of it. Some of the *résistants* who wanted to keep "Des 'Terroristes' à la Retraite" off television said that they had no appetite for passing judgment now, and all of them complained about the movie. They thought it was tricky and amateurish and sentimental—which in a way it was. The movie was commissioned by Antenne 2, but the channel covered only about a third of Mosco's costs, and Mosco had to work on it piecemeal while he raised the rest of the money from little groups like the Jewish Veterans. Antenne 2 is a public channel. The people who run it are approved by the President of the Republic, and by the time Mosco finished "Des 'Terroristes' " the Giscardian who commissioned it had been replaced by the Mitterrandiste, who didn't like the movie at all. The new man, Pierre Desgraupes, put it away and avoided the telephone and hoped that Mosco would forget about it. But that year—it was 1983—the movie was shown at the film festival in Cannes, and then it won a prize at the film festival in Grenoble, and people began to praise it. Simone Signoret, who narrated "Des 'Terroristes' " with Gérard Desarthe, sat down and wrote a novel about an immigrant in Paris during the Occupation, and told everyone that Mosco's movie had inspired her. Mme. Signoret and her husband, Yves Montand, have recently (Signoret's words) "crossed the frontier into anti-Communism," and they have crossed it to the immense interest of the French public, which regards the couple's private and political lives as a kind of national sentimental journey. The Montands have what might be called moral allure. Being political and having political causes and caring passionately about those causes is part of their glamour, and the French like to watch them at it because, with their actors' gifts, their concern is so much more vivid and gratifying and expressive than anybody else's. People hear Simone Signoret talk, in her wonderful dusty voice, about discovering how treacherous Communists are—they hear the fatigue and sadness in that voice, and they blame the Communists for having made her suffer. Signoret's novel—she called it "Adieu Volodia"—was on the best-seller lists this spring. Des-



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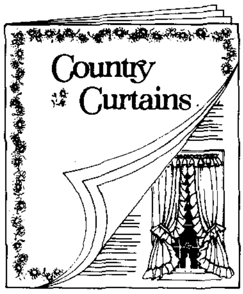

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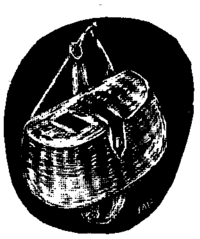
graupes had left Antenne 2 by then, and it was his successor, Jean-Claude Héberlé, who finally scheduled Mosco's movie. By spring, everyone was curious.

The Communists began to attack "Des 'Terroristes' " before they had even had a screening. The Party paper, *L'Humanité*, ran articles against the movie every day. The Party historian Albert Ouzoulias—he is a kind of official spokesman when Communist wartime honor is involved—threatened to sue Antenne 2 for defamation. And Héberlé got scared. French television is supposed to be "honest" and "pluralistic," and anti-Communism is frowned on in respectable television circles. After a few days, Héberlé had no idea whether "Des 'Terroristes' " was honest or pluralistic, or even worth the trouble it was causing. Once *L'Humanité* attacked the movie, the rest of the papers started to attack *L'Humanité*, and it turned out that no one but Communists believed a word of Ouzoulias's story that the arrest and execution of the Groupe Manouchian was just an accident of war—that there would have been no underground left in Paris if the Party had "retired" every partisan who asked. According to Héberlé, there was no way for him to settle the argument. He turned over a print of the movie to the Haute Autorité de la Communication Audiovisuelle—the Haute Autorité is a kind of media-watchdog agency appointed by the government—and asked for its evaluation, and the Haute Autorité, in turn, called up five important *résistants* who were in Paris and asked for *their* evaluation.



Stéphane Hessel, a retired diplomat who was finishing up a term on the board of the Haute Autorité, was in charge of *l'affaire Manouchian* at the agency. He had been a Resistance hero himself—he was one of de Gaulle's couriers and had spent the war commuting between the General's London headquarters and the French underground—and the five *résistants* he called were people he had known for years. Four of them had met with Hessel before, to look at a movie about the death of Jean Moulin. (It was a nasty little "documentary," supposedly produced by Klaus Barbie's lawyer, Jacques Vergès, and meant to discredit the prosecution in the Barbie trial by "proving" that Jean Moulin was betrayed and killed by his own comrades—and, on the advice of Hessel's friends, the networks refused to touch it.) They said later that they had thought of themselves as an informal group, meeting to talk things out among themselves, and not at all as a *jury d'honneur* convened formally to make a recommendation. In any event, they disliked "Des 'Terroristes.' " They said that it fell into simplistic, even damaging, clichés about Jews, and, worse, implied that the Resistance *was* these funny-looking old men who waved their arms around and talked with accents and lived miserably, bent over their sewing machines or occasionally heating up leftovers on dilapidated stoves, as if the war they helped to win had in fact defeated them. They said this to Hessel, and Hessel repeated it to Héberlé, at Antenne 2, and Héberlé pulled "Des 'Terroristes' " from the schedule. It was only after the television directors' union *and* the minister of communications complained about the propriety of this sort of censorship that a deal was struck with the Communists and the movie was shown.

One of the things the Communists wanted was a television debate about the movie. In fact, they wanted a debate *before* the movie, but inasmuch as no one else saw any point in talking about a movie before either the Communists or the audience had seen it they had to settle for making their denunciations first and then waiting until the movie was over to discuss them. The discussion took place on July 2nd, after a week of fanfare that included the serialization of the script of "Des 'Terroristes' " in *Le Matin* and interviews with dozens of M.O.I. "survivors," among them the mysterious Boris Holban, who turned out to have spent the past forty years in Bucharest, and who had just come back to Paris to "retire." Charles Lederman, an old Communist senator—and a Jew—whose own resistance involved acting as a liaison between Soviet intelligence and the Party underground, delivered the denunciations and afterward joined a panel of nine "experts" who had been invited to debate. No one had thought to invite Mosco to the debate, or, for that matter, anybody from the Haute Autorité or the *jury d'honneur*. No one seemed interested anymore in why a group of people who in the minds of the French stood for Freedom had got themselves involved in what amounted to an act of censorship. The people who debated that night forgot the present. Like Mosco's tailors, they relived their war. Jacques Chaban-Delmas was there for the Gaullist Resistance, and Colonel Henri Rol-Tanguy was there for the Communist Resistance, and, regardless of the interrupting and the shouting that went on, it was clear that to them, at least, it was the honor of the Resistance that mattered most. Chaban-Delmas, who in his time has been a Fourth Republic minister and a Fifth Republic Prime Minister, took over the debate like a smooth practitioner of reconciliation. He said that they had *all* been brave young patriots and that—whatever the arguments had been between the Gaullists, who wanted a disciplined and purposeful Resistance, and the Communists, who wanted to disorient the enemy with random violence—they were united in being brave young patriots. As for the death of Missak Manouchian and his friends—"*C'est ça la guerre, c'est ça la crauté de la guerre, c'est ça qu'il faut comprendre.*" The important thing, Chaban-Delmas said, was for the children watching television that night to know that the Resistance was "an explosion of youth," that they lived in France, in liberty, today because of those other children forty years ago. He said that the smile of defiance on the face of one young *camarade fusillé* was as beautiful to him as the smile on the face of the angel of Reims Cathedral. He said that it was never a question of Communists or Gaullists, Frenchmen or foreigners. There was only the Resistance, and the young men were lucky enough to be part of it. He talked about hope. Charles Lederman mopped his forehead with relief and cried, "*Ah, l'espoir!*" The French have always sent foreigners to fight for France. The Foreign Legion began as a "company of foreigners," with orders that were probably best stated in an inscription on the wall of Fort Saint-Jean, in Marseilles: "You are soldiers to die, and I am sending you there—where death is." The difference between dying and dying for France is what makes French history.

—JANE KRAMER

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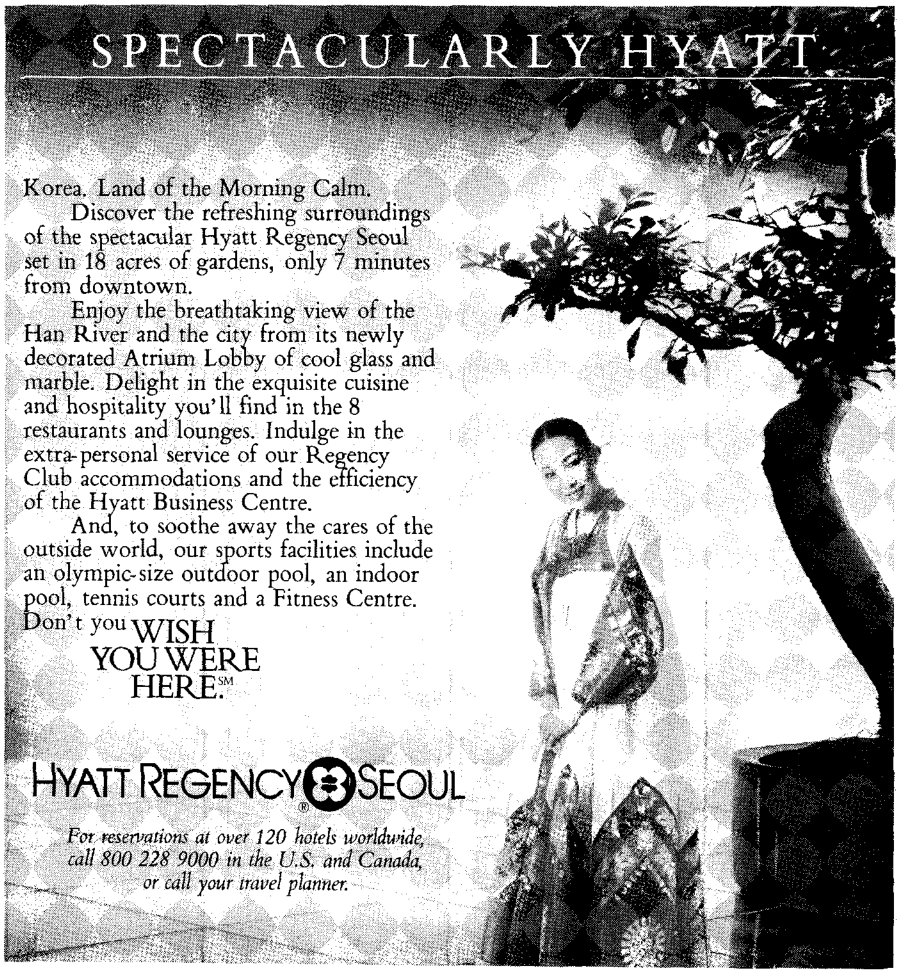
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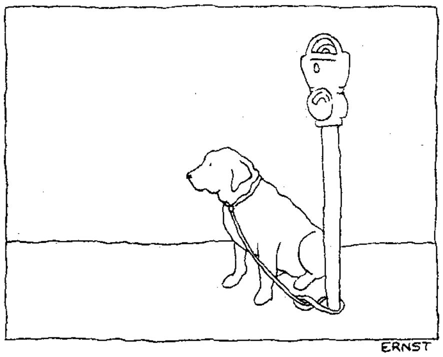
That glum observation was voiced on the same day that Crown Prince Akihito officiated at the launching of another ambitious undertaking—a five-hundred-and-fifty-billion-yen world's fair, the start of which the same newspaper appraised as "an occasion to ponder the old yet new relationship between man and machine." This was Tsukuba Expo '85, a fair that will be open for business—and also, its organizers have hoped, for pleasure—until mid-September. Its formal theme is Dwellings and Surroundings—Science and Technology for Man at Home. Precisely how that relates to many of the exhibits scattered around the fairgrounds, few of them notably domestic, is something of a puzzle. (I submit as examples—to be found at the British pavilion—a self-righting lifeboat hard by a display of a drug called Ranitidine, good for what is described as "tummy troubles," and a flabbergasting caption beneath a television display which reads, "Major outside broadcasts bring birdwatching into British homes the easy way.") Equally puzzling, to some, has been Expo '85's official mascot, depicted everywhere as a small extraterrestrial creature with antennae jutting from its skull and with a couple of stars immediately beyond, as if it were a comic-strip character that had just been hit on the head.

In any event, this Expo, Japan's third in fifteen years, bestrides a two-hundred-and-fifty-two-acre tract abutting an enclave northeast of Tokyo called Tsukuba Science City. In 1963, the Japanese government decided to consolidate many of its research-and-development institutions and to situate them in an area that had theretofore been chiefly consecrated to rizoculture. Beginning in 1966, laboratories sprang up from paddies. By now, Tsukuba Science City, on which the government has lavished close to one and a half trillion yen, is a highly specialized community, with two universities and fifty-one other research and educational institutions, all but seven of them governmental. Among the first to be built, in a country accustomed to earthquakes and tidal waves (one justification for the Tsugaru Strait tunnel was a 1954 storm that capsized a ferry, with a loss of eleven hundred lives), was a National Research Center for Disaster Prevention. Other centers now functioning in what is often called Brain City are a National Research Institute of Agricultural Engineering, a National Laboratory for High Energy Physics, a National Institute for Research in Inorganic Materials, a Forestry and Forest Products Research Institute, a Fermentation Research Institute, and a Central Research Institute for Feed and Livestock. Brain City boasts that it is the site of the first Japanese school to use computers for teaching arithmetic to elementary students. It also harbors a department store whose grocery section provides robots to help customers cart their purchases around. It does not, however, have much in the way of accommodations or diversions for visitors to an international exposition.

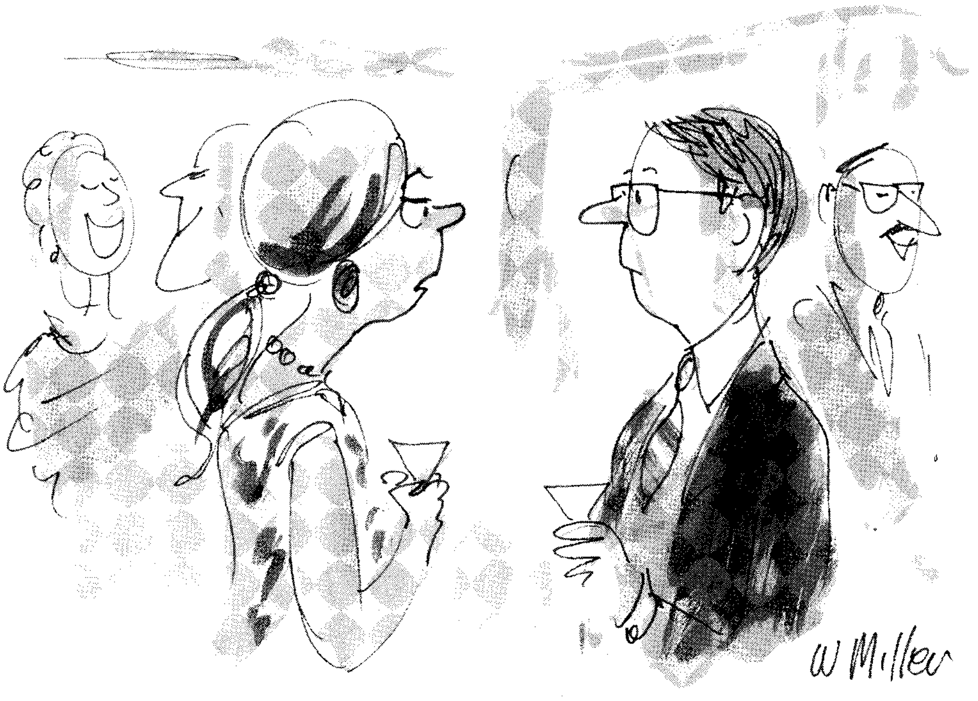


SOME of the fairs that have been held since London's big exposition in 1851, when most of the world was introduced to electricity, have come and gone without creating much of a stir; e.g., Knoxville, U.S.A., 1982. The Knoxville fair may be chiefly remembered because nearly three years after it closed its gates the banker who strutted around as its majordomo was sentenced to prison for having stolen as much as twenty million dollars from his own banks. Other fairs have been memorable for other innovations. The telephone was unveiled at Philadelphia in 1876, the Eiffel Tower at Paris in 1889. Ever since the New York World's Fair of 1939-40, which emphatically foretold the future by introducing most of us to television, I have been a pushover for what the Bureau of International Expositions, a Paris outfit that was set up in 1928 more or less to control these shows, likes to call manifestations—or, sometimes, great manifestations. My attendance record has admittedly been spotty, though reasonably creditable, I think. I didn't make it from New York to last year's festival at New Orleans. Too far away. Tsukuba Science City, on the other hand, seemed comparatively accessible. It is a mere thirty-seven miles from Tokyo, and having become acquainted years ago with Japan's swift bullet trains I figured that one of these would surely be available to whisk me to the fairgrounds practically as fast as I could say "imbalance of trade."

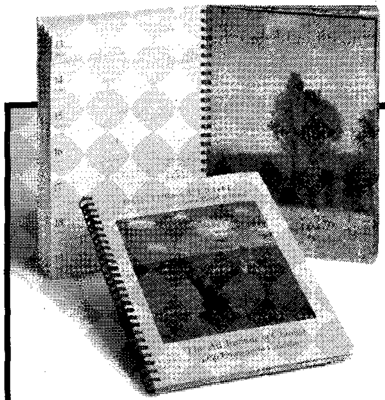
I was wrong. On arriving in Japan, I learned that although the government had built a new railroad station for Expo '85, it was on the Joban line, which approaches no closer to the site than eight miles and whose trains are not bullet trains but might instead, I suppose, be called slingshot trains. (It seems that the Ibaraki prefecture, in which Tsukuba Science City and its environs are situated, has never had much political clout and thus came a cropper when bullet-train courses were laid out.) The Joban line is so old-fashioned that it still has grade crossings. To get to the Expo station from the Ueno rail terminal in Tokyo—which itself requires some getting to—takes about an hour. To get to the fairgrounds from the station involves a twenty-minute ride in a shuttle bus. What it all comes down to is that the transportation setup for this supposedly futuristic fair is close to medieval. As a *Mainichi Daily News* correspondent wrote of the Tokyo-Expo axis, “so near, and yet so far.” If someone staying at a downtown Tokyo hotel wishes to spend a day at the fair, he had better set aside between five and six hours’ round-trip travel time and expect, like as not, to stand up each way, on both the train and the shuttle bus. One might have hoped for something better from a nation whose taxicab doors are praiseworthily opened from the driver’s seat. (There are, to be sure, some buses that run straight from capital city to fair site, but they are apt to get stuck in heavy traffic; there is also helicopter service, with a one-way fare that can go as high as seventy-five dollars.) “We ask you please to remain seated while the bus is moving,” chants a cheerful taped voice, in Japanese and English, once the shuttle bus gets under way—a request that risks irritating many standees, and particularly those who have stood on the train or spent several hours traipsing around the fairgrounds. When toward the end of one long day’s tramp I asked an English-speaking fellow-fairgoer who had just emerged from a mock trip into space what he thought of Expo ’85 and its glimpses of things to come, he hesitated and then replied, “I have seen the future, and it’s work.”

As fairs go, Expo ’85 is a comparatively no-nonsense one. There’s a Ferris wheel that is reputed to be the biggest ever, and a ten-thousand-square-foot television screen—Sony’s contribution to the proceedings—which can best be viewed from several blocks away, but there isn’t any area set aside for amusement, as there has been at many a previous manifestation. If there were, it would have to compete, to its probable disadvantage, with a Disneyland that dug itself in permanently on the edge of Tokyo a couple of years ago. (In advance of a visit to Expo ’85 by King Carl XVI Gustaf of Sweden, the first head of state to grace the fair with his presence, it was announced that the royal itinerary would also include Disneyland.) The Sony JumboTRON, as the big screen is called, has been touted in some circles as Japan’s answer to the Eiffel Tower, but, like everything else at the fair, it will be dismantled this fall, when the site is to be converted into an industrial park. In any event, Expo’s administrators have been talking confidently about a total attendance, over the six-month span, of twenty million people, of whom between a million and a million and a half are expected to be foreigners—a perhaps not unrealistic hope in view of the fact that last year slightly more than two million outlanders turned up in Japan for one reason or another. As an inducement to foreigners to visit Japan this summer instead of, say, Kuala Lumpur or Truk, Tokyo hotels have forgone the customary imposition of taxes on rooms, food, and beverages. The projected attendance total could easily be exceeded, of course, if every resident of Greater Tokyo, whose population is now well over the twelve-million mark, went twice. One bank’s survey of Japanese office workers disclosed that more than three-quarters of them hoped to get out to Tsukuba, but among the indigenes I broached the subject to there was less than unanimous enthusiasm to rush to the Ueno terminal and board a Joban local—or even, if they were lucky, a quasi express. One businessman told me, “I’ve never been to a world’s fair in my life, but I suppose I’ll have to go to this one if some American customer comes over who doesn’t play golf.” A sushi chef laid down his knife long enough one evening to say that he thought he might take his children to the fair eventually, perhaps in late August—but, then, he might play golf instead. And a sales clerk at the main Takashimaya department store, apparently in the grip of the Japanese work ethic, said he was afraid he might be too busy all summer to make the pilgrimage.

Still, these may be exceptions, because the fairgrounds have been jammed with Japanese day after day, many of them older folks trudging along in groups behind a flag-bearing leader. I saw very few people I could positively identify as Americans, even at the United States pavilion, which has a bar that dispenses Jack Daniel’s, I. W. Harper, Early Times, Budweiser, Coca-Cola, and, I was proud to notice, New Yorker ice cream. Not long after taking part in the ribbon-cutting ceremonies at the pavilion, Mike Mansfield, who knows Japan well, having been our Ambassador there since 1977, told me that it was his considered guess that most of



“We didn’t meet in the Hamptons? Then where the hell did we meet?”



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his and my compatriots who get to Tokyo this summer would be less likely to hie themselves to Tsukuba than to make the much more convenient trek to Disneyland. Mansfield, incidentally—now eighty-two but just as straight and sharp as when he was Majority Leader of the Senate—has become quite a celebrity in Japan. He can travel about the country only with difficulty, because he is so quickly recognized. Takashimaya had a display of Kabuki memorabilia this spring, much of it devoted to the reigning star in that medium, Ichikawa Ebizo X, who was about to be exalted in Kabukidom by having conferred on him the honorific name of Danjuro XII. One of the photographs in the exhibit showed the actor—whose fame in Japan is akin to that of Michael Jackson elsewhere—proudly availing himself of an opportunity to shake hands with Ambassador Mansfield.

THE big surprise of Expo '85, in the view of many fairgoers I've compared notes with, is that it offers so few surprises. According to one piece of promotional literature its sponsors put out, the fair would provide "an opportunity to show visitors from Japan and overseas Japan's vision for incorporating science and technology into life in the twenty-first century." Perhaps that sort of hucksterism kindled too many expectations, which were further fuelled by such hortatory previews as that of a *Mainichi Daily News* columnist who wrote, three days before the opening, "Go and enjoy. Ignore those who will always look for faults just to be controversial. The future of the scientific world is before you now in Tsukuba EXPO '85." (By then, although the weather was cold and wet, some teenagers were already camping out, with sleeping bags, at the entrance gates. They wanted to be sure of buying the very first admission tickets put on sale. Let those who think that Japan is becoming too Westernized and too much like, for instance, the United States reflect that these youngsters had no intention of using the precious tickets themselves; they were planning to give them to senior citizens.)

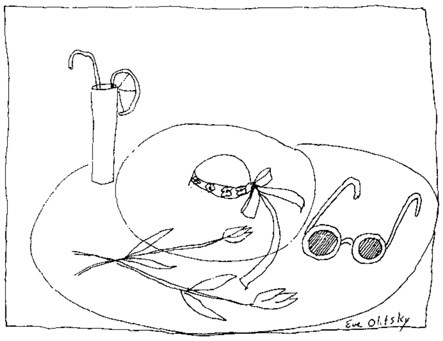
What life-enhancing novelties would Expo '85 unveil before our popping eyes? As we dutifully plodded from pavilion to pavilion, from computer to computer, from robot to robot, the message that seemed to be coming through was not especially uplifting: most twenty-first-century music will be played, if not actually composed, by computerized synthesizers or by a robot perched at an organ; robots will also take over portrait painting, abstract art, and sculpture; food plants—presumably enough to succor an ever more populous world—will be grown in factories; and driving a car will be riskier than ever, because we will all have video telephones to distract us, not to mention to deprive us of a few moments of privacy and contemplation. Among all the strident advocates of dehumanization, though, there is at least one holdout: the Daiei company—one of twenty-eight Japanese conglomerates and industrial groups that have sponsored buildings at the fair—whose pavilion is dedicated to poetry and defiantly proclaims to those who cross its threshold, "What would the world be like if it were all science and technology? Perhaps dreamless, dreary, and incessantly war-bound. Even as higher technology is extolled, more people will continue to thirst for poetry and hunger for poesy."

The twenty-first century, if I interpret the signals correctly, is also going to be a meteorological mess. The films shown at one pavilion after another are notable for the intensity of their sound systems, many of them in aid of the production of thunderstorms. Small Japanese children are deservedly famous for not crying much, but they do at Expo '85; there are simply too many bangs for them. During lunch at the Soviet pavilion one day (three thousand yen—about twelve dollars—for a fairly decent helping of caviar), I asked four young Japanese men at the next table what they thought of the fair. "Too rowdy," I thought at first I heard one of them reply. That confused me, because Expo '85 shuts down at 9 P.M., and I can't remember any world's fair that struck me as more decorous. I should know by now that Japanese have trouble with their "r"s and "l"s. "Too loud," he was saying. One of his companions, trying to get me straightened out, said, "You know what we call this? We call it the boom-boom fair." Not long afterward, my eye was arrested by a small sign outside the Swiss pavilion (good quiche, good Swiss beer), presumably posted to caution fairgoers with young children: "This show is accompanied by an artificial thunderstorm with lightning and thunder." I went bravely inside. Much boom-boom, and in this instance part of the pavilion was also subjected to a barrage of artificial but thoroughly wet rain. Umbrellas were available to spectators directly in the line of fire. Back outside, I had the impression that the ground was trembling underfoot. I resolved never again to mix vodka with my caviar, and I continued to reproach myself until, at my hotel a few hours later, I learned from the evening-news telecast that Tsukuba had been rocked by an earthquake.

WHATEVER the weather, thousands of Japanese fairgoers must be feeling that their admission fee (ten dollars for adults, plus, of course, transportation) has been well spent, since they stand uncomplainingly in line for as long as five hours to gain admittance to some of the more popular pavilions: Fujitsu, where the world's largest robot, a fifteen-foot-tall twenty-tonner, demonstrates its skill at assembling a miniature version of itself and at hoisting a four-hundred-and-forty-pound barbell, half of what a Soviet weight lifter can wield with no more scientific input than perhaps a few steroids; Kurumakan, where the Japan Automobile Manufacturers Association treats all comers to a hair-raising simulated ride in "a stunning car of the future," undercutting its own contention that in the next century "human and car will share a balanced, harmonious coexistence;" and Toshiba, where one can gaze at the world's largest light bulb, a fifty-thousand-watter of no more practical use than the world's largest tomato plant, which decorates another sideshow. The Toshiba people have made waiting in line fairly tolerable for their patrons. On the façade of their pavilion, two electronic arms twice daily paint a colorful seascape; it takes five hours to complete. Some pavilions give out tickets in advance that entitle the bearers to enter at some specific time—a practice that probably ought to be made universal. Because of the long, slow-moving queues at so many places, Expo '85 has spawned a service that I don't recall from previous extravaganzas: self-appointed gofers who, for love or money or both, will betake themselves to a food stall and deliver a cup of miso soup or a skewered sausage or a Big Mac to people who still have a two- or three-hour wait ahead of them.

A few of the films that have prompted so much waiting are three-dimensional, their audiences (as well we remember from earlier fairs, when 3-D was new) being fitted out with special spectacles that make objects on the screen seem to fly off it and practically into one's lap. At the Steel pavilion, one narrowly escapes being slashed, stabbed, brained, or crushed by—among other looming images—a samurai sword, a javelin, a soccer ball, a bulldozer, and a baseball player sliding in to home plate, his spikes at eye level. (An animated cartoon at the Hitachi pavilion features a robot umpire calling balls and strikes; now, *there's* a sensible idea for the future.) The Sumitomo 3-D spectacular, built around a fantasy balloon trip taken by a girl and her dog, is much less threatening, though it cannot resist hurling a lightning bolt at its viewers; after that, almost apologetically, it showers them with confetti and splashes them with champagne. The TDK pavilion's movie is only a 2-D one, but it's engaging. It attempts to show how things look through the eyes of various insects and animals, such as butterflies, horses, owls, and foxes. The film runs twenty-seven minutes—longer than most, "because it is impossible," a narrator explains, "to make you feel exactly like other creatures in a shorter time." I, for one, learned for the first time that a horse has a visual field of three hundred and twenty degrees. As if to make sure that everybody remembers this, a live Percheron is led onstage at that point in the film. Over at the Canadian pavilion, the mixed-media business is carried even further. Four young people in jumpsuits come out onstage and then step into a film, in the course of which they fell a huge Douglas fir and pluck a fir seedling; then they step back out and distribute real seedlings to a few members of their audience. The Canadians brought half a million seedlings with them.

Back to the robots. At the moment, Japan has about two hundred thousand units, constituting seventy per cent of all those used in industry worldwide. Nevertheless, the robots so much in evidence at Expo '85 are rarely shown doing anything especially useful. There *is* one in the French pavilion which lifts a glass from a table and holds it to the mouth of a mannequin in a hospital bed, but if there was any liquid in the glass it would undoubtedly dribble all the way down the dummy's front. Hitachi's robots specialize in ice sculpture, Toshiba's in the spinning of tops. A talking robot named Pal is the star of a Toshiba motion picture. The robot acts as interpreter for a Japanese boy, and the pair of them have a lark in a spaceship simulator. (If Pal can read—and, for all I know, he can—he would surely take a dim view of a sentiment expressed in a booklet on hand at the Soviet pavilion: "Despite all the sophisticated space technology that has been developed in the U.S.S.R., the human element still plays the key role in space exploration.") Mitsui has a film I didn't get to see, which I'm told is projected through a waterfall and has what sounds like a fascinating story line—the chummy interrelationship of a young man, a robot, and some skunks. A live robot show—if one can call it that—is to be found onstage at the Fuyo Robot Theatre, which can accommodate a thousand spectators at a clip, and it is one of the fair's hits. The performance features a cast of several dozen robots, whom (or which) "you will want as your friends," according to a leaflet handed to those lucky enough to get in. There are precision dancers who twirl batons and wave flags; there are two lovers (blue boy and pink girl) with pulsating red hearts, boy pursuing girl, and girl coyly playing hard to get but finally yielding, whereupon they go off together, looking like a couple in one of those fancy honeymoon brochures handed out at Japanese travel agencies; there is a soccer game, in which three squat robots try to knock a ball through a robotic goal, and exhibit—I cannot refrain from mentioning—an ineptitude greater even than that of the members of the motley team I assemble on Cape Cod each Thanksgiving. We could beat those robots.



SOME of the Japanese pavilions are architecturally distinctive—Mitsubishi's has a sweeping mirrored overhang, for instance—but this is a science fair, and both architecture and art (aside from works by robots) have been accorded low priority. Most of the foreign pavilions are simply square boxes that, one suspects, can be disassembled in a couple of days come September. Seventy-seven countries, if you count Hong Kong, were represented at the Osaka fair of 1970. Expo '85 has only forty-seven, but this—although amounting, as one Tokyo newspaper felt constrained to report, to only twenty-nine per cent of the membership of the United Nations—compares well with Knoxville's twenty-two. Among the no-shows at Tsukuba are—somewhat surprisingly, inasmuch as this is an Asian event—India, Pakistan, Bangladesh, Malaysia, Singapore, and Taiwan, which had participated at Osaka. The People's Republic of China, which hadn't been at Osaka, decided to come to Tsukuba, and the fairgrounds' two hundred and fifty acres apparently are not politically spacious enough to accommodate two Chinas. Taiwanese travel agents have reportedly left Expo '85 out of their package tours to Japan. Meanwhile, the People's Republic hasn't really capitalized on its monopoly. Its exhibit is a déjà vu for anyone who remembers Knoxville. (Knoxville, when it comes to that, had a terra-cotta horse and two warriors from the celebrated underground chambers of Xian, whereas Tsukuba has merely a photograph of that scene.) Along with two life-size stuffed pandas, mother and child, China has sent over copies, in English, of a booklet titled "How to Make a Cup of Tea" ("Different people," it starts off, not very illuminatingly, "have different ways of making tea"), and a model of a contemporary rocket, which is juxtaposed with an ancient one consisting of two firecrackers strapped to the sides of a wooden dragon. Also in the up-to-date category is an exhibit of acupuncture by laser beam—an operation that is said to have a "wonderful therapeutic" effect on hypertension, bronchial asthma, insomnia, and tennis elbow.

The Chinese have devoted a good deal of their allotted space to the promotion of tourism—as, indeed, have most of the other nations present. Many of the foreign pavilions are sales outlets for native goods. (Brunei Darussalam's small display area is conspicuously noncommercial, but then it can clearly afford to be, because—one is informed—the average per-capita annual income in that oil-rich Islamic state is more than twenty thousand dollars, educational and medical services are free, and there is no income tax.) The exhibit of what is quaintly styled "the Oriental Republic of Uruguay" is little more than a store: sweaters, leather goods, pharmaceuticals. Nepal: rugs and hats. The Philippines: basketware, wooden carvings. Indonesia forthrightly labels part of its premises a shopping center. France has—along with a replica of a finger of the Statue of Liberty, which is not for sale—a replica of some elegant Right Bank show windows: Chanel, Vuitton, Balmain, Hermès, Givenchy. Korea ("See you again at our 1988 Seoul Olympics") has set up a virtual department store; one can buy just about anything, including a suitcase in which to carry off one's other purchases. Belgium has a gift shop called the House of Diamonds, and Sri Lanka a jewelry boutique with—unless by now somebody has snapped it up—a three-million-yen emerald.

En route to the United States pavilion—a structure (one of Expo's largest) resembling a tent camp—I was diverted by the heart-tugging, blood-tingling sight of a concession booth called American Garden, which offered popcorn and was tended by a young blond woman in a cowboy hat, jeans, and a stars-and-stripes shirt that Betsy Ross would have been proud of, though it might offend some latter-day purists who insist that the national colors should never, among other taboos, be tailored. A Japanese mother, who may have thought that the standard-bearer was Miss America, was asking her to pose for a snapshot with a pair of children. I strolled over. Though disappointed to learn that I didn't want any popcorn, its dispenser told me that the American Garden had nothing to do with the United States pavilion and was in fact owned by a Japanese—the very same one she worked for at home, in New Jersey. He owns a golf club there, ninety per cent of the membership of which, Miss New Jersey said, is Japanese. I asked her if she was enjoying Japan, and she said that she was, well enough, except that she hadn't seen any American newspapers for a while and didn't know how the only stock she owned was doing. I suggested that she go over to the United States pavilion and consult its Commissioner General, James J. Needham, who used to be the chief executive officer of the New York Stock Exchange. "I did go over there once," she said. "I wanted to find some other Americans to talk to, but the ones I saw were speaking fluent Japanese, and I've only had a few lessons at the Japanese-American Society of New Jersey, in Fort Lee, and I was intimidated, so I left." I remembered then that I had a two-day-old *Asian Wall Street Journal* in my tote bag. She grabbed it, studied it, frowned, and gasped. "Oh, well, it'll go back up," she said when she'd regained her composure. "It's a music company, and I have faith in American music. Have you heard that Bruce Springsteen might be coming to Expo soon? *That* would be the highlight of my summer!"

The young American men and women guides at the United States pavilion (they don't wear red, white, and blue—just plain bright red) speak excellent Japanese; many of them are graduates of Brigham Young University who have been trained for Mormon missionary service in the Far East. Their work has become a good deal easier than it was in the fair's early days. Then there were no explanatory signs in English, as there are in many of the other pavilions. The rationale seemed to be that inasmuch as the Japanese didn't use Japanese signs when they were exhibiting at fairs in America, Americans ought to pursue the same course. However, Ambassador Mansfield and others were able to persuade the pavilion staff to prepare some appropriate translations, and that was all to the good, because the exhibits—each of which is supposed to pertain in one way or another to artificial intelligence—are well worth taking in. Among them is a contrivance that converts written Japanese into spoken English, and one that, after you have breathed into a tube, informs you about the state of your lungs. (There has been some mild Japanese resentment over the large-scale display of the names of all one hundred and thirty-three Americans who have won Nobel Prizes in science. The Japanese are sensitive about this, because people are forever saying that the Japanese are better technicians than inventors, and by way of substantiation pointing out that there have been only four Nobel laureates among Japanese scientists.) The American pavilion has a film of its own, naturally. It is titled "To Think." No thunderstorms.

I LEFT Expo '85 a little dazed by all the din and not much more enlightened about the shape of things to come than I had been when I arrived. But there are going to be plenty of chances to get me up to speed before the next century dawns—perhaps at Expo '86, at Vancouver (according to promotional literature at Tsukuba's Canadian pavilion, its emphasis will be on transportation and communication, and it will feature clowns, strolling minstrels, jugglers, robots, and the Royal Canadian Mounted Police, all the while providing "a once-in-a-lifetime opportunity to examine the marvels of modern technology and to participate in the unique spectacle and excitement of a magnificent international celebration . . . the largest and most prestigious event in North America since Expo '67 in Montreal"), or at Expo '88, at Brisbane, where the theme will be Leisure in the Age of Technology (a booklet touting it—the cover depicts a human hand shaking a robot's—declares, "Precisely where Technology is leading us on the eve of the 21st Century is known only to a brilliant few—the men of vision—the scientific researchers whose tireless endeavours and achievements lie at the heart of World Expo '88"). The organizers of an Expo '92 that may or may not be held in Chicago (theme: The Age of Discovery) have already received from the consulting firm of Arthur D. Little an estimate of the attendance they can expect—forty-five million. (For that five-hundredth-anniversary year of Columbus's epic voyage, the Bureau of International Expositions has authorized *two* Expos, the other one slated for Seville, not far from where the Great Discoverer set sail.) One of the factors used in arriving at the figure for Chicago (if only Expo '85's progenitors had given this more thought!) was "the ease of getting to and from the fair." I heard a rumor at Tsukuba, which I never did get around to checking with the Italian pavilion, that preliminary discussions are under way for an Expo '97, to be held in Venice.

In connection with Expo '85, the Japanese Ministry of Posts and Telecommunications has introduced what it apparently believes to be a newfangled notion of its own: anybody who would like to have a letter or postcard delivered in the year 2001 can do so by addressing a communication now to a special world's-fair post office. I hate to be a wet blanket, but there's nothing particularly novel about that. We've had that kind of mail-delivery service in the United States for a long time.

—E. J. KAHN, JR.

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JAZZ

Still There

NORMA DELORIS EGSTROM, the frightened, unknown blond singer from Jamestown, North Dakota, who was hired as Peggy Lee by Benny Goodman in the summer of 1941, still lives inside the glacéed, world-famous blond singer from Bel Air, California, who is now at the Ballroom, on West Twenty-eighth Street. What is visible at the Ballroom is a creation that has been slowly and carefully constructed over the years by Peggy Lee herself and by her various image-makers. This onstage figure has grown more intricate. When Peggy Lee appeared at the Empire Room of the Waldorf-Astoria ten years ago, she was swathed in white robes and white makeup, and she suggested snow queens and Icelandic sagas. At the Ballroom, she wears a close-fitting helmet covered with glass beads, huge, round tinted glasses, an egg-size amethyst ring, a heavy rope of pearls, and various silk robes and gowns. All that can be seen of her beautiful face is the tip of her nose; the famous mole adrift on the alabaster sea of her right cheek; her mouth; and her resplendent chin. The total effect is of antimacassars and gingerbread. The contrast between this encrusted beauty and the simon-pure voice is startling. Peggy Lee's style settled into place in the late forties. She is a stripped-down singer. She keeps her vibrato spare and her volume low. (She has a powerful voice but chooses to hold it in reserve.) She avoids long notes and glissandos, and if she uses a Billie Holiday bent note she lets it die almost immediately. Many singers confuse shouting with emotion. Peggy Lee sends her feelings down the quiet center of her notes. She is not a melody singer. She does not carry a tune; she elegantly follows it. She is a rhythm singer, who moves all around the beat, who swings as intensely and eccentrically as Billie Holiday. (Her accompanists at the Ballroom include Mike Renzi on piano, John Chiodini on guitar, Mark Sherman on vibraphone and percussion, Jay Leonhart on bass, and Grady Tate on drums.) She is a subtle and brilliant showman. She can slink, arch an eyebrow, push out a hip and rest a hand on it, half smile, wave wandlike arms, bump, tilt her head, and slouch—all to dazzling, precise effect. And her shows themselves are models of pacing and sequence. She sings two dozen songs at the Ballroom. (On Tuesday nights, she gives just one show. Wednesdays through Saturdays, she gives two shows—the equivalent of two long concerts.) They include Cy Coleman's "Big Spender;" "Lover," in six-eight time; "You're My Thrill;" Duke Ellington's "I Got It Bad;" "Just One of Those Things;" Bart Howard's "Fly Me to the Moon;" "I Won't Dance;" "Love Me or Leave Me;" "As Time Goes By;" and Kris Kristofferson's "Help Me Make It Through the Night." She also does her own fine songs—"It's a Good Day," "Mañana," "I Don't Know Enough About You," "Johnny Guitar," and "I Love Being Here with You." She dips in and out of her anthems ("Fever," "Baubles, Bangles, and Beads," "I'm a Woman," "Why Don't You Do Right"), but gives full, affecting readings of the Ellington and Kristofferson, of a Japanese folk song, and of the strange Leiber and Stoller "Is That All There Is?" The voice slowly subsumes her image and by the end of the show has enveloped us.

A SINGER, a former singer, and a pianist talk about Peggy Lee. The first is Sylvia Syms: "I first knew her in the Goodman days, when she was known by the nickname of Norma Jean, which I still call her. She's always had great humor and great sensuality. She's very articulate. She's very intelligent. She is mannered—but Peggy Lee–mannered. She has a way of making her relationship to a song seem so simple. Her sound is like a reed. She walks away from any other singer. The colors in her voice are pastel rather than the bright greens and blues and reds of so many other singers. I have never once felt stifled in a Peggy Lee show—there is always a wonderful feeling of air. She's very caring about her audiences. There is none of the it's-too-bad-I-have-to-be-bothered-with-all-this feeling that certain performers give off. She knows what an exalted thing it is to be alive."

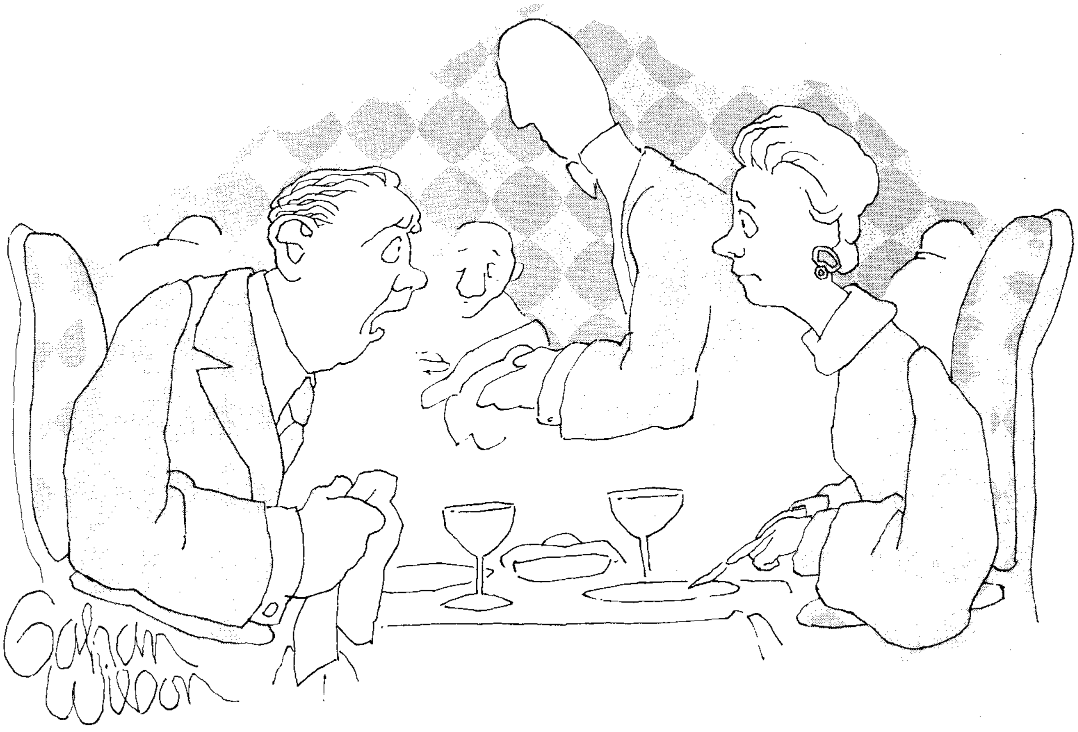
The next is Jane Feather, wife of the jazz critic Leonard Feather: "I started out in the early forties as a singer. I called myself Jane Leslie—in honor of Leslie Howard, who was very big. I was sent up from Minneapolis, where I lived, to replace Peggy in Grand Forks, North Dakota, where she was a great favorite—Peggy Lee and the Collegians. Then we both worked in Fargo. I was at one end of town and she was at the other, in Powers Coffee Shop, and we became friends. In 1941, she got a job with Benny Goodman at the College Inn in Chicago, and I was at the Edgewater Beach Hotel, and we roomed together. When Benny went to New York for a long gig at the New Yorker Hotel, we rented an apartment in the Village. It was a basement place with a garden, and we thought it was fantastic. Peggy was still pretty much a wild North Dakota farm girl. Instead of buying six potatoes, she'd buy a twenty-five-pound bag. And she'd make bread and put the dough to set in a warm closet—and run down to Washington, D.C., to see a boyfriend."

The third is Mel Powell, the brilliant Goodman pianist who retired from jazz thirty years ago: "Peggy was brought into the Goodman band to fill the celebrated shoes of Helen Forrest, and it wasn't easy. She was supposed to sing in Helen's keys, and Eddie Sauter's arrangements were difficult. I was eighteen and she was nineteen, and plain human compassion made me take her under my wing. I'd tell her to watch my mouth, and I'd silently count off the beats until she was supposed to start singing. One of Peggy's first assignments was a record date. It was in Chicago, with John Hammond in the booth, and she had to sing 'Elmer's Tune.' She stood at the mike with the sheet music in her hands—I'm pretty sure she couldn't read it—and it shook so badly it sounded like a distant forest fire on the first take. It took her a long time to settle down with the band, and one reason was that Benny didn't subject himself to any kind of sensitivity training. He rarely took the trouble to learn the names of his sidemen, so he called most of them Pops, which was O.K., but he called Peggy Pops, too, and that didn't speed up her acculturation. So a bond formed between Peggy and me, and it's still there. We talk on the phone, we see each other, and Peggy and my wife have become very close. Whenever I hear her sing, I think of what Louis Armstrong said on the set of a movie called 'A Song Is Born.' It was made in 1948, and a lot of jazz musicians were in it. Somebody asked him about swinging, and he said, ‘Man, if you can’t swing quarter notes, you ain’t going to swing.’ Peggy can swing quarter notes, and all the rest—behind the beat, on the beat, in front of the beat.”

Peggy Lee collapses on her two days off—but not completely: the engines of publicity must be kept running. On a recent Monday, she had a one-o’clock interview with William B. Williams, the WNEW disc jockey and current maestro of the “Make Believe Ballroom.” She travelled the five blocks from her hotel to the station in a stretch limo, and Greg Dawson, the amiable proprietor of the Ballroom, and Phoebe Jacobs, her old friend and aide-de-camp, went with her. Peggy Lee wore a wide-brimmed black straw porkpie with a big black rose on one side, round rhinestone-rimmed tinted glasses, a black-and-white silk knee-length jacket, and black pants and black shoes. Her hat was tilted, and her face was in the shade. William B. had been ill, and it was his first day back. He looked shaky, but his voice reverberated nicely, and he was pleased to have Peggy Lee aboard. She told him that he was a big part of New York life and that millions of people had been praying for him, and he told her that he was a big believer in prayer and that “a cry from the heart to God is the highest form of praying.” He also told her that she was a basically small-town lady yet represented the height of elegance. Peggy Lee said she lapped that up. Williams said that he didn’t know what an abashed fan was but that he was an unabashed Peggy Lee fan. Peggy Lee called him Sweet William, several Peggy Lee records were played, and the interview was over. The narrow, labyrinthine halls outside Williams’ studio filled with hugs, and Peggy Lee made her way to her limo on Dawson’s arm. The limousine went back to the hotel. Dawson disappeared, and Peggy Lee and Phoebe Jacobs had lunch in a small restaurant off the lobby. Phoebe Jacobs is a cheerful presence who has been an amanuensis of the likes of Benny Goodman, Ella Fitzgerald, Red Norvo, Duke Ellington, and Sarah Vaughan. She has a good understanding of how show business impinges on the verities of jazz. The women ordered fruit salads, which were served in long-stemmed celery vases. Phoebe Jacobs laughed, and Peggy Lee said, “I get the feeling I don’t belong here.” After lunch, Peggy Lee, now on Phoebe Jacobs’ arm, went back to her suite, on the twelfth floor. The view from the living room was to the south, over Murray Hill, and was dominated by the Empire State Building. Peggy Lee attended to some wardrobe matters, helped by Phoebe Jacobs and by Holly Foster, Peggy Lee’s blond eighteen-year-old granddaughter, who had made the trip from California with her. (Peggy Lee has one child, a daughter named Nicki.) Then she showed Phoebe Jacobs some enormous acrylics of roses that she had painted and brought with her from California, and that Mario Buatta, the designer, was going to help her sell, perhaps to a textile company. The acrylics were soft and elegant and finished. She sat down on a sofa and talked about herself. She talked in short paragraphs, broken by spacious pauses. Her voice is low but not soft, and she has a big, surprising laugh. She went where her mood took her.

“I live in Bel Air, in a French Regency house,” she said. “It’s stucco and has a mansard roof. The foyer is two stories high and has a circular staircase. The kitchen is white. The rest of the house is in different shades of peach and apricot. The house has more than ten chandeliers. The two in the kitchen are wood, and there is one over my bathtub. I have a wonderful view from almost every room of trees in the foreground and the ocean in the distance. It’s a perfect place to grow roses, and I have at least a dozen varieties, including Bing Crosby, Peace, Eiffel Tower, Mister Lincoln, Mon Cheri, and the Peggy Lee rose, which is registered with the American Rose Society and is the biggest rose I’ve ever seen. Even the roots are enormous. I have a green thumb, but now I have a gardener with a green thumb, too, and we planted them together. Somebody asked me recently if I always dress up, and I do—even for rehearsals. But when I plant roses or paint I wear karate clothes.”

“My father and mother had Norwegian and Swedish blood. Mother’s name was Selma Anderson. She was a tiny, beautiful lady, who weighed about ninety-eight pounds. My father was Marvin Egstrom. He was tall and thin, and he had light-brown hair, which never turned gray. He had beautiful gray eyes and a beautiful smile. He was a railroad man—a station agent—and we moved from town to town. He always wore a three-piece suit, even in the remotest parts of North Dakota. There were seven children—Milford, Della, Leonard, Mar-



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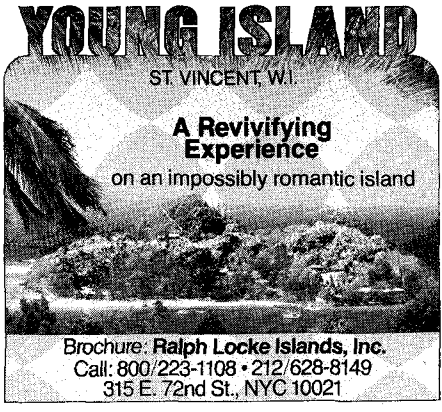

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ianne, Clair, me, and Jeannie. All are gone except for Marianne, who lives near me and is my dearest friend. I helped her run away from home when we were little. When I was four, Mother died, of diabetes. She knew she was going to die, and she made clothes for all of us. My father was totally bewildered by her death. A year later, he remarried. My stepmother was cruel, and physical violence became a daily part of my life. She was particularly cruel to me, because I was my father's favorite. Unfortunately, my father and I didn't see much of each other, even though he lived into his seventies. But I know the value of forgiveness, and I've long since forgiven her."

"THE guitarist Dave Barbour was my first husband. He was very handsome and had a special, dry sense of humor. He called Louella Parsons Louella Parsnips, and one day when we were playing golf and he swung and missed the ball completely he said, 'Golf is harder than oboe.' Another time, when he was being wheeled into the operating room and I was running along beside him saying, 'I love you, I love you,' he said, 'Stop nagging me.' And when I told him we were going to have a child, he said, 'Why, Peg. I hardly know you.' We were married eight years. But he had a problem with alcohol, and he finally asked me to divorce him. It was one of the hardest things I ever had to do. He eventually joined A.A., and he didn't drink for thirteen years. We remained close, and we decided to remarry. But he died four days later. He was only fifty-three.

"I've been married three times since, but I don't consider the marriages to have existed. They were of very short duration. It wasn't anybody's fault, and there's no bitterness."

PEGGY LEE went into her bedroom and came back with a doctor's reflex hammer. She began to tap her cheeks gently with the hammer, saying that she had to tone up her skin for a television interview she had with James Brady at WCBS just before six o'clock. Then she tapped her forehead, and her throat. All the while, she talked about singing: "There are layers in my mind when I sing. When I was doing 'Why Don't You Do Right' at the Paramount, a whole poem came into my head, and I couldn't wait to get to my dressing room to write it down. What might be emotionally feeding you—a person you're involved with, a musician playing well behind you—will form another layer. Still another might be: Did I wear the right shoes with this gown? People say my voice is thin or small, but I have a lot more voice than I ever use. I ration it, and it's lasting very nicely. I've compared some of my old records with my newest record, and I don't find any lessening. God willing, I'll sing as long as there's breath. And I certainly hope that I'll be able to tell if I weaken, or that people around me will tell me if I don't know myself. My understanding of singing has expanded as my mind has expanded. There are songs that I've outgrown, that I can no longer sing. They're miniskirts now. I'm a quick study, but it takes me longer to learn a new song, because I delve deeper into the words. It took me a year to understand 'Is That All There Is?' The reason I do 'Lover' in six-eight time is that when I saw a French movie with a lot of running horses in it it occurred to me that the horses' gaits were in Latin rhythms. I thought about a song I could work the same rhythms into, and tried 'Lover.' I also decided to change keys every chorus, which gives the illusion it is going faster and faster—from trotting to cantering to galloping."

PEGGY LEE retired to put on her "television face." She reappeared at five-fifteen, shaded this time by an enormous red porkpie. A smaller limousine waited downstairs, but her entourage had grown—Phoebe Jacobs, Holly Foster, Greg Dawson, who was waiting in the lobby, and Henry Luhrman, a publicity man, who was picked up on the way to the CBS studios on West Fifty-seventh Street. The makeup man at the studios turned out to be the same one she had had when she did "The Ed Sullivan Show," in the fifties and sixties, and he told her that she knew more about her makeup than anyone else. The interview with Brady lasted, in the profound way of television journalism, four minutes. Dawson and Luhrman left, and Peggy Lee told her driver to go back to the hotel. She said that Benny Goodman had been at opening night at the Ballroom and that he was in very good shape. "After Benny hired me, he would just stare at me, and I thought I was getting what musicians called 'the ray.' But I finally figured out that that look simply meant he was preoccupied—he had become so immersed in what he was listening to or thinking about that he didn't realize he might be staring rudely. I started with the band at the College Inn. The lighting consisted of a huge single spotlight, and I had the feeling I was being run down by a steam engine. Mel Powell saved me. He taught me the arrangements, and he introduced me to Billie Holiday's singing. Sid Catlett was in the band, too. He was a sweetheart. He cried when he learned that Benny was letting him go. I was with Benny two years, and that was a long time for a girl singer. I had dinner with him a year or so ago. The first thing he said to me, as if what had been going through his mind when he first heard me were still going through it, was 'You know, I didn't care for Helen Ward's singing'—Helen having been one of his earlier singers, and a good one. Just like that, with a little smile. One of the good things about being with Benny was that I got to know Alec Wilder. Alec and I used to sit and talk by the hour in the lobby of the New Yorker Hotel, where Benny was playing. Or, if we had time, we'd go out and find a curb and sit on it and talk. We were great curb-sitters. We even found a curb to sit on in Beverly Hills when the band was playing in Los Angeles. I introduced Alec's 'While We're Young,' and he wrote a song for me—'Is It Always Like This?' He also wrote the lyrics, which begin, 'Are the trees always so green? Has the sea this silvery sheen?' Alec always thought I was Alice in Wonderland. Maybe he was right."

—WHITNEY BALLIETT

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Given the major contribution which *PCLA* offers to the study of language, it seems petty to bring up any shortcomings. However, it must be noted that typological and other proofreading errors are fairly widespread in the text. These errors never really take away from the value of the papers, but they do sometimes cause irritation. For instance, delivery of a sarcastic retort to Bickerton by Meisel on page 131 is poiled by a misspelling.—*Language in Society.*

Aw, shucks.

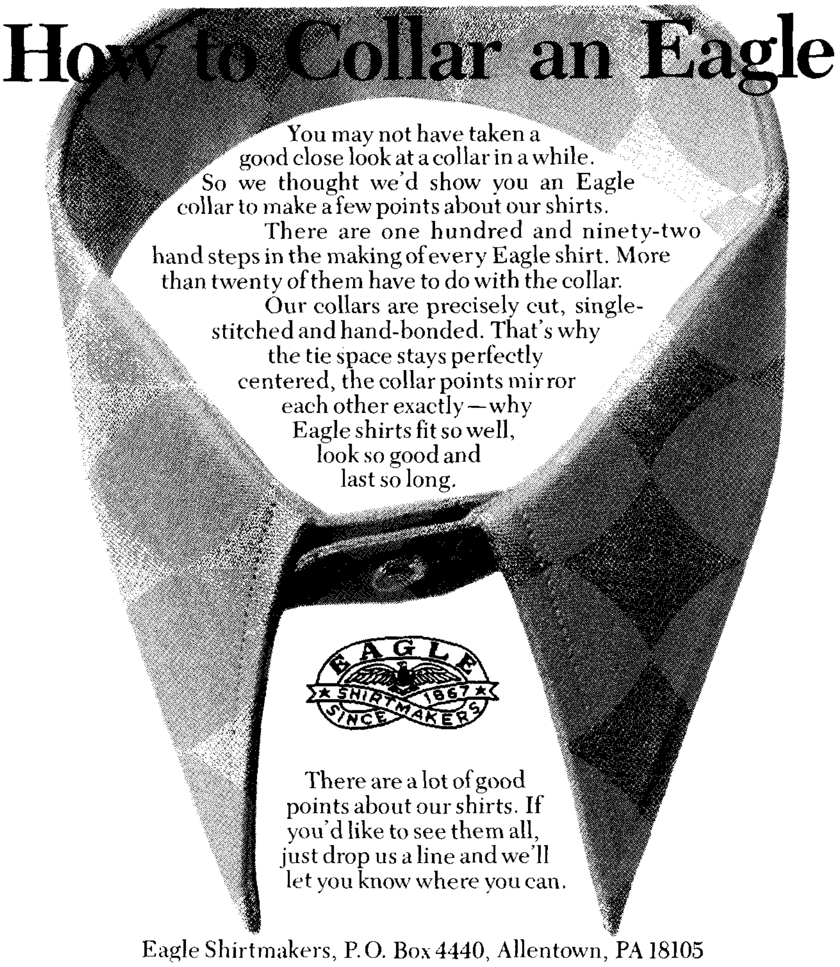
•

Nick DiMuro, consultant to Philadelphia Electric Nuclear Science Education, was the speaker at a recent meeting of the Phoenixville Golden Agers Club.

He said that radiation is all around us, even in some of the foods we eat.

A funny fashion show was presented by members of the club.—*Phoenixville (Pa.) Evening Phoenix.*

Feel better, Golden Agers?



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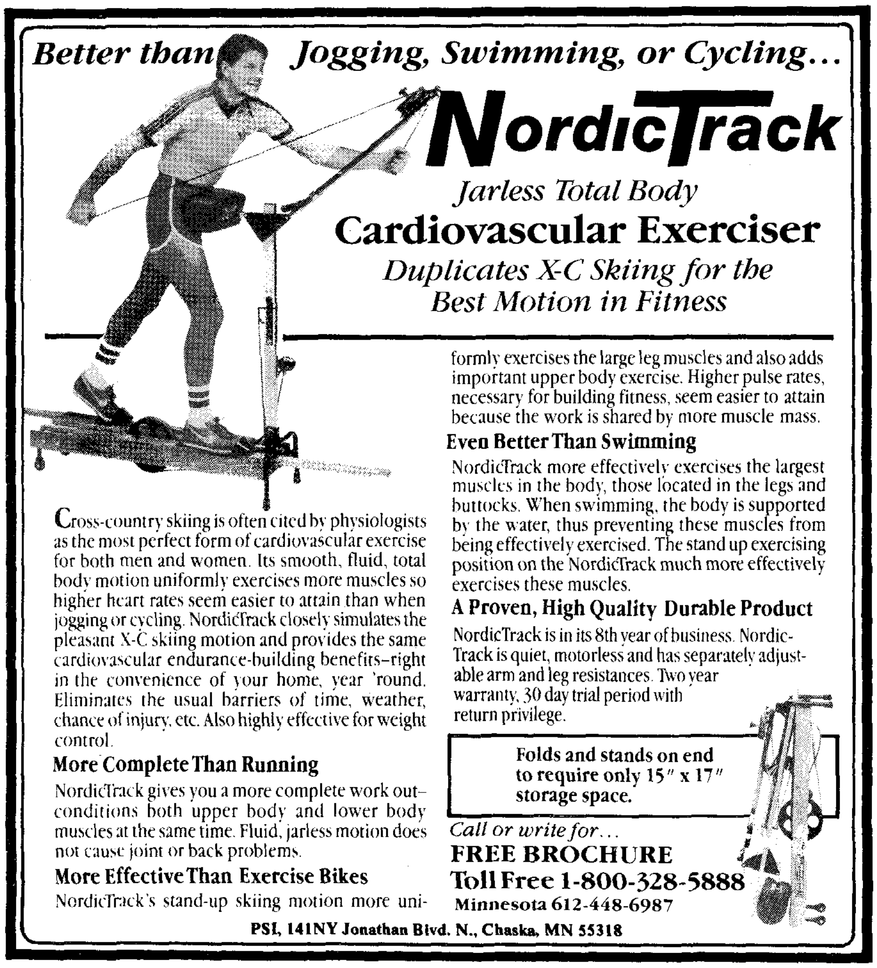

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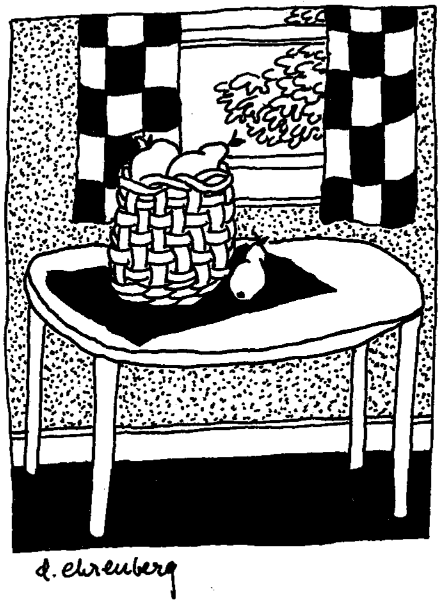
A REPORTER IN WASHINGTON

JULY 28

JUST as Ronald Reagan's persona dominated the last election, it has continued to dominate his Presidency, and this city, even when the Presidency isn't going particularly well. Reagan is a political force even when he is losing on some issues, and because of the hyperbolic nature of his Presidency both his political ups and downs tend to get exaggerated by many observers. The exaggerations are a sign of how much we are fixed on him as a force—constantly taking a measure of his political strength. Reagan fills the screen as no President has done in a long time. Politicians are still afraid of him, and though they do not always take his wishes into account, they do take into account his clear popularity with the public—and consider when he might be able to put that to use. The second Reagan Administration has had a rocky first six months, and some of the difficulties could have been avoided, but Reagan is far from irrelevant. The troubles have arisen largely through miscalculation and through overinterpretation of the 1984 mandate—the President having run a cheerfully vague campaign. That members of his own party are less afraid of him, and of the forces he is presumed to be able to muster, than the Democrats are makes for an unusual political situation. The Reagan Administration's extravagant use of public relations is recognized for what it is, but there is also the knowledge that it often works. The President's recent surgery for cancer may not change some of the hard political realities his Administration was facing before he went into the hospital, but it did show the dominance of the Reagan persona. Though the White House went a bit overboard in its descriptions of his condition in the days immediately after the surgery (spokesman Larry Speakes announced that "the President continues on a roll," that "he's flying high"), it was clear that we had come to depend on some of the attributes that make Reagan so popular—the resilience, the good humor—to pull him, and us, through.

The President's medical crisis, coming, as it did, shortly after the crisis involving the hijacking of a T.W.A. plane and the holding of thirty-nine American citizens hostage in Beirut, and amid an impasse in Congress over arriving at a budget resolution—an impasse that the White House had made its own contribution to—put Washington into a state of overload. Washington has difficulty concentrating on more than one and a half things at a time, so attention focussed on the hijacking and the President's illness, though many other things were happening. The President's proposal for a revision of the tax code was widely, and perhaps mistakenly—or at least prematurely—deemed to be bogged down on Capitol Hill. The Administration's policy in Nicaragua was still under challenge—but decreasingly so, because of that fear of him. Several Presidential appointments had had to be withdrawn. In the immediate postsurgical period, attention focussed mainly on one of Washington's favorite preoccupations—who is up and who is down in the White House—but the attention was heightened by the fact that so many people, in the President's party and out, felt that, from Bitburg to the budget, the new crew had served the President less than adroitly. What's more, this city has a keen nose for overreachers, and Donald Regan, the chief of staff, was in danger of appearing to go over the line, if he had not already done so. (Regan later realized this.) So the President returned to the White House from the hospital facing a number of challenges. The long August holiday to begin this week—with Congress in recess and the President recuperating at his ranch—will provide only a breather. Assuming the President's health holds—and most people choose to believe that it will, because they want it to—Reagan will continue to face the challenge of transforming his popularity into concrete achievement.



DONALD REGAN had already consolidated his power in the White House before the President went into the hospital, and his dominance had already made him a target of criticism. To some extent, this was inevitable: Regan had more power than any single person in the first-term White House, so the responsibility as well as the authority was clear; moreover, people would rather strike at the king's advisers than at the king when the king errs—especially if the king is popular. White House aides who found their power clipped have allies on the outside who explain that something or other went wrong because their friend wasn't listened to, or even consulted. Patrick Buchanan, the highly conservative communications director, is said by friends to have found that he has less power than he expected. (Buchanan, after a long silence, accepted the advice of friends that he start talking to the press, in order to diminish the press criticism of him. He also began speaking out more in public, but this did not always work to the Administration's advantage.) Edward Rollins, the political director, has been cut out of the White House "loop"—that is, Regan doesn't consult him much—and he is expected to leave by the end of the year. That leaves Regan, the crisp, aggressive former C.E.O., in charge. There are others within the Administration with their own forms of authority: Robert McFarlane, the national-security adviser, who has established his own relationship with the President but seems to have something of a tense relationship with Regan on the matter of access; Secretary of State George Shultz; Defense Secretary Caspar Weinberger (though Weinberger has been lamed on Capitol Hill as a result of the battle over the defense budget). Treasury Secretary James Baker, with whom Regan switched jobs early this year, is not one for being eclipsed. Regan's vulnerability to criticism is now enhanced by the fact that there is a rather large, and growing, alumni club of people around town who served in the White House in the first term and don't at all mind being compared favorably with their successors.

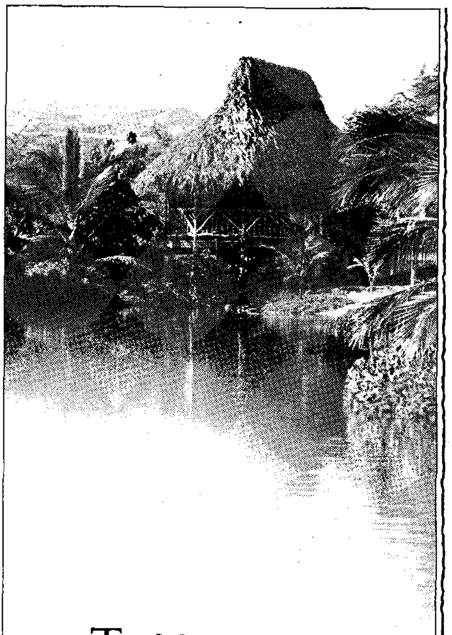
The comparisons began when the Administration started tripping over itself legislatively—putting too many things before Congress at once, and without sufficiently preparing the ground. (This is one reason the Administration lost the first vote in the House of Representatives on aid to the Nicaraguan Contras.) "Their timing hasn't been great," said a Republican congressman who is a strong supporter of the President. The comparisons became still more pointed over the matter of Bitburg, an event for which the Administration is still paying a price. Actually, Bitburg was a transitional project, begun shortly after the election, when the President met with West German Chancellor Helmut Kohl, but it was given little high-level attention: following the election, the Reagan Administration was characterized by a combination of euphoria, fatigue, and drift —it was a likely time to make a mistake. That the whole idea of "reconciliation" forty years after the end of the Second World War was a misconceived one (the United States and Germany had long since been reconciled), as well as a perilous one (getting the symbolism right would be very tricky), does not appear to have been seriously considered at the highest levels. An important Presidential adviser whom I called when the announcement was made that the President would visit a military cemetery (and even before it was known that members of the Waffen S.S. were buried there) said, "I'm at a loss for words." It was widely agreed here that there was a small "window" of time in which the President might have been extricated from the mess; and it was widely assumed that if Baker were still the chief of staff he'd have found a way of extricating the President. The lasting damage of the whole episode, beyond the pain that it caused so many people—it even succeeded in stirring up anti-Semitism in both America and Germany—was that it raised new questions about the depth and the judgment of both the President and the people around him.

"Henry curled up with a good book, and now he can't seem to uncurl."

• •

At the same time as the furor over the trip, the President lost the vote on the Contras, and had to accept major changes by the Senate in a budget compromise that had been negotiated in his name not long before, and the word around Washington was that Reagan was washed up and his staff couldn't get anything right. A Republican senator said to me at the time that he and his colleagues hadn't changed their impression of Reagan but thought the problem was that now he had no advisers who would say no to him. "He's surrounded by an echo chamber," the senator said. An important Republican activist said to me, "Whether or not his advisers are up to the job, the common perception around here is that they are not—therefore they are not. So the President doesn't have the protective layer he had before."

But there were also reasons to believe at that point that Reagan's decline was being overestimated. There is a distinction to be drawn between Reagan the legislator and Reagan the political force. Congress remained loath to raise taxes unless the President agreed. Far less money was voted for defense spending than the President had requested, because, as a result of Weinberger's (and Reagan's) tactics of pushing for too much, to the accompaniment of stories about ripoffs by defense contractors, the consensus on increasing the defense budget ran out. But the Democrats remained wary of being deemed "soft" on defense. And there were precious few suggestions in either chamber for large increases in domestic spending or for new programs. A Republican senator who often disagrees with the President said to me in mid-May, "I don't think Reagan's power is waning. There is just a feeling that in many instances we have to proceed on our own when he gets himself into some untenable position. He's a potent force around here, and any saying he's a lame duck is misleading." He also pointed out something that is often forgotten: that since 1981, when Reagan got Congress to reduce taxes—not the most difficult thing to get it to do—the President had not had a particularly impressive legislative record. Somewhat later, a House Democratic political strategist said there was no question that House Democrats were still afraid of Reagan. "They're pleased when he has a setback, but few of them view it as a permanent condition," he said. "They just wait for him to dust



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himself off one more time and do it to them. They still worry about his using issues as a club on them."

THAT Donald Regan has never been a very successful negotiator with Congress—he didn't seem to have the temperament for it, or the requisite political feel—has been one of the problems in arriving at a budget. But there have also been others. The main problem is that it is difficult to reach a consensus under the current circumstances. The President, having campaigned on the argument that we could "grow our way" out of the deficit, didn't prepare the public, or the politicians, for hard choices. And this time Reagan's strategy of staking out an extreme negotiating position, in the expectation of getting the most out of a compromise, made reaching any sort of settlement more difficult, while at the same time it reduced the President's bargaining power. Moreover, there are four different power centers whose interests have to be reconciled: the White House; the Senate Republicans; the House Republican minority, which does not always agree with the Senate Republicans; and the Democratic majority in the House. A compromise struck between the White House and Republicans on the Senate Budget Committee shortly before Easter proved unacceptable to the Senate Republicans as a whole. (It raised the amount to be spent on defense to three per cent over inflation—the committee had voted to freeze defense spending at the inflation rate; it called for sharper cuts in domestic programs; and it accepted some cuts in the cost-of-living allowance for Social Security recipients, but more than the committee, which had voted to freeze Social Security increases for one year. Reagan, who had said in the campaign that he would not allow Social Security cuts, agreed to them at the last minute.) It was clear when the Senate returned from an Easter recess that the compromise would not carry. A Senate Republican aide said to me, "We have a turkey on our hands, and no one wants to eat it." Earlier in the year, David Stockman, the director of the Office of Management and Budget, had told Robert Dole, the Senate Majority Leader, and Pete Domenici, the chairman of the Senate Budget Committee, that the President's mandate had to be tested, even if the Senate was presented with a package that could get only twenty-eight votes. A Senate Republican said to me after the recess, "So now we're right where Stockman wanted us to be—we have about twenty-eight votes." Dole and Domenici made a number of concessions to their troops, and, in the end, what the Senate adopted—by a one-vote margin, with Vice-President Bush breaking a tie—was pretty close to what the Budget Committee had proposed in the first place. The President, upon his return from Europe, claimed victory.

The major difficulty that Dole and Domenici had had was in getting senators to vote for politically painful curtailments of programs without any assurance that the House would go along. Domenici told me at the time, "They think something like this should get done, but they don't think it really will get done, and that's the problem. If it's just test votes in the Senate, and the House doesn't do the same thing, they don't want to do it." He mused, "Things just aren't working as cohesively as we thought they would with the President having won that well."

I asked him why.

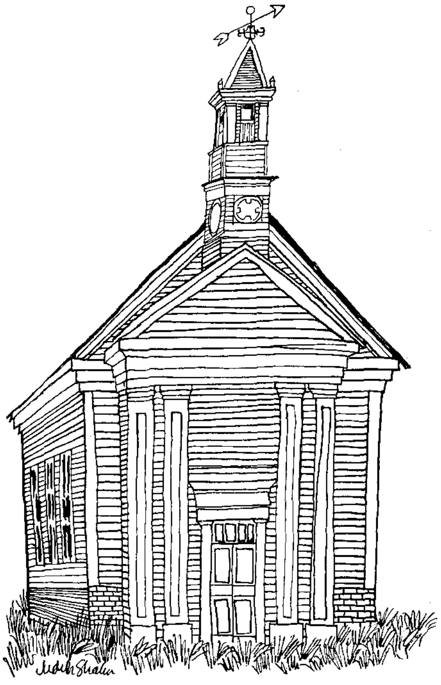
"I don't know," Domenici said. "There seem to be an awful lot of politicians who don't care what he thinks. He's not as strong on our side of the aisle as he used to be."

There were several missteps in the negotiation between the senators and the White House: the White House made the deal without making sure that in return it would receive enough votes for it; and neither side checked sufficiently to see if a Social Security cut could be made to stick. (House Republicans tried to tell the White House that it could not.) The senators thought that they had received a commitment of a greater Presidential effort to put the budget over than was made—Reagan did make one television speech, which did not ignite much of a public response. And, as it turned out, House Republicans were no more eager to adopt a cut in Social Security benefits, and risk getting beat over the head about that in the 1986 elections, than were Democrats, who were eager to use the issue to beat Republicans over the head. (Actually, a substantial number of House Democrats think that Social Security should be cut, and even House Speaker Thomas P. O'Neill floated the idea of raising taxes on Social Security benefits.) The Democratic-controlled House, reflecting its different constituencies, voted for a still larger cut in defense (allowing for no cost-of-living increase) and fewer cuts in domestic programs.

The big trouble came when, shortly before Reagan went into the hospital, he met with House and Senate leaders and struck a deal—resulting in making it still more difficult to get the deficit down. O'Neill got a pledge that Social Security would not be touched; the President got a pledge that the House would provide more money for defense and that there would be no tax increases. A number of Republican senators, realizing the resulting size of the deficit, and being in something of a state, thereupon became more interested in raising some taxes and felt tempted to defy the President on this matter. One of the President's most loyal supporters said to me, "Maybe we ought to say that the President is a very nice fellow, and we're sorry that he has to have surgery, but we've got to raise some revenues." The idea of taxes as one form of deficit relief has been around all year. The Democrats wouldn't offer this, because they didn't want, as O'Neill said, "to get clouted over the head."

Reagan's walking away from Social Security cuts was a major blow to the Senate Republicans, and may have laid the groundwork for future trouble between them and the White House. The senators who had walked the plank and voted for the Social Security cut—especially those who have to stand for reëlection in 1986—felt betrayed. The senators' fury—and that's what it was—over what came to be called "the oak-tree framework" (because the President and the congressional leaders arrived at it while sitting under an oak tree on the White House lawn) was vented on the President and then, when he went into the hospital, on Regan. It spilled over into the negotiations with the House, because the senators, having been embarrassed, felt their negotiators had to wring greater domestic cuts out of the House. Domenici and Dole, who had pushed for the Social Security cut, were under pressure to save face. But William Gray, Democrat of Pennsylvania and the chairman of the House Budget Committee, was not an entirely free agent, either: he could not give away more than the House leadership and other committee chairmen or the bulk of the Democratic members would stand for. House Republicans, including Minority Whip Trent Lott, of Mississippi, and Jack Kemp, of New York, had made it clear to the White House that the House Republicans would not accept any Social Security cut: Lott and Kemp represent a different Republican outlook from that of Dole and Domenici, whose "responsibility" they find tedious, unnecessary, and bad politics—and, of course, Presidential politics was presumed to have been involved. In refusing to support Social Security cuts, Kemp had got one up on both Dole and Bush. Regan didn't help himself much when, during the President's hospitalization, he made a podium-pounding speech, as if he himself were the Commander-in-Chief, accusing Congress of being unwilling to cut the budget, and demanding that it do so, and failing to distinguish between the Republican Senate and the Democratic House. The amount of money the two chambers have been arguing over is not great, but the amount of pride and anger involved is very great indeed. But no one wanted to be blamed for a failure to reach an agreement, so a lot of positioning was going on.

Late last week, the Senate Budget conferees—including all the Republicans and most of the Democrats, and with the blessing of Dole—made another offer, one that was a repudiation of the "oak-tree framework." It proposed savings in Social Security and tax increases. Under the proposal, cost-of-living allowances would be given to Social Security recipients every other year (but the second year's increase would cover the cost of inflation for those two years); there would be a tax on imported oil; and the indexation of income taxes for inflation, which is to go into effect this year, would occur only every other year. The senators saw these as the least offensive proposals to make on Social Security and taxes, and in exchange they would ease up a bit in their demands for further cuts by the House in domestic programs. The net result would be a greater budget saving than the plans passed by either chamber. A Senate Republican aide involved in the negotiations said to me, "What we're trying to do is get a situation where the fact that the Senate really did do some pretty dramatic and courageous things does not go for naught." Domenici said, referring to O'Neill and the President, "Stubbornness is not going to solve the problem," and he urged the President to call a meeting. The initial reaction on the part of both O'Neill and the White House was wary. O'Neill had both substantive and political concerns. The substantive concerns seemed negotiable: he wanted to be sure people in poverty would not be hurt by the Social Security change, and, as a New Englander, he didn't like a tax on imported oil (which helps domestic oil producers and hurts New England consumers of imported oil). If, however, taxes were truly "on the table," there were other things that could be talked about. And since O'Neill had earlier floated the idea of raising taxes on Social Security, he was not necessarily against any changes. Politically, O'Neill didn't want to go out on the limb on either taxes or Social Security until he knew where the President stood. This put the spotlight back on the White House. Despite all his talk, the President had in fact accepted four tax increases since 1981. And Regan, Baker, and Bush were informed by key senators on Friday morning that unless there was a budget agreement they could forget about tax reform—that the Senate would be too involved in fights over appropriations to take up a tax bill. On Friday, the President left for Camp David for the weekend.



In the middle of all this, Stockman announced his resignation. Though Stockman had told friends for some time that he planned to go through just one more budget cycle after the election, several Presidential advisers found the timing of his announcement awkward. Stockman had succeeded in Washington by playing something of a double game: serving the Administration at the same time that he let members of Congress and some of the press know how much he disagreed with its policies. He had virtually taken to skywriting that taxes needed to be raised. Moreover, he had gone along with the tax cuts in 1981, which did so much to erode the revenue base, and put out optimistic projections that he could not possibly have believed. Yet he has been valued on Capitol Hill for his private candor, his command of the intricacies of the budget, and his willingness to help Republicans trying to change the President's proposals. A sign of how things were developing within the White House came in the various stories that talked about the kind of person Regan, not Reagan, wanted in Stockman's place. Stockman's replacement, Federal Trade Commissioner James Miller, is expected to be less of an independent force than Stockman was.

THE President's aides believed that his tax-reform proposal was just the thing to get him back on the offensive after his trip to Europe. It would have Reagan offering people something they were presumed to want—lower taxes combined with a simplified and fairer tax code. It was more in keeping with Reagan's good-news politics than was budget-cutting. It would have Reagan doing what he was believed to do best—campaigning. The proposal, a revised version of a trial-balloon proposal put out by the Treasury Department under Regan last November, turned out to be not all that it had been billed to be. Though it did introduce many reforms, and curbed some of the giveaways of the 1981 act, it did not much simplify the tax code, and the breadth of the reforms in the original proposal was much reduced. Taxes on the poor were reduced substantially (thus redressing one of the imbalances of the 1981 law), but somehow it worked out that the middle class—a critical constituency for the Administration in general—would not receive as much tax relief as either the poor or those earning over two hundred thousand dollars. Actually, the upper middle class, a vocal constituency, would fare less well than the rest of the middle class. This and other changes were not helpful to the Republicans' efforts to retain the Yuppie vote.

Concessions made to various industries—Baker felt that the Administration could not offend all its business constituencies—were both economically and politically costly, for they made it more difficult for the Administration to meet its goal of keeping the bill "revenue neutral" and encouraged other interests to seek concessions. One Administration concession was to the oil industry. Another loosened depreciation rules. The Administration proposal also lowered the capital-gains tax, whereas the original Treasury proposal had sought to treat capital gains as ordinary income. A change was made in the earlier proposal to tax fringe benefits; the new proposal was to tax the first few dollars of health benefits, leaving the most elaborate benefits tax-free. The purpose was to mollify Senate Finance Committee Chairman Bob Packwood, of Oregon, but it is not clear whether Packwood is mollified enough, and organized labor, which opposes taxes on fringe benefits, still opposes this provision. A provision added by the Administration at the last minute to keep the proposal from losing money was to recapture some of the benefits of the accelerated-depreciation allowances given businesses in the 1981 act. This and provisions to restore the "marriage penalty" on two-earner couples and to change the benefit for child-care costs from a tax credit to a less valuable deduction ran into immediate trouble on Capitol Hill. The Administration's proposal to drop the deduction for state and local taxes is one of the more controversial ones, and though Baker has said that it cannot be compromised, because it would raise so much money —an estimated forty billion dollars— there are indications that a compromise may be reached.

The Administration's tax plan is another tax cut—one that the Administration conceded would lose some revenue in the next five years—and a recent congressional staff study concluded that it would lose more than the Administration had estimated, but not an unmanageable amount. And many believe that the Administration's plan will lose much more revenue later on. The Administration plan did not include provisions for making the transition from the current laws to the new ones—which can be costly. And any estimate of the revenue effect of changes in the tax laws cannot completely anticipate human ingenuity. James Wetzler, who, as a former congressional staff member, played a key role in the writing of several tax bills in recent years, says, "They always claim that more money will be raised than is raised, because they always underestimate the private sector's ability to get around the law." The Administration proposal can also be seen as another step in Reagan's efforts to re-

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duce the size of government: the elimination of the deduction for state and local taxes could well have that effect, and Reagan himself has said that the new tax brackets (fifteen, twenty-five, and thirty-five per cent) would make people more resistant to any increase in income taxes. People would become accustomed to these percentages, the theory goes, and would be quite aware of any effort to raise them. Liberals who support tax reform and whom I have asked about this say that people would be more amenable to higher taxes once they were convinced that the tax code was fairer.

The politics of the Administration's proposal were pretty clear: it favored high-tech industries over older, heavy industry, and it favored the Sun Belt states over the "Rust Belt" states. (Heavy industry was the major beneficiary of the 1981 act.) The Sun Belt states are a major factor in the Republican Party's electoral politics. However, Republican strategists who are still seeking increased strength in the industrial states were not entirely happy with the politics of the proposal. And some of the stated politics turned out to be somewhat awkward. Some Republicans had been billing the tax-reform issue as a "realigning" one that would help the Party in its goal to become the majority party. But this was not conducive to obtaining the bipartisan support the plan needs in order to get through Congress. Moreover, Buchanan, at a White House briefing, spoke of its "pro-family" aspects—through its increase in the personal exemption to two thousand dollars per person, and its provision for Individual Retirement Accounts for homemakers—and suggested that the plan would benefit the "traditional" family, in which the wife stays home. Since as many married women now work as do not, this line of argument didn't go over so well. It was at this same briefing that Buchanan called high-tax states "neo-Socialist."

The Administration ran into several problems in selling the program. To the extent the President, in his speeches around the country, tried to sell the program as a tax break for individuals, he ran into the fact that many individuals did not see that it provided them with much of a break, if any at all. One of Reagan's advisers says, "You can't sell tax revision on the ground it's going to reduce taxes—that's Reagan, Term 1. And it's not credible to tell people they're going to have their taxes reduced. But you can sell it on fairness—on people writing off fifty-foot yachts and five-hundred-dollar dinners and corporations not paying any taxes." But the speechwriters hadn't prepared a consistent theme for Reagan. Moreover, the coverage of the President's outings was often dominated by his comments on other events of the day, and then his tax-reform trips were completely overtaken by the hostage crisis—try as Reagan did to indicate that, unlike Carter, he was going about business as usual.

Much of the talk about the tax bill's being "bogged down," or even dead, derives from some inevitable circumstances. After the first great rush of interest, there would be an apparent lull while the House Ways and Means Committee held hearings and privately assessed the lay of the land. An important factor in the outlook for the proposal is that Ways and Means Chairman Dan Rostenkowski, Democrat of Illinois, is committed to producing a tax-reform bill. Rostenkowski, an earthy street politician who has no great history as a tax reformer, saw this new proposal as an opportunity to establish himself as a tax reformer, to have a historic achievement beside his name, and to make an albeit long-shot bid to succeed O'Neill, who is retiring at the end of this Congress, as Speaker. By design, Rostenkowski, in his televised response to the President's address about his tax proposals, embraced the spirit but not the specifics of the President's proposal. He welcomed the President to join Democrats who had been urging tax reform—in part to take the steam out of the realignment idea. Rostenkowski, according to his associates, hopes to produce a bill by October. The White House plan has been for the President to resume campaigning for tax reform in the fall. Rostenkowski has frequently expressed in private his disapproval, on two grounds, of the Administration's having made concessions in the proposal before it was sent to Capitol Hill: he does not think the Administration got enough in return for the concessions, and if concessions are to be made he wants to make them. Similarly, Rostenkowski has been disturbed by talk out of the Treasury Department about its plans to improve the bill: if there are improvements to be made, he wants to make them. One irony is that Rostenkowski and Baker, who competed to give away tax breaks in 1981,

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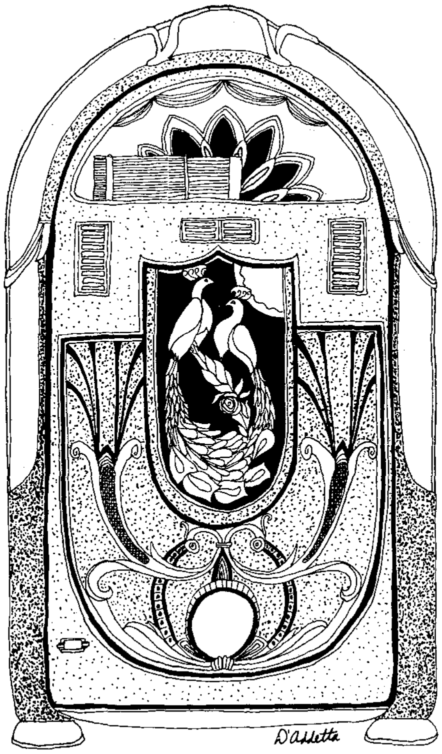
are now competing to take them back. Whatever the difficulties, Rostenkowski would not want to not produce a bill—that would make him, and the Democratic Party, too inviting a target for Reagan—and he is likely to take a good measure of the House before he produces one.

In fact, the Republicans, particularly in the Senate, are less enthusiastic about tax reform than the Democrats are. The Senate has often led the House in the race to give away tax breaks, and neither Packwood nor Dole has shown great eagerness to pass a tax-reform bill. Nor, in fact, have many other Republican senators. Dole gives a higher priority to budget reduction, and a number of senators don't want to go through all the grief involved in a tax-reform bill that does not have the secondary benefit of raising revenues. Moreover, tax reform has been one of Jack Kemp's major issues. However, should a tax-reform bill that has Administration backing come over from the House, which must act first on tax bills, the Senate Republicans will be under pressure to do something. But even most of the optimists don't expect final Senate action on the bill this year. Both Rostenkowski aides and Treasury officials now say that the problems that have arisen thus far can be worked out, and that any revenues needed to keep the bill from losing money can be found. House Democratic aides say that should the whole effort collapse from the weight of too much opposition and too little revenue—a likelihood they give less than an even chance right now—Rostenkowski would try to at least come up with a bill establishing a minimum tax on corporations. The main question is the extent to which the President succeeds in persuading the public of the importance of tax reform.

THE House of Representatives' turnaround in June on aid to the Contras was predictable: shortly after the House, on April 24th, rejected any aid to the Contras, a number of leading Democrats were chagrined—that wasn't how they had meant it to turn out. They didn't want to leave themselves vulnerable to charges that they didn't want to do anything about Nicaragua and didn't feel that the Sandinista regime was a problem. Neither party, in the House or the Senate, has much taste for military involvement in Nicaragua through the C.I.A., and the President's pre-Easter proposal, in the face of this, that "humanitarian" aid be given temporarily, with the aid reverting to military assistance unless negotiations succeeded within sixty days, was seen as transparent and had to be dropped. But the idea of providing "humanitarian" aid to the Contras became a handy device for politicians to take a position on Nicaragua which did not seem too risky politically. The outcome in the House in April was something of a fluke. The Democratic leaders, hoping to hold their party together and to provide it with some political protection, offered a proposal for a combination of aid for Nicaraguan refugees and funds to help implement any agreement that might be reached by the Contadora nations (Colombia, Mexico, Panama, and Venezuela). In the voting, this was at first adopted by the House, and then a substitute offered by the Republicans to provide "humanitarian" aid through the Agency for International Development (they wanted to avoid the C.I.A.) failed by only two votes. Had the Administration been more on top of things, the Republican proposal might well have passed. Then, when it came to a final vote on the Democratic proposal, Democratic liberals who hadn't wanted any aid at all, and had voted for the leadership proposal grudgingly, combined with the majority of the Republicans—who had worked themselves into a lather over the Democrats' having seated one of their own from an Indiana district where the election outcome was in dispute—to kill it. (The Republicans, egged on by some of their more hotheaded troops, had vowed days of guerrilla warfare, but they backed off when their leaders pointed out that this would tie up the Administration's legislative program.) Even the Republican Senate approved "humanitarian" aid to the Contras by only a narrow margin, and only after the President promised to resume negotiations with the Nicaraguan government.



The House's reversing itself in June has been widely attributed to the fact that shortly after the April voting Nicaraguan President Daniel Ortega took off for Moscow—though he had been there before, many members took his action as a personal affront, and if there's one thing members of Congress don't like, it's to be embarrassed. But there is good reason to think that the House was going to turn around anyway, and that some members used Ortega's trip as an excuse. Many members like the safety of having been on both sides of an issue. Reagan's victory was not total: in the second round of the voting, the aid was still for "humanitarian" purposes, though it is widely assumed that this would simply free up funds for military supplies—funds that are supplied by right-wing supporters in this country of the Contras. An aide to the House Democratic leadership says, "Providing humanitarian aid to a military organization is an oxymoron." The new House bill called for distribution of the funds through any agency other than the C.I.A. or the Defense Department, while a new bill passed by the Senate left this question up to the White House. House-Senate conferees accepted the House version. For the United States government to openly provide economic aid to rebels opposing a government with which it has diplomatic relations is without precedent. In order to get the aid, Reagan wrote to a key House Democrat, "We do not seek the military overthrow of the Sandinista government." However, a high-level government official says there is no change in policy, which seeks, one way or another, a fundamental change in the nature of the Nicaraguan government. And Shultz recently said there would be no negotiations between the United States and the Sandinistas. Following the loss of the vote in the House in April, the Administration imposed an economic boycott of Nicaragua. Such a move had been under study within the

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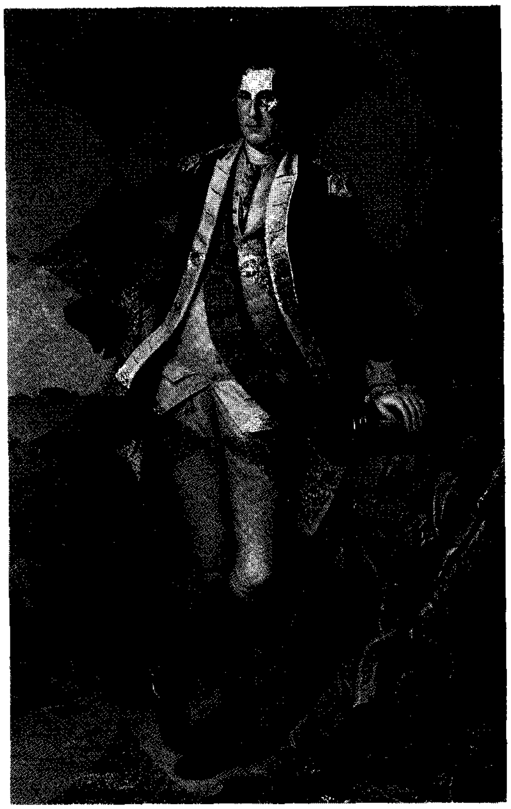

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Administration for some time, with few people thinking that it would have much effect (as it didn't in the case of Cuba)—except perhaps to drive Nicaragua into more dependence on Cuba and the Soviet Union, and to make things more difficult for those businessmen and middle-class people the Administration hoped would stay in Nicaragua and oppose the regime. But the impulse behind the move was one that often inspires government action—the impulse to show resolve, to *do something.*

THE President has fared well enough with Congress on questions involving weapons systems. Both the House and the Senate voted limits on the number of MX missiles that could be deployed—the House approved forty and the Senate fifty, and fifty was the number settled upon by House and Senate conferees. While this did cut substantially into the Administration's long-term goal of a hundred missiles, it kept the production line open, and the argument could be renewed at any time. The Administration didn't make any big effort, as it had done earlier in the year, when the issue was whether or not to approve the production of more weapons, and in fact both sides had grown somewhat weary of the argument. Besides, the limit would not affect the Administration's plans in the near term. The Democrats' nervousness about appearing "weak" on defense was reflected in the House's approval, for the first time in sixteen years, of a new generation of nerve-gas weapons, and its unwillingness to make deep cuts in funds for the Strategic Defense Initiative, or "Star Wars." (Similarly, the Senate, which had twice approved new nerve gas by a one-vote margin, with Bush breaking a tie, approved it by a wider margin this year.) The desire of House Democrats to change their party's image on defense and foreign policy was also reflected in a number of votes on foreign-policy questions. For many Democrats, the key to changing their image is to avoid saying no to the President.

EVEN some of Reagan's most loyal advisers say that he was lucky in the matter of the T.W.A. hostages. The people who held them made no impossible demands (unlike, for example, the Iranians, who asked for the return of the Shah), and it was in the interest of a number of figures in the region—including Syrian President Hafez al-Assad, and even the Ayatollah Khomeini—to get the matter settled. Despite the Administration's avowals that it would never negotiate with terrorists, a number of diplomatic moves were being made, as they had to be, to get the hostages back. The President was faced with the disjunction between his own previous rhetoric about terrorism—beginning with his criticism of Carter's handling of the hostage problem in Iran—and the realities he was confronting. At a June 18th press conference, a chastened and subdued-looking Reagan held forth on the limits of the use of power in such situations—much to the distress of many of his right-wing supporters. Reagan's outburst against the Lebanese terrorists during one of his trips to promote the tax bill ("Terrorists and those who support them must and will be held to account") was considered even by his advisers as not particularly helpful, but in the end the hostages were brought home seventeen days after they were seized. One man, of course, was killed in the early stages of the hijacking. The episode brought attention to seven Americans who had been kidnapped earlier in Lebanon—a matter that had received little public attention—and this further complicated the Administration's renewed deliberations about what to do about terrorism. The President returned to his tough rhetoric, talking, in a speech before the American Bar Association, of a terrorist "network" that included Libya, North Korea, Iran, Cuba, and Nicaragua—a list of terrorist states that differs from one drawn up by the State Department—and calling the leaders of those nations "the strangest collection of misfits, loony tunes, and squalid criminals since the advent of the Third Reich." (His tone-deafness about Hitler continued.)

There had been a long-running argument between Shultz and Weinberger over retaliation, with Shultz arguing for tough actions and the Pentagon raising questions about just how to carry them out. Now it is said that there is a general agreement on the necessity of striking back, but, as one official put it recently, "whether that can be effectively carried out remains to be seen. You've always got a problem when you try to reach a specific thing." He said that there had been lots of discussions, but no specific response had been agreed upon, though there was broad agreement within the government that forceful responses could deter future terrorism,

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and that "failure to act is in itself a negative aspect of things." He also said that the most recent incident—the hijacking—was not a closed matter at all. And one of the President's advisers said that though the public approved of the way the President handled the latest hostage incident, the President is likely to be quicker to take military action the next time—that the restraint this time was situational, with the hostages scattered around Beirut by the time the Administration had pulled itself together. But even if the President was lucky, his advisers say, luck, and the appearance of being lucky, can be very helpful in a Presidency.

MANY Republicans remain deeply worried about the economy—with its slow growth, overvalued dollar, and enormous trade deficit as well as the budget deficit. With the help of Federal Reserve Board Chairman Paul Volcker, who recently increased the money supply beyond the limits that the Fed had planned, any general recession has been warded off for the moment, but some industries—in particular, farming and manufacturing—have been hard hit. Unemployment remains at 7.3 per cent, a high figure for a country that has supposedly gone through an economic recovery. Yet the deficit itself is helping to keep the economy going, Keynesian style, and the fact that the debt is largely financed by foreign lending is also keeping things, for the moment, from being worse. But real interest rates are still unusually high, and many worry that at any time foreign lenders may become nervous and withdraw their funds, sending the rates still higher. Politics has difficulty dealing with long-run problems. As Senator Paul Laxalt, Republican of Nevada, said to me the other day, speaking about the economy, "we always like to shove that news under the door—but anybody who looks at it knows we're asking for trouble." Economic growth was only 1.7 per cent in the second quarter of this year, for a total of one per cent for the first six months, and the government has just had to lower its growth projections from nearly four per cent to three per cent—a figure that many think is still optimistic. Lower growth means a larger deficit. One theory is that Reaganomics essentially hasn't worked—that the growth in 1983 and 1984 was the growth that comes after a severe recession, and that it then tapered off. The

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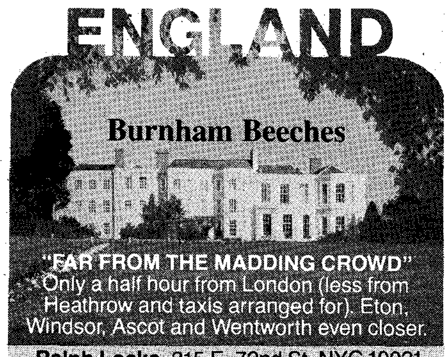

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great growth in savings, investment, and productivity that was supposed to result from the 1981 tax cuts did not occur. What the Fed is doing is a holding action, pending a serious effort to get the deficit down. Otherwise, at some point interest rates are likely to rise again. What concerns many Republicans here is not whether the effect of the deficit will be another recession: they talk in terms of when it will occur—before the 1986 elections or the 1988 elections. Some people think that, given Reagan's luck, the sky won't fall until after 1988, when his second term is over. One of his most loyal advisers joked to me recently, "I think I'll go out and work for a Democrat in 1988."

ANY assessment of how Reagan is doing which limits itself to his legislative scorecard and the momentary fluctuations in his presumed political strength misses much of the effect of his being in office. There is no question that, for whatever period of time to come, he has had an impact on attitudes toward the size of government; something along these lines actually began during the Carter Administration, but Reagan—through the power of his rhetoric and the effect of his tax cuts—turned it into a larger reality. There isn't likely to be much money for some time. And the attempt to dismantle government has been occurring not just through legislation but also through extensive efforts to reduce government's regulatory role. Though a few Reagan nominees with particularly odd or unacceptable views (such as that the handicapped brought it on themselves) have been rejected by the Senate or have been forced to resign, representatives of the Reagan ideology—or what is taken to be the Reagan ideology—are spread throughout the government, working away. Edwin Meese, the new Attorney General, is just getting started, but it is already clear that he plans to use the Justice Department as an ideological battering ram. The judges, and Supreme Court Justices, who will be chosen during the course of the second term will have an impact that will long outlast the Reagan Presidency.

—ELIZABETH DREW

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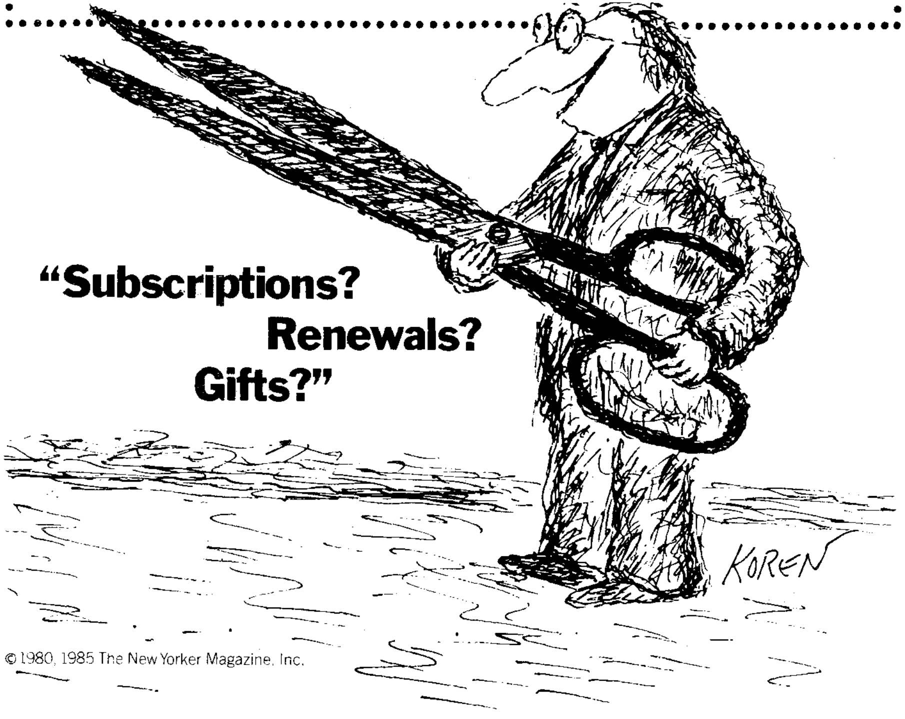
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BOOKS

Beattieniks

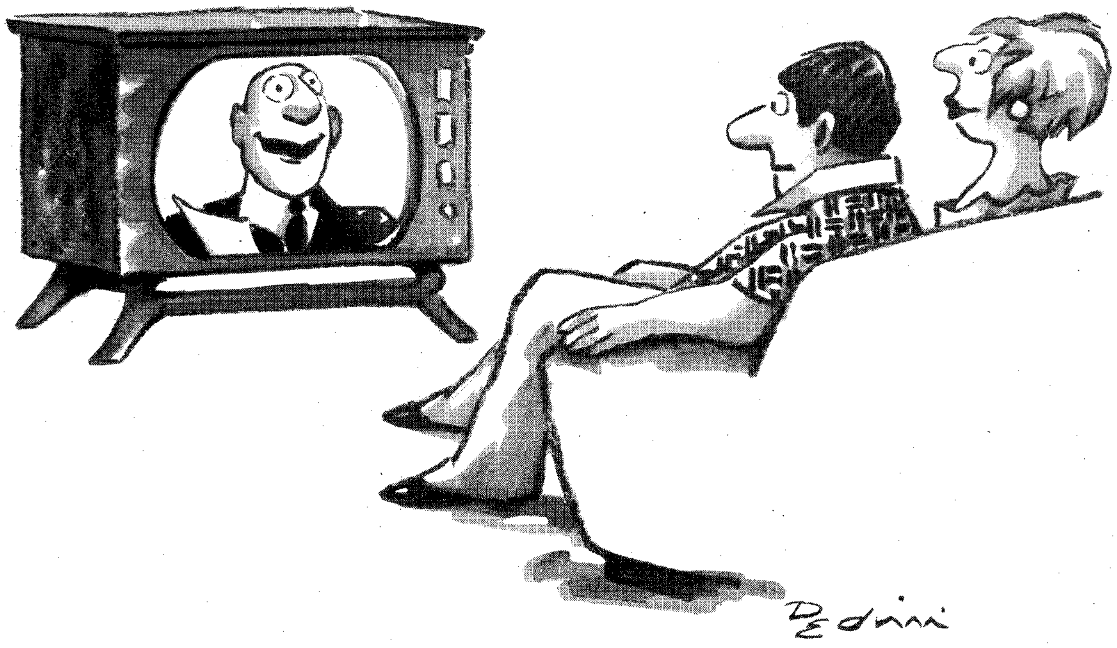
Ann Beattie, though there has always been a kind of fond humor in her deadpan, delicate stories of languishing young lives and her willingness to transcribe the grotesquer details of American popular culture, has not hitherto been satirical. Satire must stand outside a world and its values; it implies a better way of doing things, a certain credal position, whether it be Waugh's Catholicism, Orwell's anti-Communism, Twain's roughneck skepticism, or Beerbohm's hermetic dandyism. There must be some energy of indignation, of rejection. Miss Beattie's power and influence, on the contrary, arise from her seemingly resistless immersion in the stoic bewilderment of a generation without a cause, a generation for whom love as well as politics is a consumer item too long on the shelves and whose deflationary mood is but dimly brightened by the background chirping of nostalgia-inducing pop tunes and the faithful attendance of personable pet dogs; in the now swollen chorus of minimalist fiction, it was she who first found the tone for the post-Vietnam, post-engagé mood, much as Hemingway found the tone for his own generation's disenchantment with all brands of officially promoted importance. Both authors remade reality out of short, concrete sentences and certifiable, if small, sensations; in the absence of any greater good, the chronic appearance of food on the table becomes an event worth celebrating: "Edward made them tabouli burgers for lunch. He had brought these, frozen, in a cooler that said It's Miller Time!, from Los Angeles."

In "Love Always" (Random House; $16.95), Miss Beattie seems to be on the attack, though her targets dissolve so quickly that she keeps popping new characters into the gallery. The scene is Vermont; some additional developments, along with frozen tabouli burgers, arrive from Los Angeles. The time is the summer of 1984, with nostalgic references to Walter Mondale, the nude Miss America, and the mass murder at McDonald's. Most of the characters are about thirty-five. The hero, called Hildon (like Madonna and Hildegarde, he has only one name), two years earlier founded an unlikely magazine called *Country Daze*, which has purportedly caught on with the nationwide tribe of aging Baby Boomers:

> Hildon was quite up front about telling his friends that the magazine's success was proof positive that the entire country was coked-out. Hundreds of readers wrote in every month—readers who had caught the slightest, trendiest in-jokes. . . . Thousands of people had filled out a request form, in the last issue, to have the psychmobile come to their houses. This was one of Hildon's new concepts; it was modeled on the idea of the bookmobile, but instead of books to check out, there was a staff of psychologists to evaluate people's mental condition and see whether they should be checked in.

Though this joke seems broad, the novel offers no evidence to contradict Hildon's fundamental diagnosis of the nation as "coked-out" (not to be confused with a later locution, "tranqued-up"). *Country Daze's* most successful feature is Cindi Coeur's advice column, giving flip answers to flaky questions. E.g., Boxstep Betty writes in to complain that her fiancé "loves to dance" and "wants us to do the hand jive at our wedding and have break dancing at the reception;" Cindi Coeur advises "Box" to have her fiancé checked for pinworms. A literary device that in Nathanael West's "Miss Lonelyhearts" served to frame a furious protest against the world's pain has become, fifty years later, callous, freaky chatter, a kind of talk show in print.

Yet Lucy, who writes both questions and answers, is our heroine; amid all the incidental static and jokiness of the novel she emerges as its most sympathetic figure—"solid," her fourteen-year-old niece, Nicole, comes grudgingly to perceive. Nicole lives in Los Angeles with Lucy's truly coked-out sister Jane, and is an actress on a soap opera called, with an allusion to Yeats we are not allowed to overlook, "Passionate Intensity." While her mother carries on with a twenty-four-year-old tennis player, Nicole is shipped East, and brings to the merry band of Green Mountain Yuppies her Hollywood style of cultural imbalance: she is very up on television-serial personnel but has never heard of Jonah and the whale. Miss Beattie is at her warmest with precocious and lonely children; Lucy's developing maternal feelings toward her spacy,



"Polycyclic aromatic hydrocarbons are falling upstate, while simple showers of sulfur and nitrogen are blanketing the central counties. Toxic air pollutants will be prevalent in all areas and may endanger some lower forms of aquatic life. For the rest of us, enjoy the sun and the weekend."

famous, yet not invulnerable niece form one of the novel's few traceable themes. The novel holds a dazing wealth of anecdote and attributed eccentricity: Noonan, a homosexual writer for the magazine, likes to steal things; Peter, his lover and a specialist in *in utero* surgery, drives a refurbished Checker cab with leopardskin jump seats and a black bear rug; Piggy Proctor, Nicole's agent, communicates with her by taping antic TDK cassettes; Hildon likes to make love while viewing videotapes from other moments of his life and further enhances his existence by disguising himself, in a "Born to Lose T-shirt, torn jeans, pointed-toe boots with spurs," as a "shit kicker"—that is, a normal, local person. These locals, however, seem as prone to personality tics and infestation by media-think as the Manhattan émigrés, and the Forest of Arden called Vermont offers little contrast to the pageant of imported dissatisfaction that serves, in "Love Always," for comedy.

The author's view of the world is not comedic: no conceivable social order could be drawn firm, in Shakespearean style, when her romantic hurly-burly exhausts itself. Marriage, the traditional end of comedy and of Jane Austen novels (Austen and Scott Fitzgerald haunt this book along with Yeats), ranks here as a disaster area: Lucy and Jane's father deserted them, Jane's husbands are wildly loserish, Lucy helps to break up Hildon's marriage without a flinch of compunction, and she, momentarily considered as wife material by a longtime suitor, is rejected for the fey reason that "she was wonderful, but she wasn't right." The changing nature of heterosexual relations and, particularly, the ineluctable unsatisfactoriness of men prompt Lucy's most earnest meditations: "Whatever crazy thoughts men had about other people, they would eventually have about her. If they distrusted the whole world and trusted her implicitly, they would come to distrust her; if they were not close to anyone and they attached themselves to her, one day they would just remove themselves. If you demonstrated, day by day, that you were not the person they feared, they would be confused for a while, but gradually they would stop trusting logic and become frightened." There is, in short, no pleasing men, on any kind of substantial basis; indeed, they have no substance, they are all pose and fantasy. Lucy accuses Les Whitehall, a previous beau: "When I tried to deal with you as a real person instead of idolizing you, you left." She reflects that, for all Les's charm, "in reality he did not approve of himself or of anyone else. Anyone who had less than he had wasn't worth his time, and anyone who had more was a threat." Hildon ends by perceiving that "nobody was his type." Les has written Lucy claiming of Hildon that he is in Vermont "in hiding from being a serious person." Hildon hates Les. These two rivals, the two romantic leads of Lucy's inner videotape, are yet so interchangeable that Les finally slips into Hildon's job, while Hildon sinks into an ending as bitter and smoky as that of a Don DeLillo novel.

Unreality, insubstantiality, interchangeability: these make up the novel's agenda, and are built disturbingly into its texture. Many of the characters seem superfluous, but then perhaps they all, and we all, are superfluous. Several introduced early with a promising flourish, like Nigel the photographer and Cameron Petrus the Bostonian and Matt Smith the new publisher of *Country Daze*, fade away as if forgotten by their creator; others, such as Myra DeVane the investigative reporter, have a continuing presence in the novel but no defined personality. A second interviewer, Andrew Steinborn, enters the novel to illustrate, as if we doubted it, that a man can be an aspiring writer and still be a fool and a lout. His girlfriend, Lillian, finds his gift for empathy wearisome: "He wanted them to be very close, so whenever they had a disagreement, he would later say out loud what he intuited that she felt. It was scary; he would become her—when he spoke from what he thought to be her mind, even his face took on her likeness. It made her hate every thought she had, rational or irrational." Yet, eighty pages later, it is Les whom we witness performing this trick, with Lucy:

> He . . . jutted out his chin the way Lucy did when she was angry. "So you've got a new car, Les," he said. "Big deal. . . . And the women are a notion pretty much like cars to you, aren't they? Turn one in, get another one. When you do these things, aren't you embarrassed? Or can you really pretend, pretend so well that you convince yourself?"

The characters are oddly transparent—jellyfish through which one keeps seeing the same salt water. Myra DeVane has a tryst at the Plaza, while Andrew Steinborn defends it as still a fashionable place. Nicole tries to read "Pride and Prejudice," the same book Lucy's

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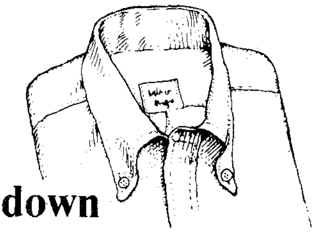

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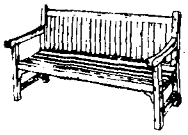

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mother read to her as a girl. Are these connections, or symptoms of a blithe carelessness? The events do not feel consecutive, scenes that we want to witness are left out, scenes developed at length come to little, and the plot meanders as if in mimicry of "Passionate Intensity" 's episodes.

"The best lack all conviction," Yeats wrote, "while the worst Are full of passionate intensity." These best and brightest lack conviction and, with it, the coherence that makes fictional characters in the old-fashioned sense; they are not so much round or flat, in E. M. Forster's geometrical terminology, as on or off. Images on a cathode-ray tube are produced by a bombardment of electrons; a pointillist bombardment from the culture at large seems to conjure up Lucy and her friends, who wink out in their own minds as readily as in our own. Too much self-consciousness evaporates the self. All pursuits end up trivialized. Take away the brand names, the slogans, the nicely worked-out costumes and postures, and you have blank tape. Lucy intermittently looks around her, at what she imagines is Vermont:

> From where Lucy sat, she couldn't see the trickle of muddy river below. The farmhouse with the blue roof she had always loved was visible on the hillside, and people hardly larger than dots were moving around it—people and cows—more of those mysterious people who thought something and felt some way Lucy couldn't fathom. People who lived in a house in the valley.

Yet the reader has no reason to suppose that the house in the valley holds anything different; it is just a blue blip and some jiggling dots on Lucy's screen. This novel is sadder than satire, for it is about the emptiness not of these lives but of our lives.

—John Updike

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

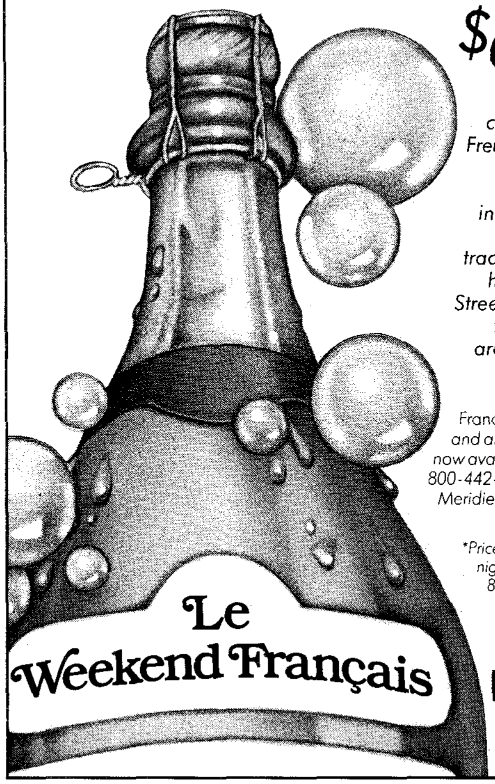
Fire in the Ice, by Alan Scholefield (St. Martin's; $14.95). The time is 1917. The Russian government of the moment has offered to sell the Crown Jewels to England in exchange for much-needed coal. An English diamond millionaire, Sir David Kade (formerly Kadeshinsky), and three companions (another jewel expert, a manservant, a Royal Navy officer) are dispatched to Vladivostok, and there entrain for a mid-Siberian town for a meeting with a Russian committee. They are ambushed, and—now joined by a Cossack officer, and soon thereafter by a Russian countess—are marched off through the snow to a death camp. They escape. They have many adventures. The scene shifts to Cape Town, in 1920. Then, a few months hence, to London, and a court of law. This is a romantic novel. That is to say, it is tightly plotted, there is drama on every page, the motivations have to do with conscience and honor. There is a real hero, an ambiguous heroine, a full-fledged cad. It is, indeed, so much a novel of fifty or more years ago that it seems almost avant-garde. But, old or new, it is immensely entertaining.

In the Land of Dreamy Dreams, by Ellen Gilchrist (Little, Brown; $14.95 hardcover, $6.95 paper). A reissue of Ellen Gilchrist's first collection of short stories, which was published in 1981 and is as alarming as her second, "Victory Over Japan," which was published—and received the American Book Award for Fiction—last year. In both books, many of the stories are set in New Orleans and feature self-made troublemakers, some of whom meet violent, and not always accidental, deaths. And in both the most memorable survivors are two liars: Nora Jane, whose début as a teenage *stickup artist was history in* "Victory;" and red-haired Rhoda, who has a way of stealing the show, even when she is only ten and the show is a wedding. Other eccentrics include an ex-Presbyterian Zen Buddhist carpenter with a touch of the Boy Scout about him, and a pair—black and white—of drug dealers who are too young to order beers with their hero sandwiches.

The Water House, by Antonio Olinto, translated from the Portuguese by Dorothy Heapy (Carroll & Graf; $18.95). In 1898, more than fifty years after an uncle sold her to slave traders, who shipped her from Nigeria to Brazil, a freed slave returns to West Africa, with her daughter and three grandchildren. This family saga focusses on one of her granddaughters, who becomes a wealthy entrepreneur, selling water locally (she digs a well) and exporting palm oil to Brazil, and bears a son who, in 1960, becomes the first President of a newly independent neighbor of Nigeria which the author calls Zorei. Antonio Olinto, a Brazilian diplomat who is the author of twenty other books, wrote this novel in Rio de Janeiro in 1968, after a stint in Lagos. The theme of fluidity is everywhere: from the dust jacket, where the heroine wears a maplike medallion that has Brazil and West Africa nearly touching, to a chronology at the back, which delineates the deaths and births on which the family ebbs and flows. The theme extends to the novel's style, which is less Joycean than it looks—being mostly a matter of odd punctuation of otherwise conventional sentences—and which blurs an otherwise vivid narrative.

GENERAL

EINSTEIN IN AMERICA, by Jamie Sayen (Crown; $17.95). In 1933, Albert Einstein, having left Germany—forever, as it turned out—settled in Princeton and, as everyone knows, went to work in theoretical physics at the Institute for Advanced Study. To the outer world, he seemed to be a man who, with his great work behind him, was ready to retire into a comfortable obscurity. This book shows that there was little tranquillity for Einstein in his American years, which ended with his death, in 1955. From the first, because of his prominence, his anti-Fascism, his championship of Zionism, and his outspokenness about human rights and social justice, he found himself under attack. Even before his arrival, a women's super-patriot organization had called him a Bolshevik and agitated to have him barred from entering the country. The F.B.I. was not far behind; it amassed a twelve-hundred-page dossier crammed with allegations against him, and after 1940, when he became a citizen, it sought to deport him. (Although he had been one of the chief instigators of work on the atomic bomb, he was denied security clearance to develop it; in a notation in one F.B.I. file J. Edgar Hoover wrote that Einstein was "reported" to be a member of an anti-Nazi organization.) How Einstein weathered this onslaught of latter-day Know-Nothings (including Senator McCarthy, who called him an "enemy of America"), and how he fought back is the burden of Mr. Sayen's book. The book is also a portrait of a wonderfully warm man—who, although he pooh-poohed the idea that there was any such thing as a great man, in-



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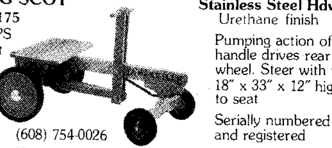

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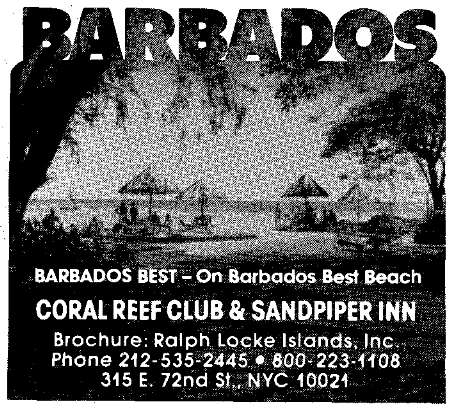

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creases in stature as time goes on. Many intimate photographs.

SUNRISE WITH SEAMONSTERS: TRAVELS AND DISCOVERIES, 1964-1984, by Paul Theroux (Houghton Mifflin; $18.95). This collection of fifty pieces includes reminiscences of the author's Peace Corps days in Malawi; travel notes on Afghanistan, Corsica, Uganda, Burma, and the Indian railways; accounts of a high-school reunion in Medford, Massachusetts, and of rowing off the coast of Cape Cod; a review of Richard Nixon's memoirs; thoughts on sports ("I have never sat through an entire baseball game"); appreciations of V. S. Pritchett's fiction and of the man; and a depreciation of the literary endeavors of Henry Miller. Scrapbooks and barrel-bottom scrapings are not often rewarding. This is an exception—full of insights and fun.

MYSTERY AND CRIME

HELP THE POOR STRUGGLER, by Martha Grimes (Little, Brown; $15.95). Superintendent Richard Jury (of Scotland Yard), his colleague Detective Sergeant Alfred Wiggins, and the peer turned commoner and amateur detective Melrose Plant are assembled once again, and—along with an interesting newcomer, Chief Superintendent Brian Macalvie—are faced with an exceptionally ugly case: the seemingly unrelated murders of three young children. Miss Grimes is at her best. It could be wished, though, that she wouldn't so persistently misuse "presently," and that the name of the poet A. E. Housman weren't misspelled. And it seems unlikely that a young woman of today would wear "silk stockings."

•

And, for a touch of the Orient, a kind of stir-fry chicken Orientale, tender, boneless pieces tossed with the crispest carrots, broccoli, asparagus and celery, the sauce with pale grey velvet-upholstered chairs, lacy grey-burgundy wallpaper.—*Restaurant review in Caltech Public Events.*

Hold the sauce.

•

Mom: Please mark your calendar! On July 26, 27, 28, I will be at the Tallahassee Motor Inn on 1630 N. Monroe (9 AM-7 PM) with boxes of new children and teen clothes from my Levi sample line.—*Adv. in the Tallahassee (Fla.) Advertiser.*

No, thanks. We just got ours off to camp.

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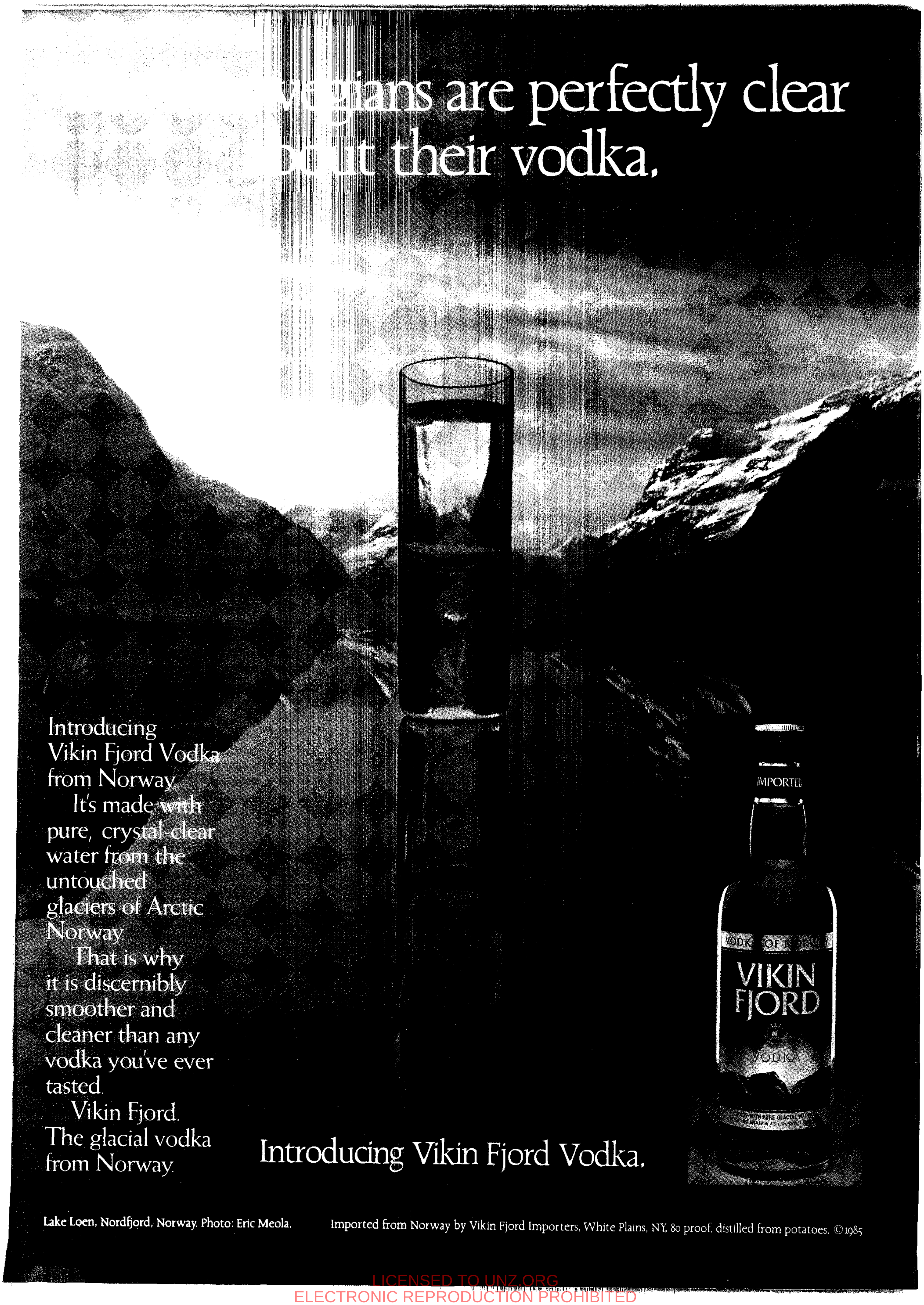

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